433 BALLADS. A COLLECTION OF 334 BROADSIDE BALLADS, IN black letter, CHIEFLY BELONGING TO THE PERIOD OF THE RESTORATION. WITH WOODCUTS. MANY UNCUT, AND ALL IN EXCELLENT PRESERVATION. ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED, AND BOUND IN TWO OBLONG FOLIO VOLUMES, *half morocco, by W. Pratt, with a full list of contents in each vol.*

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A merry Jest that once befell,
How a Maid put a Fryer to cool in the Well.

To a Merry Tune, *printed for W. Thackeray and T. Passenger.* With 4 cuts.—118. The Gallant Seamans return from the Indies, or the happy meeting of two Faithful lovers. Tune of "Five Sail of Frigots," or "Shrewsbury." By I. L., *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, T. Passenger.* 18 stanzas, with a large cut and the curious Sign of John Clark, with his name and the Bible and Harp, his device, as a headpiece.—119. Give me the Willow-Garlands, Or The Maidens Former Fear and Latter Comfort. To a dainty new tune, called "Give me the Willow-Garland." Subscribed L[awrence] P[rice], *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—120. A Godly new Ballad, Intituled, A Douzen of Points. With 2 cuts. (ii.) The Angel Gabriel, his Salutation to the Virgin Mary. Tune is "The blazing Torch," *printed for W. Thackeray and T. Passenger.* With one cut. [Two ballads on the same sheet.]—121. The Good-Fellows Counsel: or, the Bad Husbands Recantation. To the tune of "Tan Tivye." In two parts, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 13 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—122. The Good Fellows Frolick, or Kent Street Clubb. Tune of "Hey boys up go we," "Seamans mournful bride," or "the fair one let me in," *printed for J. Coniers in Duck Lane.* 11 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—123. Good News for the Nation, Or, The Citys joy and the Countries Happiness. Plainly shewing the great satisfaction and content, that all Loyal Subjects do enjoy by the new Election of members of Parliament. Tune of "Digbys farewel," or, "Packintons pound." In two parts, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with a cut.—124. The Gallant Seaman's Resolution, whose full Intent was to try his fortune at Sea, and at his Return to marry his Lanlady. Tune of "Think on thy loving Lanlady," *printed by and for A. Milbourn.* . . . With a cut. [Printed on back of No. 123.]—125. The Good Wives Fore-cast, or, The Kind and Loving Mothers Counsel to her Daughter after Marriage. Tune of "Why are my Eyes still flowing," &c., *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . . 8 stanzas, with two cuts.—126. Grist ground at Last, or, The Frolick in the Mill. Tune of "Give ear awhile," &c., or, "Winchester wedding," *printed for J. Clark, W. Thackeray and T. Passenger.* 7 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—127. A Groatsworth of Good Counsel for a Penny; or, The Bad Husband's Repentance. To the tune of "Packingtons Pound;" or, "Digby's farewel," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . With a cut.—128. Have at a Venture. Tune of "Hey boys up go we,"

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger. 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—129. The heavy heart and a light Purse. Being the good fellows vindication to all his fellow companions. . . . Tune of "My Lord Monks March to London," or, "Now we have our freedom," &c., *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger.* 15 stanzas, with a cut.—130. To her brown Beard. Tune of "Sweet is the Lass," or, "My maiden-head will not o're load me," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—131. Hey ho Hunt about, or, A pretty merry meeting of young men and Maids. The tune is, "the Couragious hartulesse [*sic*] healths," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.* 15 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—132. The High prized Pin-Box. Tune of "Let every man with Cap in's hand," &c., *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger.* 16 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—133. The honest Maidens Loyalty; or, The Young mans faithful constancy. To a pleasant new tune, "Wert thou more fairer," *printed for Richard Burton at the Horse-shoe in Smithfield.* 17 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—134. The honest Tradesmans Honour vindicated, or, The Bragadocia quel'd. The tune is "General Monk was a Noble man," &c. In two parts, *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 14 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—135. Innocent Love in Triumph: or, The Joys of Wedlock made Manifest. Being a most pleasant Delightful New May Song. To the tune of "The Oxford Bells," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 6 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—136. Jack Had-Lands Lamentation. To the tune of "It is Old Ale that has undone me," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 12 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—137. The jealous Lover satisfy'd. Tune of "The gallant Youth of Gravesend," *printed for J. Blare on London-Bridge.* 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—138. Jennies Answer to Sawny. Wherein Loves Cruelty is requited, or, The Inconstant Lover justly despised. To the tune of "Sawny will ne'r be my Love again," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—139. Jenny's Lamentation for the loss of her Jemmy. Tune of "Jenny Gin," or "Busie Fame." 8 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—140. Joan's Victory over her Fellow-Servants. Tune of "My own Sweet Nichol a Cod," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—141. Johnny Armstrong's last Goodnight. To a pretty Northern Tune, *printed by and for A. Milbourn.* . . . 24 stanzas, with one cut.—142. The Jolly Gentleman's Frolick: or, The City Ramble. To a Pleasant New Tune, *printed for C. Bates at the White-Hart in West Smithfield.* 20 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—143. The Joviall Crew: or, Beggars-Bush. To the tune of "From hunger and cold," &c., *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 10 stanzas, with one cut.—144. The May-pole Dancers: or, The Merry Morris. The tune is, "Top and top-gallant," &c., *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 11 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—145. Joyful News for Maids and Young Women. Being an Account of a Shipload of White-Puddings. . . . To the tune of "The blew Bells of Ireland," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.* 13 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—146. The Kind Mistress. To a pleasant new tune, call'd, "The German Princess's Travels, &c., *printed by and for W. O. and are sold by C. Bates.* . . . 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—147. The Ladies Delight: or, Narcissus his Love-Flower. To the tune of "Narcissus, come Kiss us," &c., *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 12 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—148. The Lady of Pleasure, or, The London Misses Frolick. To a Pleasant New Play-House Tune, *printed for J. Back at the Black Boy on London-Bridge.* 10 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—149. The lamentation of a bad Market, or, The Drounding of Three Children on the

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

Thames. Tune of "The Ladies Fall," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 23 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—150. The Life and Death of George of Oxford. To a pleasant new tune, called "Poor George," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 16 stanzas, with 2 cuts. —151. The Life and Death of the Famous Thomas Stukely: . . . Tune is, "King Henry's going to Bulloign," &c., *printed for A. M. W. O. and T. Thackeray at the Angel in Duck-Lane.* 23 stanzas, with a cut.—152. The Westminster Frolick: or, The Cuckold of his own procuring. Tune of "Hey boys up go we," *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.* 16 stanzas, with 5 cuts. [Printed on back of No. 151.]—153. The London Damsels fate by Unjust Tyranny: or, The Rash Lover. Tune of "Troy Town," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . . 19 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—154. The London lasses Hue-and-Cry after her Dearly Beloved Robin, whom she unluckily lost last Saturday night. To the tune of "The Rant," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.* 16 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—155. The Longing Virgins Choice: or, the Scotch Lasses Delight. "To a Modish new Scot[c]h tune, sung at the Duke's Playhouse," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 12 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—156. A Looking-Glass for a Christian Family; or, A Warning for all People to serve God. The tune is "Aim not too High," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.* 24 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—157. A Looking-Glass for a Bad Husband: or, A Caveat for a Spend-thrift. By T[homas] L[amfire ?]. To the tune of "The Poor Mans Comfort:" or, "Digby," *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 11 stanzas, with 5 cuts. 158. A Looking-Glass for Ladies, or, A mirrour for married-women. Tune of "Queen Dido:" or, "Troy Town," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 18 stanzas, with 5 cuts. [The Story of Penelope.]—159. A Looking-Glass for a covetous Miser: or, Comfort to a Contented minde. To the tune of "The Fair Angel of England," or, "The Tyrant." 12 stanzas, subscribed T. J., with 1 cut. 160. Love in a Bush: or, The two Loyal Lovers Joy compleated. Tune of "Oh so Ungrateful a Creature," *printed for James Bissel at the Bible and Harp in West-Smithfield.* 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—161. Love in a Mist. To the tune of "Hey boys up go we," *printed for I. Deacon* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—162. The Love-Sick Maid: or, Cordelias lamentation for the absence of her Gerhard. To a pleasant new tune, *printed by and for A. M.* . . . With 3 cuts.—163. The Love-Sick Serving-Man, *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* 12 stanzas, with 1 cut.—164. Love without Measure: or, The Youngmans Delight and the Maidens Joy. To a rare new tune, called, "Du-Vals Delight," *printed for W. Thackery and T. Passenger.* 13 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—165. Loves better than Gold: or, Money's an Ass. To a new delightful tune, much in request at Court, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—166. Loves Boundless Power: or, The Charmed Lovers Happiness compleated. To the tune of "When Busie Fame," &c. *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—167. Love's fierce desire, and hopes of Recovery: or, A true and brief Description of two Resolved Lovers. To a delightful new tune, or, "Fair Angel of England," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.* 15 stanzas, subscribed L[awrence] P[rice], with 3 cuts.—168. Love's Fortune: or, A faint-hearted Souldier will never win the field. Tune is, "Sweet come love me once again," *printed for F. Coles,* &c. (as No. 167). 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts. VOL. II.—1. The Loves of Damon and Sappho:

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

or, The Shepherd Crown'd with good success. A pleasant new Play-house Song, to the tune of "Hail to the Myrtle Shades," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.* 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—2. The Loves of Jockey and Jenny : or, The Scotch Wedding. A most pleasant new Song, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 11 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—3. Loves Overthrow : or, A full and true account of a young Maid that lived in Exeter-Exchange-Court in the Strand. . . . To the tune of "Bateman," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—4. Loves Torments Cured by Death : or, Lovers Delay'd grow desperate. . . . To a pleasant New Court-tune : or "Phillis thou Soul of Love," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—5. Loves Triumph over Bashfulness : or, The Pleas of Honour and Chastity overruled. . . . To a Pleasant New Play-House tune, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—6. The Lovers Battle, Being a sore Combat fought between Mars and Venus. The tune is, "The Clorals Delight." By T. R., *printed for T. P. at the three Bibles on London Bridge.* 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—7. The Loving Lad and the Coy Lass. Being a pleasant and witty Discourse between a young Man and a Maid. To a pleasant new tune, *printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.* 26 stanzas, with one cut.—8. The Loving Shepherd : or, Phaon's humble Petition to Beautiful Phillis, who readily answered his Request, *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.* 8 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—9. A lamentable Ballad of the Lady's Fall, *W. Thackeray.* 4 cuts.—10. The loyal and true hearted Subjects good Will to King and Common-wealth. To the tune of "The Dukes wish : or, "Ile ask no more." By Thomas Houghton, *printed for Thomas Passenger at the three bibles on London-bridge.* 13 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—11. Loyal Constancy : or, The Seamans Love-Letter : written by John Blay a Board the *Henry* and *Elizabeth* riding at Leghorn. . . . Tune of "Cloris full of harmless thoughts," "Jenny Gin," [or,] "the fair one let me in," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 8 stanzas, with 7 cuts in two parts, the second containing Mary Foast's answer to John Blay.—12. A Duplicate of No. 9.—13. Loyalty unfeigned : or, The True Protestants Admonition. Being a Pleasant New Song, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 5 cuts, of which 3 are curious and early.—14. Luke Huttons Lamentation. . . . *printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.* With 3 cuts. [Full title in Hazlitt, but not this impression].—15. The Mad Man's Morice. . . . To a Pleasant new tune, *printed by and for A. M.* . . . 14 stanzas, with one cut.—16. The Maids Answer to the Batchelors Ballad : or, Love without Remedy. To the tune of "No more, silly Cupid" : or, "The Duke of Monmouth's Jig," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—17. The maiden's reply to the Young mans Resolution." To the tune of "The Young Mans Resolution," *printed for J. Williamson at the Bible upon London Bridge.* 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—18. The Maidens Tragedy : or, A brief Account of a Young Damsel near Wolverhampton. . . . To the tune of "Russel's Farewell, *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.* 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—19. The Maltster caught in a Trap : or, The Witty Ale-Wife, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—20. The Mariner's Delight : or, The Seamen's Seven Wives, *printed for J. Conyers at the Raven in Duck-lane.* 8 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—21. Mark Noble's Frollick ; who being stopp'd by the Constable near the Tower, was examin'd where he had been, whither he was going, and his Name and place where he dwelt.

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood. 15 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—40. The Second Part of the new Scotch-Jigg : or, Jenny's Reply to Johnnys Cravat. Tune of "Jenny, come tye my," &c. *printed for W. Thackeray, &c.* 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—41. A New Song of Lulla By : or, Father Peters's Policy Discovered. To the tune of "Greensleeves" : or, "My Mistress is to Bulling gone," *printed in the Year* 1688. 15 stanzas, with a curious cut.—42. Nick and Froth : or, The Good-fellows Complaint for want of full Measure. Tune of "We'l Drink this Old Ale no more, no more," *printed for R. Burton in West-Smith-field.* 20 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—43. The Nob[l]e Man's Generous Kindness : or, The Country-Mans Unexpected Happiness. To the tune of "The Two English Travellers," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 17 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—44. The Noble Prodigal : or, The young Heir newly come to his Estate. A newe Medly of six Ayres ("The Jews Concert," "Princess Royal," "Come hither my own Sweet Duck," "French Tricatees" *bis*, "A new Country Dance"). No imprint. 6 stanzas.—45. The Norfolk Lass : or, The Maid that was blown with Child. To the tune of "The King and Northern Man" : or, "Tommy Pots," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 15 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—46. The Northern Ladd : or, The Fair Maids Choice. To the tune of "There was a Lass in Cumberland," &c. *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 14 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—47. The Old Pudding-pye Woman set forth in her colours, &c. To a rare new tune much in use, or, "There was an Old Wife," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark.* 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—48. The Old Woman's Resolution . . . To the tune of "I Marry and thank ye too," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* 17 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—49. Opportunity Lost, or, The Scotch Lover Defeated. To a pleasant northern tune, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—50. The Oxford Health : or, The Jovial Loyalist. A new song. To the tune of "On the Bank of a River" : or, "Packington's Pound," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 9 stanzas, with 1 cut.—51. A Pattern of Love : or, The Faithful Lovers well met. To the tune of "The Cannons Rore," *printed for J. Blare* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—52. The Pensive Lover : or, the Damosels Crosses crown'd with Comfort. To the tune of "Grim King of the Ghosts," *printed for J. Blare* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—53. The Pensive Prisoner's Apology." Tune of "Love with unconfined wings" : or, "No, no, no, no, not yet," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts. In two parts.—54. The Plowman's Art in Wooing. Tune of "Cupid's Trappan," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 16 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—55. The Plough-man's Praise : In A Dialogue between a Mother and her Daughter. Tune of "The Evening Ramble," &c. *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 8 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—56. The Poet's Dream : or, The Great Out-cry and Lamentable Complaint of the Land against Bayliffs and their Dogs. To the tune of "Sawny," &c. *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 14 stanzas, with a cut, representing a bailiff and his dog.—57. The Politick Countreyman. Plainly setting forth the many misfortunes of those men, who have mist of their aim in choosing a wife. . . . Tune of "Hey boys up go we" : or, "Jenny Gin," *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger.* 10 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—58. A Posie of Rare Flowers : Gathered by a Young-man for his Mistris. To a pleasant new tune, *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.* 18 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—59 The Invincible Pride of Women : or, the London Tradesman's Lamentation. To the tune of "The Spinning-Wheel," *printed for P. Brooksby,*

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

. . . To the tune of "The New Rant," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.* 21 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—22. The Master-piece of Love-songs. To the tune of "The Week before Easter, the Day's long and clear," &c., *printed for A. M. W. O. and Tho. Thackeray at the Angel in Duck-lane.* 16 stanzas, with 2 cuts of superior execution.—23. A Tryal of skill, performed by a poor decayed Gentlewoman, who cheated a rich Grasier of Sevenscore pound, and left him a Child to keep. The tune is "Ragged and Torn," *printed for I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.* 16 stanzas, with 2 cuts. [Printed on back of No. 22].—24. The Merry Bag-Pipes: The Pleasant Pastime betwixt a Jolly Shepherd and a Country Damsel . . . To the tune of "March Boys," &c., *printed for C. Bates.* . . . 7 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—25. The merry Maid of Middlesex. To a delicate Northern tune: or, "The Maid that lost her way," *printed by E. Crowch for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright,* 12 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—26. The merry Maid of Shoreditch, Her Resolution and Good Counsel to all her Fellow Maids. The tune is "I have a Mistris of my own:" or, "Hold Buckle and Thong together," *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 9 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—27. A Merry Wedding: or, O brave Arthur of Bradley. To a pleasant new tune, &c., *printed by and for W. O. for A. M. and sold by J. Deacon, in Guilt-spur-street.* 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—28. The Milk Maid's Resolution. Tune, "Cupid's Trappan," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 16 stanzas, with 2 cuts (one of a milkmaid).—29. The Mistaken Lover: or, The Supposed Ungrateful Creature appears a True Pattern of Loyalty. To an Excellent New tune sung at Court, *printed for C. Dennisson at the Stationers-Arms within Aldgate.* 8 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—30. A Mock-Song: or, Love and no Love. To the tune of "Mars and Venus," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—31. Modesty Amazed: or, The Dorset-shire Damosell importunate with her Mother to know Rogers meaning in Wooing, *printed for J. Deacon at the Angel in Guiltspur-street without Newgate.* [A warning against a counterfeit edition is appended].—32. Tis Money makes a Man: or, The Good-Fellows Folly. To a pleasant new tune: "Bonny black Bess"; or, "Digby." By J. Wade, *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—33. The Late Duke of Monmouth's Lamentation. Tune of "On the Bank of a River": or, "Now the Fights done," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 7 stanzas, with one cut. In 2 parts.—34. The Mournful Shepherd: or, The Torment of loving, and not being Lov'd again. To a pleasant new tune, called "Could Man his wish obtain," &c. Play'd and sung at the King's Play-House, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . With 2 cuts.—35. The Mother and Daughter; or, A Dialogue betwixt them composed in Verse. The tune is, "Come, Sweet-heart, and embrace thine own": or, "The Dancing of Primrose-hill," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 13 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—36. A new and True Ballad of the Poet's Complaint: or, A newe Song to a newe Tune, of a young wench living in Holbourn. . . . To a pleasant new tune, called, "I am confirm'd," &c. *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 16 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—37. The New Courtier. Tune is, "Clovis, since thou hast fled away," &c. *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.* 12 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—38. A New Scotch Ballad of Jealous Nanny: or, False-hearted Willy turn'd True. To the tune of "Maggies Iealousie," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 8 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—39. The New Scotch-Jigg: or, The Bonny Cravat. Tune of "Jenny, come tye my," &c. *printed for W.*

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back. 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—60. The Prodigal's Resolution : or, My Father was born before me. To a pleasant new tune, *printed for F. Coles, J. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—61. A Prospective-Glass for Christians ; to behold the Reigning Sins of this Age . . . Tune of "Monstrous Women," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.* 9 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—62. The Protestant Seaman's Resolution to fight for King William : or, the Total Destruction of Popery in this Reformed Land and Nation. To the tune of "The Souldier's Daughter," *printed for J. Blare.* 9 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—63. Protestant Unity the best Policy to Defeat Popery and all its Bloody Practices. . . . A pleasant new song. To the tune of "Now, now the Fight's done," &c. *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.* 12 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—64. Pyramus and Thisbe : or, Love's Masterpiece. To the tune of "Digby's Farewel," *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 12 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—65. The Religious Man's Exhortation to all Persons of what Degree soever. . . . To the tune of "The Young Man's Legacy" : or, "Sinners Redemption," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 17 stanzas, with 6 cuts.—66. The Rich Farmer's Ruine ; who murmured at the Plenty of the Seasons . . . To the tune of "Why are my eyes still flowing ?" as it is play'd on the Violin, *printed for J. Back* . . . 8 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—67. Robin Hood's Delight : . . . To the tune of "Robin Hood and Queen Katherine" ; or, "Robin Hood and the Shepherd," *printed for William Thackery, at the Angel, in Duck lane.* 24 stanzas, with 1 large cut.—68. The Noble Fisher-man : or, Robin Hood's Preferment . . . To the tune of "In Summer time," &c. *printed for W. Thackeray and T. Passinger.* 28 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—69. The Famous Battel between Robin Hood and the Curtal Fryar. To a new Northern tune, *printed for W. Thackeray, J. Millet, and A. Milbourn.* 39 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—70. The True Pattern of Loyalty : Being the Happy Agreement betwixt William and Susan . . . To the tune of "Charon make haste," &c. *printed for J. Blare* . . . 9 stanzas, with 3 cuts. [Printed on back of No. 69.]—71. The Roysters Ruine, in a Dialogue betwixt a Spend-thrift and a Whore . . . The tune is, "He that hath most Money is the best Man," *printed for T. Passenger* . . . 11 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—72. The Lord Russel's Farewel, who was Beheaded for High-Treason, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, July 21st, 1683. To the tune of "Tender Hearts of London City," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts and music.—73. The Seaman's Complaint for his Unkind Mistress of Wapping. To the tune of "I love you dearly, I love you well," &c. *printed for Charles Baker.* 28 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—74. The Seaman's Sorowful Bride, *printed for J. Deacon in Giltspur-street.* To the tune of "Ah ! Jenny Gin."—75. A Serious Discourse between two Lovers. To the tune of "When Sol will cast no Light" : or, "Deep in Love." T. Wade, *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 15 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—76. The School of Venus. Tune of "Hail to the Mirtle Shade," *printed for Josiah Blare* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—77. The Scolding Wife. To a pleasant new Tune, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 9 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—78. The Scolding Wives Vindication : or, An Answer to the Cuckold's Complaint. To the tune of "The Cuckold's Complaint," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* 16 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—79. The States-man's Last Will and Testament : or, His Worthy Legacies left to his beloved Cronies . . . Tune of "O, rare

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

Popery," *printed in the Year* 1689. 12 stanzas, with 1 cut. [Printed on the back of No. 78.]—80. The Scornful Maid, and the Constant Young-Man. Tune of "Times Changling I never will be": or, "Sawny": or, "A Fig for France." By T. Robins, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 13 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—81. The Scotch Lad's Moan: or, Pretty Maggie's Unkindness. To an excellent new Scotch tune, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 7 stanzas, with 2 cuts and music.—82. Scotch Moggy's Misfortune . . . To an excellent new tune, *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* 9 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—83. The Scotch Souldier's Kindness . . . To the tune of "The Crafty Wife," *printed for I. Deacon* . . . 10 stanzas, with 6 cuts.—84. The Scotch Wooing: or, Jockey of the Lough, and Jenny of the Lee. . . . To the tune of "Jockey's gone to the Wood," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 1 cut.—85. A Serious Discourse between two Lovers . . . J. Wade, *printed for W. Thackray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 15 stanzas, with 2 cuts. [Another edition of No. 75.]—86. The Shepherd's Complaint: and the Comforting Shepherdess. To the tune of "Mogg's Jealousie," *printed for J. White, at the White Swan, at the Bridge-foot, near Southwark.* 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—87. [Queen Elinor's Confession,] Shewing how King Henry, with the Earl Marshal, in Fryars Habits, came to her . . . *printed for C. Bates, at the White Hart, in West Smithfield.* 20 stanzas, with a large cut. [The first line of the title is cut off; this is a different edition from that mentioned by Hazlitt, art. "Eleanor," No. 2.]—88. A Ship-load of Waggery: or, Clouded Merriment to please young men and maids. To a new tune: or, "Cloris Awake," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—89. A soluntary [*sic*] Song for all stubborn Sinners to amend their Lives and evil Ways. To the tune of "The Sinner's Redemption," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 19 stanzas, with 2 cuts. In 2 parts.—90. The Sorrowful Citizen: or, The Couragious Plow-Man. To the Tune of "The Country Farmer," *printed for J. Blare* . . . 9 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—91. The Sorrowfull Damsels Lamentation for want of a Husband. To the tune of "The Country Farmer," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 9 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—92. The Sorrowful Mother: or, the Pious Daughter's Last Farewel. To the tune of "Troy-Town," *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 14 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—93. The Soldier's Fortune: or, The Taking of Mardike, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . With 2 cuts.—94. The Souldier his Salutation to the wary Wench of Worcester. To a pleasant Scottish tune, call'd "Lowdens Delight." No imprint. In 2 parts. 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—95. The Springs Glory: or, A precious Posie for Pretty Maidens. The tune is "Monk hath confounded," &c. *I. P. printed for W. Gilbertson.* 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts. In 2 parts.—96. Strephon and Cloris: or, The Coy Shepherd and the Kind Shepherdess. To a pleasant New Play-house tune; or, "Love will find out the way," *printed for I. Clarke, at the Horsshoe, in West Smithfield.* 15 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—97. The Subtile Damosel: or, Good Counsel for Maids. To the tune of "The new made Gentlewoman." By J. Wade, *printed for Richard Hardy at the Horseshoe in West Smithfield.* 15 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—98. The Subtil Miss of London: or, The Ranting Hector well fitted by this cunning Miss. To the tune of "The two English Travellers," *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 19 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—99. The Taunton Maids delight: or, Hey for the honest Woosted-Comber. The tune is "I have a good old mother at home," &c. T. L[anfire ?], *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 14 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—100. The three Worthy Butchers of the North. To a pleasant new tune. Paul Burges, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 25 stanzas, with a cut.—101.

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

Tobias' Advice : or, A Remedy for a Ranting Young-Man. Tune of "Daniel Cooper." By Tobias Bowne, *printed for P. Brooksby in Py-Corner.* 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—102. Tobias Observation. Tune of "The Country Farmer." By Tobias Bowne, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 11 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—103. Tom Tell-truth. To the tune of "Tantara ra ra Tantivee," *printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.* 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—104. The Trappand Cuckold maker : or, Yea-and-Nay well fitted. Tune is "O mother, Roger," &c. *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 9 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—105. The Trapanned Taylor : or, A Warning to all Taylors to beware how they marry. To the tune of "How many Crowns and pounds have I spent," &c. *printed for F. Coles, J. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 20 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—106. The Troubles of these Times. To the tune of "A Lesson for all true Christians," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 14 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—107. A True Character of Sundry Trades and Callings : or, A New Ditty of Innocent Mirth. To the tune of "Old Simon the King," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—108. The Poor Man's Prayer for Peace in these sorrowful Times of Trouble . . . To the tune of "Game at Cards," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—109. True Love Exalted ; or, A Dialogue between a courteous young Knight of the City of London, and a Searge Weavers Daughter of Devonshire. The tune is "Tender Hearts," &c. *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 17 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—110. True Love Unvail'd : or the Coy Lady Over-come at last. To a rare new tune : or, "The French Minnim," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—111. The true Lover's Admonition. The tune is, "So sweet is the Lass that loves me," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—112. [The] True Lovers Extremity : or, The Maidens Miserable Moan. To the tune of "Charon, make haste," &c. *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 7 stanzas, with 3 cuts and music.—113. The True-Lovers Ghost. To the tune of "Tender Hearts of London City," *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 14 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—114. The True-Lovers Good-morrow. The tune is, "As at noon Dulcina rested," *printed for Will. Thackeray, at the Angel in Duck-Lane, J. M. and A. M.* 12 stanzas, 2 cuts.—115. The true-Lovers Happiness : or, Nothing venture, nothing have. Tune of "Amintas on the new-made Hay" : or, "Loyal Lovers," *printed for W. Thackeray, E. M. and A. M.* 14 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—116. The Two-Penny Whore ; In a Dialogue between a Spend-thrift and a Whore. The tune is, "He that has the most Money is the best Man," *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passinger, and W. Whitwood.* 11 stanzas, with 3 cuts. [Printed on back of No. 115.] 117. The True Lovers Knot Untied. To the tune of "Frogs Galliard," &c. *printed by and for W. O. and A. M.* . . . 25 stanzas, with 2 cuts. [The Story of the Lady Arabella.]—118. The True-Lovers Holidaies : or, the Wooing, Winning, and Wedding of a fair Damosel, performed by a Souldier, being one of the Auxiliaries. To the tune of "No body else shall plunder but I." L[aurence] P[rice ?], *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.* 10 stanzas, with 2 small cuts.—119. The True-Lovers Tragedy : Being an Incomparable Ballad of a Gentleman and his Lady, that both killed themselves for love, under the disguised names of Philander and Phillis. To the tune of "Ah ! Cruel Bloody Fate," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—120. A duplicate of No. 75.—121. A duplicate of No. 23.—122. A Turn-Coat of the Times. Tune is "The King's Delight" : or "True Love is a Gift for a Queen," *printed for William Thackeray at*

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

the Angel in Duck-lane. 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—123. The Undaunted Seaman; who resolved to fight for his King and Country. To the tune of "I often for my Jenny Strove," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare and J. Back.* 10 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—124. Unfeigned Friendship: or, the Loyalist's Cordial Advice. . . . To a new Playhouse tune, called, "How happy's the Mate": or, "Can Life be a Blessing," &c. *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.* 11 stanzas, with 6 cuts.—125. The Unfortunate Fencer: or, the Couragious Farmer of Gloucester-shire. To the tune of "The Spinning Wheel," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* 11 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—126. The Unfortunate Lady: or, the Young Lover's fatal Tragedy. To the tune of "The Languishing Swain," *printed for J. Blare.* . . . 14 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—127. The Unfortunate Welch-Man: or, The Untimely Death of Scotch Jockey. To the tune of "The Country Farmer," *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 8 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—128. The Ungrateful Rebel: or, Gracious Clemency rewarded with Villany. Tune is "The Turn-Coat of the Times," *printed for N. Sliggen.* 6 stanzas, with 1 cut.—129. The Ungrateful Son: or, An Example of God's Justice upon the abuseful Disobedience of a False-hearted and Cruel Son to his Aged Father. To the tune of "Kentish Miracle," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* 13 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—130. The Unsatisfied Lover's Lamentation. Tune of "Hey, boys, up go we," *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger.* 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—131. The Valiant Commander, with his Resolute Lady. To a New Northern tune, called, "I would give ten thousand pounds," &c. or "Ned Smith," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. W., J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.* 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—132. Virginity grown troublesome: or, the Younger Sisters Lamentation for want of a Husband. To a pleasant New West Country tune, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 20 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—133. The Virgins Tragedy: or the Faithful Maiden and the Faithless Young man. Tune is "Jenny Gin," or, "fair one let me in," *printed for J. Conyers.* . . . 13 stanzas (including the epitaph), with 4 cuts.—134. Sir Walter Raleigh sailing in the Low-lands, shewing how the famous Ship called the *Sweet Trinity*, was taken by a false Gally. . . . To the tune of, "The Sailing in the Low-lands," *printed for J. Conyers.* . . . 14 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—135. The Wandering Virgin: or, The Coy Lass well fitted. To the tune of "Cloris, awake," or, "the loving Chambermaid," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 13 stanzas, with 2 cuts. In two parts.—136. A Warning for all Lewd Lovers. . . . To the tune of "Sir Andrew Barton," &c. *printed by and for W. O. for A. M. and sold by J. Deacon.* . . . 31 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—137. A Warning-Voice for all Wicked Livers. . . . To the tune of "The Rich Merchantman," *printed for I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. T. and T. Passenger.* 13 stanzas, with 7 cuts.—138. A Warning for all Worldlings to learn to Dye. The tune is "The Ladies fall," *printed by F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.* 16 stanzas, with a large cut. In two parts.—139. A way to wooe a witty Wench. To a pleasant new tune, or, "Mulgraves March," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright and J. Clark.* 14 stanzas, with one cut. In two parts.—140. The Wealthy Grasiers Joyes compleated: or, The Shepherd's beautiful Daughter obtained. Tune of "Ladies of London," &c. *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 8 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—141. The Welsh Fortune-Teller: or, Sheffery Morgan's Observation of the Stars as he sat upon a Mountain in Wales. To the tune of "Touch

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

of the Times," *printed for G. Conyers on Ludgate-Hill.* 7 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—142. The West Country Dialogue: or, A Pleasant Ditty between Anniseed-Robin the Miller, and his Brother Jack the Ploughman. . . To the tune of "O Folly, desperate Folly," &c. *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 9 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—143. The West-Country Jigg: or, Love in Due Season. To a pleasant new tune called, "New Exeter," *printed for T. Brooksby.* . . . 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—144. The West-Country Maid's Advice. To the tune of "Hey boys up go we," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 9 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—145. The West-Country Miser: or, An Unconscionable Farmer's Miserable End. Tune of "Love's a sweet passion": or "Fond Boy," &c. *printed for J. Wolrah in Holbourn.* 11 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—146. The West-Country Lawyer: or, The Witty Maid's Good Fortune. To the tune of "The Baffled Knight," *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 19 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—147. The West Country Wedding: or, The Merry conceited Couple. Tune of "When Sol will cast no light": or, "My pretty little Rogue," *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger and W. Whitwood.* (ii). The Westminster Frolick: or, A Cuckold is a good man's Fellow. Tune of "Hey boys up go we," or, "Alas poor thing!" *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—148. Stand too't Whetston-Park Ladies: or, The Country Lasses farewel to Sorrow. To the tune of "Never a Penny of Money," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 12 stanzas, with one cut.—149. The Winchester Wedding: or, Ralph of Reading and Black Bess of the Green. To a New Country Dance: or, "The King's Jigg," *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 7 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—150. Money makes the Mare to go, or, An Excellent new Song of the Scittle Shirking Sharpers. To the tune of "Four-pence-half-penny-farthing," *printed for I. Deacon* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts. [Printed on the back of 149].—151. The Witty Damsel of Devonshire. . . . Tune of "Here I live, there I live": or, "The Two English Travellers," *printed by P. Brooksby, I. Deacon, I. Blare, and J. Back.* 16 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—152. Englands Mercies in the Midst of Miserys: or, The Poor Man's Comfort in a time of Trouble. To the tune of "Packington's Pound," or, "Digby's Farewell," *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts. [On the back of 151].—153. The Woman Warrior: being an Account of a young Woman who lived in Cow-Cross. . . . To the tune of "Let the Soldiers Rejoice," *printed for Charles Bates next to the Crown Tavern in West Smith-field.* 11 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—154. The Woman's just Complaint: or, Man's Deceitfulness in Love. To a pleasant New play-house tune, much in request, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—155. The Woman's Victory: or, The Conceited Cuckold cudgel'd into good Qualities by his fair and virtuous Wife. To the tune of "The languishing Swain," &c. *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 20 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—156. The Wonder of Wonders: or, An Excellent Song of a Six-Legged Creature. Tune of "Old Simon the King," *printed for James Bissel at the Bible and Harp in West-Smithfield.* . . . 8 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—157. The Wonderful Praise of Money: or, An account of the many Evils that attend the ill vse thereof. Tune of "Ye Ladies of London," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 9 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—158. A Word in Season: or, Now or never. A pleasant new tune of "Sweet use your time," &c. *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passinger.* 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—159. The World turn'd up-side down: or, Money grown Troublesome. Tune of "Packington's Pound," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—160.

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

You'l never get her up : or, Love in a Tree, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—161. Young Jemmy : or, The Princely Shepherd. To a pleasant new Play-house tune : or, "In January last" : or, "The Gowlin," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—162. The Young-Man's Complaint for the Loss of his Mistris. To an excellent new tune "I have lost my dear Mistris," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 18 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—163. The Young Man's Counsellour : or, the most deserved praise of those sweet Complexioned Damsels of the Black and Brown. Tune of "All Trades," *printed for J. Deacon.* 11 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—164. The Young Man's Joys compleated. To the tune of "O so Ungrateful a Creature," *printed for J. Blare.* . . . 9 stanzas, with 4 cuts and music.—165. A young Man put to his Shifts : or, The Ranting Young Mans Resolution. To the tune of "Cupid's Trappan," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger,* 20 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—166. The Young-Mans Unfortunate Destiny. To the tune of "The Doubting Virgin," *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—There is added "The Young Man's Victory over the Power of the Devil," *printed by T. Brooksby.*

434 BALLADS, in black letter. A folio volume, *in half morocco*, containing the following :—

1. Anne Askew, intituled, "I am a Woman Poor and Blind." [*No printer's name, place, or date, but printed at London*, about 1660.] Printed in two columns, with a woodcut. 22 4-line stanzas.—2. An Answer to the Maidens Frollick : or, The Taylors Resolution to be reveng'd of these Petticoat Press-Masters by Bob-tailing their Gowns and Petticoats for the future more than ever they have done heretofore. To the tune of "An Orange." Licensed according to Order. *Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* [About 1690]. 13 4-line stanzas, with 2 woodcuts.—3. The Ballad of the Cloak : or, The Cloak's Knavery. To the tune of "From Hunger and Cold" : or, "Packington's Pound," *printed for A. M., W. O., and T. Thackeray in Duck-lane.* [About 1700.] With a woodcut.—4. Chastities Conquest : or, No touching before Marriage. A new song . . . to the tune of "Canst thou not weave Bone-lace" . . . *printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball near the Bear Tavern in Pye-corner.* [About 1690.] 6 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—5. Cupid's Courtesie, *printed by and for W. O. for A. M.*—6. Coridon and Parthenia. The Languishing Shepherd made Happy : or, Faithful Love Rewarded. Being a most pleasant and delectable new play song. To the tune of "When busie Fame," &c. *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackery, and T. Passinger.* [About 1680.] 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts. —7. Cupids Court of Equity . . . Tune of "When first I bid my Love Good-Morrow," *printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball near the Hospital-Gate, in West-Smith-field.* [About 1690.] 16 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—8. The Dumb Maid : or, The Young Gallant trappan'd. To a new tune call'd "Dum, dum, dum" : or, "I would I were in my own Country," &c. *printed by and for W. O.* [*and*] *A. M. and are to be sold by C. Bates, in Pye-corner* [About 1690.] 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.— 9. The Female Ramblers : or, the three buxome Lassies of Northampton-shire. Containing their Pastime at the Naggs-Head, together with many Intrigues that followed thereupon. Tune is "Let Cæsar live long," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.*

LOT 434. BALLADS—*continued.*

[About 1690.] 9 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—10. Flora's Farewel: or, The Shepherd's Love Passion Song . . . . To a Delicate Tune; or, "A thousand times my love commend," *printed for A. Milbourn, W. Onley, and T. Thackeray at the Angel in Duck-lane.* [About 1690.] In two parts. 22 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—11. John's Earnest Request: or, Betty's compassionate love extended to him in a time of distress . . . To a pleasant new tune much in request, *printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-Ball in Pye-corner.* [About 1690.] 9 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—12. The Lamentation of Mr. Pages Wife of Plimouth: who being enforced to wed against her will, did consent to his Murder for the love of George Strangwidge, for which fact they suffered death at Barstable in Devonshire. The tune is "Fortune my Foe," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, W. Gilbertson, and J. Wright.* [About 1660.] 48 stanzas, printed in 4 columns. [The second and third parts contain the "Lamentation of George Strangwidge" and the "Complaint of Mrs. Page."]—13. The most Rare and Excellent History of the Dutchess of Suffolk's Calamity. To the tune of "Queen Dido," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.* [About 1660.] 27 stanzas, printed in 4 columns, with 2 large cuts.—14. A new Ballad of the Souldier and Peggy. To a new Northern tune, *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.* [About 1660.] 13 stanzas, printed in 4 columns, with 2 cuts.—15. The Northern Ditty: or, the Scotch-man out-witted by the Country Damsel. To an excellent new Scotch tune of "Cold and Raw the North did blow." &c. A song much in request at Court, *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* [About 1690.] 7 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—16. The Popes Pedigree: or, the Twineing of a Wheelband, shewing the rise and first Pedigrees of mortals in[habit]ing beneath the moon. Being a most pleasant and new song . . . To a pleasant new tune: or, "London is a brave town," *printed for J. Conyers at the Black Raven in Holbourn.* [About 1690.] 10 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—17. A rare example of a vertuous Maid in Paris, who was by her own Mother procured to be put in Prison, thinking thereby to compel her to Popery, but she continued to the end, and finished her life in the Fire. Tune is, "O man in Desperation," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark.* [About 1670.] 12 stanzas, printed in two columns.—18. Portion of a black letter Ballad of S. George of England.—19. The West-Country Wooing: or, the Merry Conceited Couple. To the tune of "When Sol will cast no light," or, "My pretty little rogue," *printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-ball in West-Smithfield.* [About 1680.] 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—20. The Woman to the Plow and the Man to the Hen-Roost: or, A fine way to cure a Cot-Quean. The tune is, "I have for all good wives a Song," *printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.* [About 1670.] By Martin Packer. In four columns, with 4 cuts.—21. Pedigree Education and Marriage of Robin Hood, roman letter, woodcuts, *Northampton, for R. Dicey, n. d.*—22. Newes from the River of Thames, with Music, *printed on the frozen Thames*, 1683.—23. News from the frost fair upon the River of Thames, *woodcut, probably unique, printed for T. Wright, J. Clark, etc.*

*** From Corser's Collection.

T 435. BALLADS—*continued.*

scorned Cupid and his Dart, until he felt a wounded Heart. To a most pleasant Northern tune, &c. *printed by and for W. O. for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers.* [About 1680.] 14 stanzas, printed in 4 columns, black letter, with 2 cuts.—3. The Golden Bull: or, The Garland of Love's Craftiness. In 4 parts, *printed and sold in Bow-Church-Yard.* In 4 columns.—4. A Godly Warning to all young Maidens: or, Jermain's Wife and Young Bateman, *printed and sold in Bow-church Yard.* In 4 columns. With a woodcut.—5. An Excellent Ballad of a Dreadful Combat Fought between Moore of Moore-hall and the Dragon of Wantley, *printed and sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard.* With a cut. In 4 columns.—6. The Great Boobee. To the tune of "Salleeger's Round." [*No imprint.*] In 4 columns, with a woodcut in 2 compartments.—7. An Unhappy Memorable Song of the Hunting of Chevy-Chase, *printed and sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard.* In 4 columns, with a cut.—8. A Ballad of the Cloak's Knavery. To an excellent new tune much in request. [*No imprint.*] In 3 columns, with a cut.—9. The Woeful Lamentation of Jane Shore, *printed and sold in Bow-Church-Yard.* In 5 columns.—10. An Excellent Ballad of a Prince of England's Courtship to the King of Frances's Daughter. [*No imprint.*] In 5 columns, with 2 cuts.—11. Roman Charity: A Worthy Example of a Virtuous Wife, who fed her Father with her own Milk . . . *printed and sold in Bow-Church-Yard.* In 5 columns, with a cut.—12. The Old Ballad of the Three Jolly Butchers and ten Highwaymen, *sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard.* In 3 columns, with 3 cuts.—13. Constance and Anthony: or, True Love Rewarded with Loyalty. [*No imprint.*] In 4 columns, with 2 cuts.—14. Bonny Dundee: or, Jockey's Deliverance. Being his valiant Escape from Dundee and the Parson's Daughter, whom he had court'd. To an excellent tune, called "Bonny Dundee," *printed and sold in Bow-Church Yard.* In 2 columns, with a cut.—15. The Children in the Wood . . . *printed and sold at the Printing Office in Bow-Church-Yard.* In 5 columns, with 6 cuts.—16. The Dutchess of Suffolk's Calamity. To the tune of "Queen Dido." [*No imprint.*] In 4 columns, with cuts.—17. Constance and Anthony: or, True Love rewarded with Loyalty. [*No imprint.*] In 4 columns, with 2 cuts.—18. The Bride's Burial. Tune of the "Lady's Fall." [*No imprint.*] In 4 columns, with a large cut.—19. The Northern Lord. In 4 parts, *printed and sold at the Printing-office in Bow-Church-Yard.* In 4 columns.—20. Poor Robin's Dream: Commonly called Poor Charity. Tune "The New Pack of Cards" . . . *Bow Church Yard.* In 3 columns, with 3 cuts.—21. A New Summons to Horn-Fair, *printed in Stone-Cutter-Street.* In 3 columns, with a very large and curious woodcut in 2 compartments.—22. A New Summons to all the merry wagtail Jades to attend at Horn-Fair, *printed and sold in Stonecutter's-Street, near the Fleet-market.* In 3 columns, with a large cut in 2 compartments, different from No. 21.

Advice to Batchelors

O R,

A Caution to be careful in their Choice. As also, the deserved praise of a Careful I

If thou wilt change a single Life,
to live free from annoy,
Chuse then a kind and careful Wife,
she'll Crown thy days with Joy.

To the Tune of, A Touch of the Times. Or, The Country Farmer. This may

BOth Robert and Richard, nay, William and Ned,
If any of you have a fancy to wed,
Come hither and take this good Counsel I give,
So may you be happy as long as you live;
For both good and bad amongst Women there be,
And therefore I pray you be ruled by me,
Chuse one that is modest, discreet in her ways,
And then the whole world cannot speak her due praise.

Such wives they will always their Husbands obey,
And never be given to wander or stray
Among lazy Gossips her money to spend,
She knows that it will her kind Husband offend,
And therefore her study and care will be still,
To love him and always submit to his will;
For she that is modest, discreet in her ways,
The world is not able to speak her due praise.

Some Men chuse a Wife by the we
Which may be her money does p
Proud Wives they will flourish a
Till they have clearly consum'd an
But as for the woman that strives
If she has but decent apparel to we
She seeks for no more, but her Hus
And then, &c.

Some Women are subject to thunde
And others with Wantons will wa
And which is the worst of these two
The wife that is wanton, or she tha
The one makes him clearly a weary
The other is still for contention and
But she that is modest, discreet in
The world is not able to speak her d

rs,

ful Industrious Wife.
ife,

may be Printed. R. P.

he weight of her purse,
gs prove but a Curse.
what such a loose rate,
nd an Estate
rives to take care,
to wear,
r Husband obeys,

hunder and brawl,
ill waste and spend all.
ese two I don't know,
he that's a Shrow,
Weary of life,
on and strife.
rect in her ways,
s her due praise.

A good Wife that marries a man that is poor,
She'l make it her care to replenish his store,
And like to the painful industrous Bee,
She'll do her endeavour to labour with thee:
If thou art in Anger she will not revile,
But instead of frowns will afford thee a smile;
And thus being modest, discreet in her ways,
The world, &c.

Ne'r strive for to marry a finikin Lass,
We see they are often as brittle as Glass,
They'l crack their Credit, consuming thy store,
While she that is careful will labour for more:
In troubles or crosses, or what e'ce may fall,
A good wife will stand the brunt of it all,
And do her endeavour her Husband to raise,
The world, &c.

A good wife will always be taking of care,
And yet will not murmur, repine, or dispair,
But still is contented with what she enjoys,
And is not for railing, and making a noise:
Such women that never knows how for to scold,
Adore them more dearer then Jewels or Gold,
For she is most vertuous, discreet in her ways,
The world, &c.

For that is the Woman that still will contrive,
To help her kind Husband in order to thrive,
And seeks for to please him, and never offend,
O such a good wife we may truly commend:
Nay, what though her portion, alas! be but small,
Her vertues will make thee amends for it all,
A wife that is wise and discreet in her ways,
The world, &c.

If it be thy fortune to find such a wife,
Adore her and love her as dear as thy life,
Ne'r grieve her, but labour always to provide
Both Food and Apparel, and all things beside,
So may you be ever united in Love,
And blest in this life by the powers above,
The wife that is vertuous, discreet in her ways,
The world is not able to speak her due praise.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.

The Alewives Invitation

to Married-Men, and Batchelors.

SHEWING

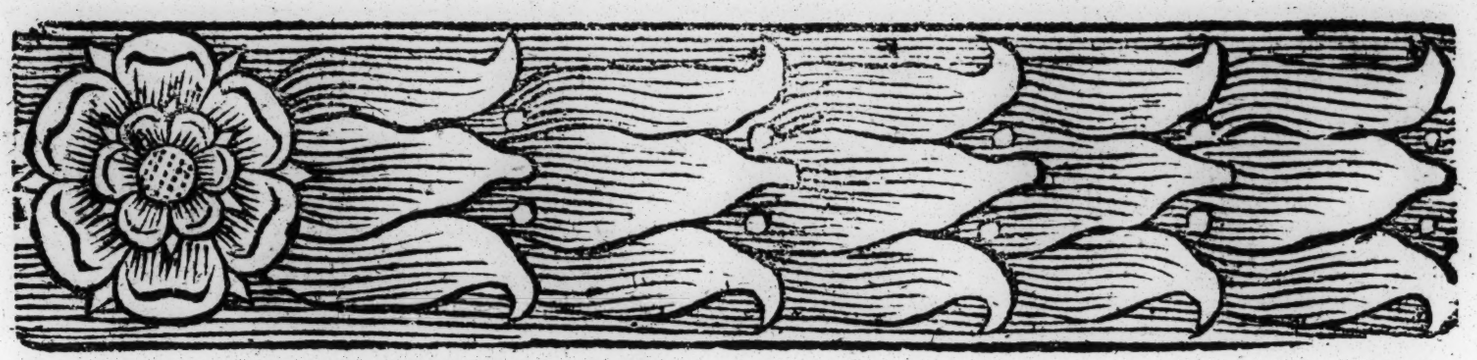
How a Good Fellow is ſlighted when he is brought to Poverty.

Therefore take my Counſel, & Alewives don't truſt,
For when you have waſted, and ſpent all you have,
Then out of Doors ſhe will you headlong thruſt,
Calling you Raſcal, and ſhirking Knave.

But ſo long as you have Money, come early or late,
You ſhall have her at Command, or elſe her Maid Kate.

To a New Tune; or, Digby's Farewell.

GOod fellows come hither, 'tis to you I ſpeak,
Good Counſel here's for you, if you will it take,
In thy Pockets may ſave thee many a Crown,
Where ever thou walkeſt in City, or Town:
It's known a Good fellow I've been many a year,
And much have I ſpent in wine and ſtrong beer:
For ſo long as I had money, my kind Hoſteſs ſhe,
Would cry, come when thou wilt boy, thou art welcome to me.
For ſhe knew, late or early, a pace I would call,
And whoever drink it, yet I'd pay for all; (ny;
Which made her take delight much in my compa-
But 'twas more for the love of my money, then me:
And ſo long as my credit and ſtock it would hold,
Come early or late, I might have what I would:
For ſo long as I had money, my kind Hoſteſs ſhe,
Would cry, Come when thou wilt, Boy, thou art welcome to me.
But when I had waſted and conſum'd my ſtore,
And had nothing to mortgage, or ſell to make more,
Unto my fine Hoſteſs I then told me my tale,
She muſt lend me ſome money, or I go to th' Goal:
Nay tarry, ſaid ſhe, I don't ſee it ſo rife,
I'll not lend you a penny, if 'twould ſave your life:
This was all the comfort that I got from ſhe
That always pretended my friend for to be.



Therefore it is good to save something in store,
Make much of a little, and 'twill encrease more;
For the times they are hard, and money is scant,
And by drinking there many a man comes to want:
Then whilst you have goods, either house or yet land,
Be sure to be careful, and keep't in your hand.
For so long as I had money, my kind Hostess she,
Would cry, Come when thou wilt, Boy, thou art
(welcome to me

Let a Man come to to an Alehouse tho' Cloaths they
And if that she sees you have silver good store, (be poor,
She'll bid you sit down, and you're welcome beside,
And whatever you call for, you are not deny'd;
But when you have wasted, and consum'd your store,
Away with this fellow, thrust him out of door:
For you have, &c.

This by experience there's many finds true,
Which makes both their backs, and their bellies to
Whilst they have a penny, or credit will go, (crue,
They ne'er will give o'er, tho' it brings them to woe,
But there sit & tipple whilst a drop will go down:
Come fill us more Liquor, tho' it cost me a Crown:
Thus his Money doth fly, and he wasteth his Pelf,
The next day he is ready to hang himself.

Then let me advise all Good Fellows that be,
Once learn to be wiser in e'er degree;
In your youthful days keep something in store,
Lest you're forc'd when you're old, to beg at the door:
Don't spend all thou get, to make others brave,
When thy Wife & thy Children, ne'er a rag have.
For so long as I had money, my kind Hostess she,
Would cry, Come when thou wilt, Boy, thou art
(welcome to me.

(same,
But when thou hast good Money make much of the
Don't drink it, and spend it in an unlawful Game:
And 'tis good for all young men to be well advis'd;
You see a good Husband to fortune doth rise;
But a Spendthrift you see is regarded by none,
His Word will not go, let him be ne'er so young,
But while you have money, &c.

Though a Man he has Means, he may spend all he
Then he unto others must be a bond slave; (have,
Then he sighs, and he grieves when it is too late,
He should be such a fool to part with his Estate:
But while he liv'd bravely, O then day and night
Drinking and Ranting it was his delight;
But now all is consumed wasted and gone,
He may look o'th bare walls, & make his sad moan.

For now he is slighted, because he's grown poor;
Nor none will him pity, nor encrease his store,
But mock him, and jear him, in his Poverty;
You might have been wiser they'll to him reply:
So he is a Fool that will rant to make others
And all his life after, to live like a slave; (brave,
But he is a Wise Man, the which doth take pains,
And then lets his Family talk of the Gains.

And thus all you young Men, you plainly may see,
This Song it will learn you good Husbands to be,
If thou goest to an Alehouse, and hast store of Cash,
She'll make thee welcome so long as it lasts; (none;
But when thy pockets are empty, & silver thou hast
She'll look slightly on thee, tho' thou makes sad moan:
But so long as you've mony, your kind Hostess she,
Will cry, Come when thou wilt, Boy, thou art
(welcome to me.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball, in Pye-Corner.

All is ours and our

HUSBANDS, Or the Country Hoſteſſes VINDICATION.

She durſt not Scold 'tis counted for an Evil.
Sheel cheat and whore, and yet be counted civil;
Sheel fill her Pocketsby poor Drunkards Loſſes,
And ſend them all to Jayl by weeping Croſſes.

To the Tune, of the Carmans Whiſtle, Or High Boys up go we.

COme all you Tribes of Hoſtiles,
That Women againſt do rail,
Come lend me ſome of your advice
Their glamorous Tongues to quail;
And I will make it plain appear
By nothing but what is true,
That all that we get in the Year
Is nothing but what's our Due.

For if anhoneſt Company
Of boon good fellows come:
And call for Liquor merrily
In any private Room:
Then if I fill the Juggs with Froth
Or cheat them of one or two
If I can ſwear them out of both
The Reckoning is my due.

Or if a ſhurking Fellow come
That have no mony at all
And take up any of my Room
And for my Liquor call:
Then if I take away their Coat
Let it be old or new:
Or worth a Crown more than thee ſhot,
'Tis nothing but what's my Due.

And some their are that are so lo'd,
To swear that I must trust,
When once my drink they have they think
That then before we must:
From such the Court or common Law,
What 'ere their Wives insue
Shall make their Arse to lye in Straw
Their Beedding is all my due.

My Husband must not Plow or Cart,
Or work like other Men:
My Children must not learn the art
To either Card or Spin?
My Tapster must live fine and brave
For he of one make two
And many a Groat for me he save
'Tis nothing &c.

But I must have another way
Our livings for get,
And when you hear I'm sur you'l say.
'Tis nothing but what is fit:
If Tap should fayl toot go the Tail
The Proverb old is true,
If half a piece come to my Fleece
'Tis nothing &c.

Perhaps our Husbands would repine,
If they of this should know
And think our little Babes i'thine
Were got in Cuckolds Row
You know their gains come by the pains
Of only me and you,
They must not scorn to wear the horn
'Tis nothing &c.

Come Neighbours drink with one consent
A lusty Bowl of Wine
'Twill break our Hearts of discontent
And make our Noses shine:
Each took the Cup and drank it up
And swore shee'd spoken true
And vow'd to have the 'tother Sup
Before they bid her adieu.

Then I that heard the Verdict past
How this base cheating Crew,
Consented all both first and last
To make make poor Drunkards Rue;
I took my Pen and writ this Song
And to the Drunkards send it
That they with me may strive to see
Their wicked Life and mend it.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye-Corner*

AMINTAS,

Or, The constant shepherds complaint.

Whilst others take dellght to range,
And mostly pleasure take in change,
Tune of, Young Pheon strove the bliss to taste,

Amintas vows he'l constant prove,
Unto the death to his dear Love,

CHast thoughts within my love-sick
most welcome do I find, (breast
Whilst other rangers are possest
with a lascivious mind,
Let others love variety,
my Cælia ile adore,
And might I gain her company
I'd never covet more.

Such charming sweetnels in her eyes,
I e're was wont to find,
They did attract and still surprize,
and captivate my mind,
But though she's fickle I must love
and cannot but admire,
Though she my passion disapprove,
it more augments my fire.

Cupid has made too deep a wound,
that for to cure the smart,
There's none but she that can be found
to ease my Love-sick heart,
Oh! might I be so fortunate
my Shepherdels to gaine,
But she contemns my meanestate,
and laughs at all my pain.

Her beauty's such none can withstand,
the attractives of her eyes,
The greatest Monarch may command,
and at first view surprize,
Ye gods! her victim Ile be still
and must adore her charms,
Though she should be inclosed still
within anothers Arms.

Oh cruel fayr! how oft did you
both ſwear and eke proteſt,
Your love both reall was and true,
when yet you were in ſeſt,
Whilſt I believ'd and did receive
your words with liſtning ſtrange,
Yet now you ſcornfully deceive,
and love to rove and range.

How many houres by me been ſpent
in ſobs and ſighs in vain,
Each minute full of diſcontent,
regardleſs of my pain,
Whilſt Syren like your looks inſnare,
intending to deceive,
For till they love you ſpeak them fair,
and then you take your leave.

The ſecond part to the ſame Tune,

Beware fair Nymph leaſt Cupids Dart
againſt you being bent,
E're long enſnare your ſtubborn heart
and cauſe you to repent,
Altho that now you ſcornful are
and pitty not my flame,
True Lovers are the gods chiefe care,
who will repay the ſame.

You tax us with inconſtancy
when we poor men do find,
Your Sex does love Variety
more fickle than the Wind,
The Ship that rides upon the Waves
more ſtedfaſt in foul weather,
'gainſt which the curling Billows laves
oft ſailing God knows whether.

The Choriſters within the Groves
with warbling notes can tell,
When Philomell did chaunt our loves
I thought that all was well;
The merry Shepherds on the Lawn,
how would they ſing your praiſe,
E're blushing Sol began to dawn
in their ſweet Roundelays.

But finding you unconſtant prove,
the Scene is alterd quite,
Although they blame me for my Love,
to you they bear a ſpite,
Inſtead of praiſes curſes ſtore
on you each day beſtow,
When that your name comes them be-
as with their flocks they go. (fore

In time therefore my Rivall leave,
though tempting be his charms,
Your dying Shepherd wrong'd receive
into your Snowey Arms,
The gods they have deſign'd, that you
muſt be my wife at laſt,
Then we ſhall greet like Lovers true
when Storms are gone and paſt.

Then ſhall I well rewarded be,
with bliſs for all my pain,
And endleſs my felicity,
when conſtant you remain,
New tranſports we ſhall alwaies find,
for to encreaſe Loves fire,
When both are mutually thus joyn'd,
and have but one deſire.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden Ball in VVeſt-ſmithfield.

Amintas and Claudia:

Or, The Merry Shepherdeſs,

Having whatever he from Vertue did not draw,
She circumvented with a ha, ha, ha,

To the Tune, called, *Calm was the Evening, and Clear was the Skie.*

CAlm was the Evening and clear was the Sky
when the new budding flowers do ſpring,
When all alone went Amintas and I,
to hear the ſweet Nightingals ſing;
I ſate and he laid him down by me,
and ſcarcely his breath he could draw,
But when with a fear,
He began to draw near,
He was daſht with a ha, ha, ha, ha. ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

He bluſht to himſelf, and lay ſtill for a while
and his modeſty curb'd his deſire,
But ſtrait I convinc'd all his fears with a ſmile
and added new flames to his fire:
Ah Silvia ſaid he thou art cruel,
to keep thy poor lover in awe,
And once more he preſt,
His hands to my breaſt,
But was daſht with a, &c.

I know 'twas his paſſion which cauſed all his fear
and therefore I pitied his eaſe,
I whiſpered him ſoftly, there was no body near,
and I laid my cheek cloſe to his face:
But as he grew bolder and bolder,
a Shepherd came by us and ſaw,
And juſt as our bliſs,
Began with a kiſs.
He burſt out, &c.

Come my own dear, lets retire a while,
and haſten us down to the Grove,
Wherein ſome ſhade:
That nature hath made,
We'l make a rehearſal of love,
And when with love tales we are tired,
and occaſion does bid us withdraw,
We then from our ſeat,
Will make a retreat,
And laugh out, &c.

I Having conſented, away we did go,
and found out the thick of the Wood;
But when we came there,
I began for to fear,
His meaning portended no good:
My beauty likewiſe he would oftentimes praiſe
for the rareſt that ever he ſaw,
And there he would skip,
From my hand to my lip.
but was daſht with a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Somtimes he won'd ſigh, and ſomtimes he won'd (weep
and pray me to pitty his caſe;
But I found out by that
What he would be at,
His meaning I read in his face;
I bid him deſiſt and give over his ſuit,
For I told him my Will was a law,
And if he were pleas'd
To have his pain eas'd.
He muſt laugh. &c.
You know ſaid Amintas how long I have lov'd,
and ever reſtrain my deſire,
And now with your ſcorn,
Which cannot be born,
You ſeek to extinguiſh my fire;
My vertue will juſtifie all that I do,
to keep you at diſtance and awe:
And your looſe deſire,
Will ſooner expire,
Then mirth, &c.
He ſat like a Mute, and was ſtill for a while,
conſulting what anſwer to make,
When all in haſt,
He imbraced my Waſt,
And no more my denyals would take.
He vow'd though my heart it were frozen,
his indeavor he'd uſe, it to thaw;
If the heat of your blood,
Cou'd do any good.
Which made, &c.
I found that his paſſion began to Rebel,
and Reaſon no more could prevail,
Thought I to my ſelf,
I am now on a ſhelf.
And know not which way for to fall;
But if by my Policy I can get off,
and my honor preſerve without flaw,
Ile ingage me no more,
On ſuch dangerous ſhore,
But at home, &c.
I uſed ſome perſwaſions that Evening was nigh,
for the Sun it began to decline,
And fearing ſome Swain,
Of the Neighboring plain,
Might come for to water his Kine;
I pray's him return and walk ſoftly along,
when 'twas dark I'd ſubmit to his law,
Where in my own Bower,
For the ſpace of an hour
He ſhou'd kiſs, &c.
His thoughts being tranſported with joy, he con-
ne're ſerv'd, but my promiſe I'd keep (ceiv'd,
But inſtead of a Wench,
He found ſuch a Trench.
As charm'd all his ſences a ſleep:
The vertue whereof through his vitals diſperſt
and his faculties purer did draw;
And when I had done,
Away I did run,
And laught out with a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Paſſenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

Amintor's Anſwer to Parthenia's Complaint,

Or, The Wronged Shepherds Vindication.

This anſwer to the Nymph he doth return,
Since that he hath more cauſe than ſhe, to mourn
And ſo againſt all women doth complain,
For having met with ſome who were to blame;
As by this Satire *you may find it when*
he proves that Women are more falſe then men.

To a New Tune; Or Sitting beyond a River ſide, *&c.* *With Allowance.*

UNder a pleaſant Willow ſhade,
Amintor ſat and heard the Maid;
And unto her he did reply,
Oh why Parthenia! prithee tell me why
You do complain ſo grievouſly,
Since Men are not ſo falſe as Women be.

When as in Love we uſe our Arts,
We find you have obdurate hearts,
Although at firſt our flames do burn,
Like winters Morning into Froſt you turn.
So by the Conſequence you ſee,
That Men are not ſo falſe as Women be.

Why ſhould a Man confined be,
To ſuch a piece of vanity?
Or doat upon a tempting ſnare,
That nature hath at unawares Made fair
No, caſt them off, for you will ſee,
That Men are not ſo falſe as Women be.

They love they fawn, they ſigh, they pray,
And yet will turn to hate next day;
The more you ſue, the more they ſhun,
By which poor Shepherds are undone:
So that by Conſequence you ſee,
That Men are not ſo falſe as Women be.

They think the God of Love allows,
they should be false and break their vows
It is a miracle to find
One of a thousand bear a constant mind:
Therefore you may confess with me,
That Men are not so false as women be.

They'l say they love, but not tell when,
They'l give a heart and tak't again:
If you intreat, and sue and pray,
they turn their heads & look another way:
So that by consequence you see,
That men are not so false as women be.

If that they see you pine and dye,
They'l triumph in your misery,
No pitty lies in frown nor like,
Their wavering minds are all so full of guile.
Therefore you may confess with me
That men are not so false as women be.

Too much experience I have had,
That few are good too many bad,
Though like a Skeleton you appear.
A cruel Nymph shall never drop a Tear
Therefore by consequence you see,
That men are not so false as women be.

Though Cupid bid them love again,
Yet they so stupid do remain
For Love they cruelty will show
And scorn for to submit unto his Bow:
So by the Sequel you may see,
That men are not so false as women be.

Then let not any Shepherd Swain,
Hereafter value their disdain,
Since O Man is so vain a toy,
We'l find some other Pastime to enjoy:
For why by this you plainly see.
That men are not so false as women be.

Their Syren Voices i'le not hear,
Nor from my eyes let fall a tear:
Now Cupids Shaft I will defie,
For wounding me with Love, to make me dye
Since that you may confess with me.
That Men are not so false as women be

Thus to all Nymphs i'le bid adieu,
Until I find out one that's true:
Or in some Grove i'le be confin'd
to cure my grief, & ease my troubled mind
For now you must confess and see.
That men are not so false as women be.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.

An Antidote of Rare Phyſick.

No Rarer thing that you can find,
To Cure a Diſcontented mind;
A contented mind it is moſt rare,
If you ſerve the Lord and ſtand in fear:

And let no want nor Poverty,
Diſquiet your mind, I tell to ye;
For God hath all things ſtill in ſtore,
If you have content you need no more

The Tune is, No love like a contented mind: or, Phancies Phenix.

INdeed this world is ſo unjuſt,
Men cannot one another truſt;
Some are ſo troubled in their mind,
One ſcarcely now a friend can find:
There is ſuch wavering every way,
Makes many a man ſtand at a ſtay:
A contented mind it is moſt rare,
If we ſerve the Lord and ſtand in fear.

If a man be poor and have but ſmall,
If he be content it's the beſt of all;
There's ſome has Thouſands at command,
That's not content I underſtand;
They pinch and ſpare to make it more,
And grind the faces of the poor:
A contented mind, &c.

If ſickneſs comes count that no loſs,
But be content then with thy Croſs:
If it be Gods will it muſt be ſo,
It's a Bleſſing, pray you ſay not no:
And remember Iob in all his ways,
He evermore gave God the Praiſe:
A contented mind, &c.

If you be caſt in Priſon never fear,
Let not your heart and mind diſpair;
But be content and hope the beſt,
When God is pleas'd you ſhall be releas'd:
That man that ſerves the God of might,
If man do him wrong, God will do him right
A contented mind it is moſt rare,
If we ſerve the Lord and ſtand in fear.

If a man have a charge of Children small,
And has but little to maintain them withal,
Let his prayers be still unto the Lord,
Then relief for them he will afford ;
And never murmer at your want,
Although sometimis that things be scant,
A contented mind, &c.

Content it is a pleasant thing therefore,
And especially for the Poor ;
If a man be brought into distress,
It will relieve him in his heavinels ;
And make him understand and see,
What our good God can do for thee and me :
A contented mind, &c.

What ever Troubles comes or goes,
Let's serve the Lord, and give him praise ;
And keep our hearts both clear and sound,
That no evil may our conscience wound :
And love all men both Rich and Poor,
And be content for evermore :
A contented mind, *&c.*

If Maids and young-men be trosd in love,
And neither party be unkind,
Let them put their trust in God above,
And he will ease their troubled mind :
And never pine at it I do say,
Many has brought themselves unto decay :
A contented mind, &c.

Contents the best thing we can find,
If any trouble do ver our mind;
It will preserve us from all evil,
And expell the Poyson of the Devil :
For if our hearts be whole and sound,
No evil thing can there abound :
A contented mind, &c.

That man that lives without content,
And hath his heart now on Riches bent,
Ne'r has enough, he'd still have more,
His wicked mind runs on his store :
But the poor man that enjoys content,
Is in a better way when life is spent :
A contented mind, &c.

Contents will cure a wounded heart,
Content will never let it smart ;
Content it is a precious store,
And he that hath it needs no more :
It's a Remedy for Rich and Poor,
And a Plaster for every wounded Sore :
Content it is so rare a thing,
Great Comfort to you it will bring.

Printed for I. Deacon, at the Angel in Guiltspur-street.

THE bad Husband's Information of ill Husbandry;

Or, *He goes far that never turns.*

SHEWING,

How a Good-fellow ſpent moſt of his Eſtate,
But did repent before it was too late:
Wiſhing all others to take warning by this,
And ſtrive in time to mend what is amiſs,

To the Tune of, *Digby's Farewel*: Or *The Jovial Crew.*

YOu bonny boon blades that are company keepers,
Come hither and liſten unto this my Song,
All you that ſtrong Liquor do love for to tipple,
'Tis unto you that theſe Verſes belong:
'Tis known a bad Husband I have been all my life,
But now I'le be loving and kind to my Wife?
For ſurely I thought it would never be day.
Until I had brought my Eſtate to decay.

I have ſpent all my treaſure, and waſted my time,
In keeping of Company both night and day,
And my loving Wife ſhe would often come to me,
Saying Thomas come hither and here what I ſay:
But I ne'r regarded the words that ſhe told,
So long as my Money and Credit would hold:
For ſurely I thought &c.

Sometimes to the Market I would go and ſell
A Quarter of Barley, or Wheat of the beſt,
And when that my pockets with money were fill'd,
My hart and my mind could take little reſt;
But unto the Ale-houſe I ſtraight would away,
And there peradventure all night I would ſtay:
For ſurely I thought &c.

And when that I unto my Hoſtis did come,
I would call for a Flaggon and a private room;
Then her daughter Katherine would wait me upon,
And inſtead of a Flaggon ſhe brings me a Gun:
My Hoſtis ſhe preſently ſmil'd in my face,
For ſhe knew I would call for my Liquor apace;
I would pay for it roundly and down with my Duſt,
For I found that my Landlady car'd not to truſt.

IN ſinging and dancing was all my delight,
And there I would tarry from morning till night;
I would have the Muſick unto me to play,
And thus I did tipple my money away:
I ſhould have a Girl to ſit on my knee,
O ſuch fooliſh fancies have beggered me:
For ſurely &c.

But my Wife and Children I left them at home,
Still waiting and wailing when I did come,
To bring them proviſion, or Cloaths to their back,
For I knew very well that ſuch they did lack;
But though I did know it, I never took care,
Tho their bellies did pinch & their backs did goe bare;
So I had but Liquor to fill up my ſkin,
I never regarded what caſe they were in.

And when that I late came home in the night.
With my wife and my children ſtraight would I fight
And as ſoon as I put my feet in the door:
I ſhould out with my purſe and call my wife Whore;
At theſe urging ſpeeches ſhe would ſit and cry,
The more filly Raſcal and Drunkard was I:
For to abuſe her that was my beſt friend,
But now I'm reſolved in time for to mend.

For I ſee if a man do ſpend all that he have,
At laſt they will count him but a drunken Knave;
They will point their fingers as he doth paſs by,
Saying there goes a Drunkard, and ſo he will dye;
Therefore all bad Husbands take warning by me,
Leſt that you do bring your ſelves to poverty:
For ſurely I thought, &c.

For the other day as I paſt up the Town,
I met with my Hoſtis in her ſilken Gown,
With the Knees of my breeches and elbows burſt out
But ſhe was ſo ready to give me a ſlout,
I could not get a Flagon of Beer at her hands,
Tho with her I had ſpent my houſe, goods & lands:
It made me to ſigh and am ready to cry,
O what an ill Husband and Drunkard was I;

But if I had been rul'd by my Wife at the firſt,
I might have had ſilver and gold in my Purſe,
To maintain good houſe-keeping, & children at nurſe,
But I hope it will mend when it is at the worſt;
I am reſolv'd now to lead a new life,
And ever be loving and kind to my Wife:
For it makes me to ſigh and am ready to cry,
O what an ill Husband and Drunkard was I;

Now I am reſolv'd a new life to begin,
The Ale-wife ſhall, card and her daughter ſhall ſpin,
Before I will be any more ſuch a Mome,
I'le be a good Husband, and tarry at home;
'Tis not their fair ſpeeches that ſhall me entice,
Nor bring me again into Fools Paradiſe:
For it makes me to ſigh and am ready to cry,
O what an ill Husband and Drunkard was I?

Young-men and bad Husbands take warning by me,
Leſt that you do bring your ſelves to poverty;
And in your expences pray be not to bold,
But lay up your Mony againſt you are old;
Be ſure do not ſpend your Money in vain,
But keep it in your Purſe your charge to maintain:
Then you will not be forc'd to ſigh and to cry,
O what an ill Husband and Drunkard was I.

Concluding theſe Verſes, which here I have pen'd,
I hope that no honeſt Man here I offend:
Then read them, and buy them, and bear them away,
And like to me do not wander aſtray;
The price is a Penny, and it is not dear,
For there's many a Penny ſpent worſe in the year;
And if that you chance to take warning by it,
I think you'be an excellent penni-worth of Wit,

FINIS

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye Corner.

The bad Husbands Reform

OR,

The Ale-Wives daily Deceit.

If thou in Folly thus proceed, } When thou art in the greateſt
what e're you Earn to ſpend ; } one Groat they will not le

To the Tune of, *My Life and my Death*; Or, *The poor mans Counſellour.*

This may b

I Was a bad Husband, that had a good Trade,
But I of the ſame ſuch ill profit have made,
By taking my pleaſure in folly ſo large,
I ſeldom or never took care of my Charge:
This cauſed much ſorrow and grief to my Wife,
But now I'm reſolved to lead a new Life.

While I run to ruin, ſhe would me adviſe,
With tender expreſſions, and tears in her eyes,
If thou wilt be ruled, I then will contrive,
To do my endeavour in order to thrive:
Still I ne'r regarded the words of my Wife:
Yet now, I'm reſolved to lead a new Life.

Your jovial Companions and
When you are in trouble will
They'l laugh at your folly, a
You'l find what I tell you is n
In ſcorn I diſdain'd to be rul'd
But now I'm reſolved to lead a

While I took my pleaſure I'
And never delighted to come
In Gaming and Drinking I
Till I was reduced to ſorrow
And then I remembred the wo
Reſolving therefore for to lead

rmation,

eateſt need,
not lend.
lour.
nay be Printed, R. P.

and Ale-wives, you'l find,
will prove moſt unkind;
y, and ſlight you like dirt,
is not for your hurt;
rul'd by my Wife,
lead a new Life.

e I'de ramble and roame,
me to my home;
g I waſted my ſtrength,
row at length;
e words of my Wife,
o lead a new Life.

While I in Extravagant courſes run on,
The Ale-wife would call me a right honeſt Man,
As long as I labour'd and brought it her all,
As likewiſe for Liquor moſt freely would call;
She would take my part then againſt my poor Wife,
But now I reſolve for to lead a new life.

At length I did chance to be out of Imploy,
And my Wife ſore ſick, I, and likely to dye;
And I having nothing in time of diſtreſs,
My grief, care and ſorrow, was great, you may gueſs:
Becauſe I had nothing to nouriſh my Wife,
But now I'm reſolved to lead a new life.

Away to my Hoſtis I went with all ſpeed,
In hopes for to borrow a Crown in my need;
And when I had told her my ſorrowful Tale,
It was but in vain, for I could not prevail,
In borrowing a Teſter to comfort my Wife,
Therefore I reſolved to lead a new life.

Tho' then I had told her the depth of my grief,
She would not afford me the leaſt of relief;
Her words was ſo killing when to me ſhe ſpoke,
I thought in my ſorrows, my heart would have broke
Then, then I remembred the words of my Wife,
And therefore reſolved to lead a new life.

Now juſt as I was at the point of diſpair,
Wapt in thoſe troubles of ſorrows and care;
Behold how good Providence then did provide,
I got into Labour, whereon I rely'd;
To bring in a daily ſupply to my Wife,
And likewiſe reſolved to lead a new life.

And this did my grief and my troubles expell,
My Wife ſhe recover'd, and all things went well,
Now Love, Peace, and Plenty, does daily abound,
I ne'r will forget how my Hoſtis ſhe frown'd;
What ever I earn i'le bring home to my Wife,
As being reſolved to lead a new Life.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Pye-Corner*, near *Weſt-Smithfield*.

The Ballad of the CLOA

Or, The Cloaks Knavery.

To the Tune of, *From Hunger and Cold*: Or, *Packington's Pound.*

COme buy my new Ballet,
I have't in my Wallet,
But 'twill not I fear please every Pallet:
Then mark what ensu'th,
I swear by my Youth,
That every Line in my Ballad is truth,
A Ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of worth,
'Tis newly Printed, and newly come forth:
'Twas made of a Cloak that ell out with a Gown,
That crampt all the Kingdom, and crippl'd the Crown.
I'le tell you in brief,
A Story of Grief,
Which happen'd when Cloak was Commander in Chief:
It tore Common-Prayers,
Imprison'd Lord Mayors,
In one day it voted down Prelates and Players:
It made people in point of Obedience,
And the Covenant did cut off the Oath of Allegiance,

Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak do
That crampt all the Kingdom, and crippl
It was a Black Cloak,
In good time be it spoke,
That kill'd many thousands, but never
With Hatchet and Rope,
The Forlorn Hope,
Did joyn with the Devil to pull down
It set all the Sects in the City to work
And rather then fail, 'twould have brou
Then let us endeavour, &c.
It seiz'd on the Tow'r Guns,
Those fierce Demi-Gorgons,
It brought in the Bag-pipes, and pul
The Pulpits did smoak,
The Churches did Choak,
And all our Religion was turn'd to a C
It brought in Lay-Elders could not w
It set publick Faith up, and pull'd do
Then let us endeavour, &c.
This Pious Imposter,
Such fury did foster,
It left us no Penny, nor no Pater-Nos
It threw to the ground,
Ten Commandments down,
And set up twice twenty times ten of
It routed the King, and Villians Ele
To plunder all those whom they thou
Then let us endeavour, &c.
To blind peoples eyes,
This Cloak was so wise,
It took off Ship-money, but set up E
Men brought in their Plate,
For Reasons of State,
And gave it to Tom Trumpeter and hi
In Pamphlets it writ many specio
To cozen poor Wenches of Bodkins a
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloa
That crampt all the Kingdom, and crip

AK:

ak down,
crippl'd the Crown.

ever ſtruck ſtroak:

down the Pope:
work,
e brought in the Turk:

ngs,
s,
d pull'd down the Organs

k,
to a Cloak:
not write nor Read,
l'd down the Creed:

r-Noſter;

wn,
ten of its own:
s Elected,
thought diſaffected:

,
up Excile;
te,

and his Mate:
erious Epiſtles,
tings and Whiſtles:
e Cloak down,
d crippl'd the Crown.

In Pulpits it moved,
And was much approved,
For crying out----- Fight the Lords Battle Beloved;
It bob-tayl'd the Gown,
Put Prelacy down,
It trod on the Myter to reach at the Crown:
And into the field it an Army did bring,
To aim at the Council but ſhot at the King:
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It raiſed up States,
Whoſe Politick Pates,
Do now keep their Quarters on the City Gates:
To Father and Mother,
To Siſter and Brother,
It gave a Commiſſion to Kill one another:
It took up Mens Horſes at very low rates,
And Plunder'd our Goods to ſecure our Eſtates;
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This Cloak did proceed
To a Damnable deed,
It made the beſt Mirror of Majeſty bleed:
Though Cloak did not do't,
He ſet it on Foot,
By Rallying and calling his Journey-men to't:
For never had come ſuch a Bloody Diſaſter,
If Cloak had not firſt drawn a Sword to his Maſter:
Then let us endeavour, &c.

Though ſome of them went hence,
By ſorrowful Sentence,
This lofty long Cloak is not mov'd to Repentance;
But he and his Men,
Twenty Thouſand times ten,
Are plotting to do their Tricks over agen:
But let this proud Cloak to Authority ſtoop,
Or CATCH will provide him a Button and Loop:
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That baſely did ſever the Head from the Crown.

Let's pray that the King,
And his Parliament,
In Sacred and Secular Things may conſent:
So Righteouſly firm,
And Religiouſly free;
That Papiſts and Atheiſts ſuppreſſed may be:
And as there's one Deity doth over-reign us,
One Faith, and one Form, one Church may contain us:
Then peace, Truth and plenty, our Kingdom will Crown,
And all popiſh plots and their plotters ſhall down.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, near the Hoſpital-Gate, in Weſt-ſmithfield.

Barbara Allen's Cruelty:

OR, THE

Young-man's Tragedy.

With *Barbara Allen*'s Lamentation for her Unkindneſs to her Lover, and her Self.

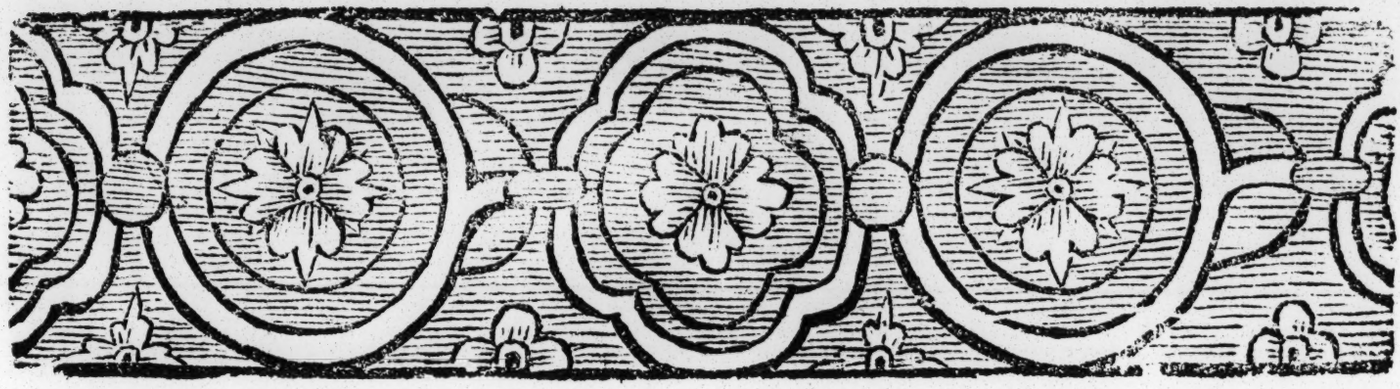
To the Tune of Brbara Allen. Licenſed according to Order.

IN Scarlet Town where I was bound,
there was a fair Maid dwelling,
Whom I had choſen to be my own
and her name it was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry Month of May,
when green leaves they was ſpringing,
This young man on his Death-bed lay,
for the love of Barbara Allen.

He ſent his man unto her then,
to the Town where ſhe was dwelling,
You muſt come to my Maſter dear,
if your name be Barbara Allen.

For Death is printed in his face,
and ſorrow's in him dwelling,
And you muſt come to my Maſter dear,
if your name be Barbara Allen.



If Death be printed in his face,
and ſorrows in him dwelling,
Then little better ſhall he be,
for bonny Barbara Allen.

So ſlowly, ſlowly ſhe got up,
and ſo ſlowly ſhe came to him,
And all ſhe ſaid when ſhe came there,
young man I think you are a dying.

He turn'd his face unto her then,
if you be Barbara Allen.
My dear ſaid he, come pitty me,
as on my Death-Bed I am lying.

If on your Death Bed you be lying,
what is that to Barbara Allen.
I cannot keep you from Death,
ſo farewell, ſaid Barbara Allen?

He turn'd his face unto the Wall,
and Death came creeping to him;
Then adieu, adieu and adieu to all,
and adieu to Barbara Allen.

And as ſhe was walking on a day,
ſhe heard the Bell a Ringing,
And it did ſeem to Ring to her,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

She turn'd her ſelf round about,
and ſhe ſpy'd the Corps a coming;
Lay down lay down the Corps of Clay,
that I may look upon him.

And all the while ſhe loked on,
ſo loudly ſhe lay laughing;
While all her Friends cry'd amain,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

When he was dead and laid in Grave,
then Death came creeping to ſhe
O Mother! Mother! make my Bed
for his death hath quite undone we.

A hard-hearted Creature that I was,
to ſlight one that lov'd me ſo dearly,
I wiſh I had been more kinder to him,
the time of his Life, when he was near
(me.

So this Maid ſhe then did dye,
and deſired to be buried by him,
And repented her ſelf before ſhe dy'd,
that ever ſhe did deny him.

FINIS.

Printed for, P. Brooksby J. Deacon, J. Blare J. Back.

The Baſhful Batchelor:

CONTAINING

The Loyal Courtſhip of a Squire's Daughter of *Dorſetſhire.*

SHEWING

How ſhe fell in Love with *Thomas* a Serving-man, who lived in the Family of a Knight within two Miles of her Father's Houſe; where they now enjoy each other, to their hearts content.

Tune of, *The Ring of Gold.* Licenſed according to Order.

Woman.

THomas, why come you not often to ſee me?
I fear you have forgot your vows to free me,
From the diſtracted care which I lie under;
My heart with ſad diſpair will break aſunder.

Man.

My deareſt don't complain, this of thy lover,
While I alive remain thou ſhalt diſcover;
Nothing but what is juſt, my deareſt jewel,
Then ſet thy heart at reſt, I'll not be cruel.

Woman.

Why do you keep away?
Thomas, what mean you?
Above this two months day
I have not seen you:
And as I met you here,
you seem'd affrighted,
Which gives me cause to fear
that I am slighted.

Man.

No, no, my dearest love,
my joy and pleasure,
Thy smiles I prize above
all worldly treasure:
My dear I'd often see,
but that thy parents,
Scornfully frown on me,
like foes at variance.

Woman.

What though my parents chide,
love will engage us
Short tryals to abide;
then be courageous:
Thou art my hearts delight,
dearest believe me;
At any time of night
I will receive thee.

Man.

Should thou'd thy friends be croft,
here lies the danger,
Their love would quite be lost,
then like a stranger,
They'll turn thee out of door,
and quite refrain thee,
While I have nought in store,
love, to maintain thee.

Woman.

Let not such doubts and fears
ever amaze thee,
Prosperity appears,
my wealth shall raise thee
Above my parents wrath,
which they may offer;
Then be no longer loath
to take this proffer.

Thou shalt in wealth abound,
my dearest honey;
Here is five hundred pound
in ready money;
'Twas left me, with free Land,
by a relation:
All is at thy command,
use thy discretion.

My parents cannot wrong
me of one penny,
This does to me belong,
friends I have many:
Now if they angry are,
and should disdain us,
I have enough, with care,
still to maintain us.

Man.

No man lov'd more than I,
e'er since our wooing;
Yet I had rather die
than prove thy ruin:
When I thy charms drew near,
my low condition
Told me, there did appear
too much ambition.

To think thou shouldst be kind,
though I admir'd,
I never thought to find
what I desir'd:
But since I may enjoy
thy lasting favour,
This will my cares destroy,
I'm blest for ever.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel
in Giltspur-Street.

The Baſhful Virgin :

OR,

The Secret Lover.

Cupid hath wounded her unto the heart
Which makes her feel a Love tormenting ſmart
Yet ſhe (poor heart) is loath for to diſcover
Her real grief unto her deareſt Lover,
At lenth ſhe ſeemes takes and doth reveal
What ſhe long time intended to conceal.

Tune of, I am ſo deep in Love, or Little Boy, &c.

O What a pain it is
to be a Lover,
Being deny'd the bliſs
for to diſcover:
Blind Cupid with his Dart
hath wrought my anguiſh,
Yet dare I not impart
for whom I languiſh.

I feed a flame within
which ſo torments me,
That it both pains my heart
and yet contents me,
It's ſuch a pleaſing ſmart
and I ſo love it,
That I had rather dye
than once remove it.

But he for whom I grieve
ſhall never know it,
My tongue ſhall ne're diſcry
nor my eyes ſhow it:
Not a ſigh nor a tear,
my grief diſcloſes,
But they fall ſilently
like dew on Roſes.

But to prevent my Love
for being cruel,
My hearts the Sacrifice
as 'tis the fuel,
And whilſt I ſuffer this
to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my Love
though he deny it.

ON his eyes will I gaze
and there delight me,
Whilst I conceal my flames
no frowns can fright me,
To be more happy I
daze not aspire,
Nor can I fall more low
mounting more higher.

But words they are but wind
I cannot bear it,
Perhaps he may be kind
although I fear it,
To him I must impart
for whom I languish,
O; love will break my heart
with grief and anguish.

Dear love regard my grief,
do not prove cruel
Cupid hath plaid the thief
and stoln a Jewel:
My heart it is the prize
now in thy keeping,
Wounded by thy fair eyes
which caus'd my weeping.

My modesty excuse,
blame higher powers
Though Maidens do not use
for to turn woers,
Yet I had better speak
truth to discover,
Then that my heart should break
whilst Love I smother.

With blushes on my cheek
I do reveal it,
That I do love thee dear
Ile not conceal it:
Though Virgin-bashfulness
now doth restrain me,
Regard my heaviness
do not disdain me.

Love hath consum'd me so
whilst I was silent,
That I am worn with woe
my pains so violent,
Let pity move thy heart
now to requite me,
And I will do my part
for to delight thee.

With charms of Love my dear
I will endeavor,
Thy heart all times to cheer
both now and ever:
No harms shall thee annoy
whilst I imbrase thee,
If thou wilt be my joy
Ile ne're disgrace thee.

Therefore consider sweet
how I invite thee.
Let our affections meet,
do not thou slight me:
Answer me lovingly
to my desire,
Lest I with sorrow dye
in Cupids fire.

London Printed for *W. Thackery*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

The Batchelors Delight,

Being a pleaſant new Song, ſhewing the happineſs of a ſingle life, and the miſeries that do commonly attend Matrimony.

To the Tune of the Kings delight, or, The young mans advice to his fellow Batchelors.

THe world's a Bliſter ſwell'd with care
much like unto a Bubble,
Wherein poor men tormented are
with women and with trouble,
And every one that takes a wife,
Adds ſorrow to his life,
and makes his burden double.

Whilſt Adam was a Batchelor,
in Eden he did tarry.
It is an Eden upon earth,
to live and never marry,
Oh then what cauſe have we to grieve,
To think upon our mother Eve,
Who made us all miſcarry

Sampſon, they ſay, was a Champion ſtout,
that fill'd the world with wonder:
The proud Philiſtians he did rout,
his blows did ſound like Thunder;
But when he courted falſe Dallila,
The wicked whore did him betray;
and ſo he was brought under.

Job was a man that open lay,
unto the ſpight of the Devil,
Who took his goods and Sons away,
but could we count him civil,
Becauſe he left him ſtill his Nurſe,
Oh no! he left her for a curſe,
ſhe was his greateſt evil.

A woman once was hang'd on a Tree,
and ſome the Rope were cutting,
Diogenes this ſight did ſee,
and ſpoke unto them Jeſting
Would every Tree ſuch fruit would bear,
If ſo, fond fools thoſe young men are,
that e're would go a nutting.

A Theef once rode up Holborn-hill,
towards Oliver Cromwells Pallace;
A Maid that bore him ſome good will,
had begg'd him from the Gallows,
Oh no, (quoth he) I'le go to the Gibb,
And not be a Slave to my own rib,
drive on the Cart good fellows.

Marriage is Honourable indeed,
but tell me what's houſe keeping
It makes the good mans Pockets bleed,
his purſe is alwaies weeping,
Nay more, hee's alwaies full of care,
Whilſt he that is a Batchelor,
Is ſafe and ſoundly ſleeping.

A Froward woman takes delight,
to vex her Husband vexed,
Both morning, evening, noon and night,
the poor man is perplexed, (pouts
She brawls and scolds, she frowns and
And to her speeches frowns and flouts,
are ever more annexed.

Though he hath been at work all day,
as hard as he is able
Yet when he comes home without delay,
she bids him rock the Cradle,
And if he doth the same refuse,
The durty Queen will him abuse,
and beat him with the Ladle.

He cannot quietly rest in bed,
but every little season,
The Childe doth cry and must be fed,
and then she saith 'tis reason,
That he should do't, and let her sleep,
The poor man he must silence keep,
for talking would be Treason.

Then certainly a Batchelors life,
is a most precious Treasure
He that doth suddenly marry a wife,
will surely repent it at leisure
For when he hath been snub'd and curb'd
And almost all the night disturb'd,
Yet must he rise at her pleasure.

Robin (quoth she) 'tis time to rise,
and thumps him on the shoulder,
The Hogs wants swilling in the Sties,
at length she speaketh bolder:
Calling him Fool and Logger-head
And with her feet quite out of the bed,
she thrusts the poor house-holder,

And therefore he that weds a mate,
is like a horse in a Tether,
Marriage and hanging go by fate,
and therefore chuse you whether,
For the three destinies have spun
Knots for Hymen and for Dun,
then let them go together.

Man is a little world of himself,
and therefore wanteth nothing,
He needs not care for worldly pelf,
so he have food and cloathing,
And marriage is a fickle thing,
Which sometime doth in love begin,
and often ends in loathing.

And therefore I will single live,
in spight of lust and passion,
Pure Virgins good examples give,
and worth our imitation
For before Matrimony arose,
The mode of wearing yellow hose,
and hoods were out of fashion.

And lastly to conclude my song,
vain joy is but a Bubble,
A double heart, and a double tongue
hath fill'd the world with trouble
And therefore to avoid all strife,
'Tis best to live a single life,
wee will have nothing double. Finis.

London printed for F. G. on Snow-hil

The Batchelour's GUIDE,

And the married Man's Comfort.

A good Wife ſhe is the comfort of a Man,
If a Man be carefull to comfort her again ;
For Love is ſo rare a thing to ſee,
Betwixt Man and Wife, if they do well agree :
But where Man and Wife do's live at the Debate,
They ſay the Curſe of God do's lye at the Gate,
Therefore honeſt young Men and Maids have a care
I deſire when you are married to live in God's fear :
And thoſe that are Married and has been long wed,
To make much of there Wives both at Board & at Bed ;
And let them be carefull they do not offend
But be true to their Husband to the latter end.

To the Tune of, *The Sorrowfull Damſels Lamentation for want of a Husband.* This may be Printed, R.P.

ALl Batcheloʒs now, come hearken to me,
Both Richard and Robert and Harry truly,
When you are minded a wooing to goe,
Obſerve but theſe woʒds, is the beſt way to do ſo ;
I'll make it appear in what I declare,
In Country and City it is every where,
A Wife that is loving, we may ſay it again, (Man.
You cannot love her too much, ſhe deſerves a good

A good Wife that is ſaving every way, (aſtray
Will ne'er wrong her Husband, noʒ let things goe
When a Wife that is given to dʒink and to ſot,
Will then let flye all that her Husband hath got,
Tho' he do take pains, ſhe will ſpend all the gains,
And junket about with other ſoul Queans :
A Wife that is loving,

But a Wife that is vertuous, and one that fears God,
Will honour her Husband in deed and in woʒd,
She never will croſs him not in the leaſt thing,
But will make all things well, if any anger begin,
With fair Woʒds ſhe will labour his love foʒ to win,
She will be ſo obedient I ſay unto him :
A Wife that is loving,

But a Wife that's foʒ Pride and a lazy life,
She'l weary her Husband all the days of his Life ;
That Man that has her has ſomething to doe,
He neeꝺs go no further to find out a Foe :
If a Man gets never ſo much, and might and ſtrive,
His Wife muſt give leave if ever he thʒive :
A Wife that is ſaving, we may ſay it again, (man.
You cannot love her too much, ſhe deſerves a good

If a young couple have but little withal to begin
if they love one another their Gods will increaſe,
What he gets out of doʒs ſhe will ſave within :
if he be a angry Man, ſhe will ſtrive to make peace,
When a careleſs Wife that is given to ſtrife,
Will weary her Husband quite out of his life :
But a Wife of mild nature, may ſay it again, (Man.
You cannot love her too much ſhe deſerves a good

Therefore honeſt young men take counſel by me,
  let not great Portions your hearts bewitch,
For that will never make a good Houſewife you ſee,
  it is not money altogether will make a Man rich;
The reaſon for why, I'll tell you truly,
  a Girl with a great Portion looks to be maintain'd high:
A good condition'd Wife let us ſay it again,
Deſerves a great praiſe, and a right honeſt Man.

But he that has a good Wife is happy I ſay,
  if he takes pains to labour his Living to get,
She'll not ſpend it abroad in an idle way,
  she'll work the Skin off her fingers to keep him out of debt
She'll give him good counſell, if he will it receive,
And let him at all times in a way for to live:
That Woman is a Treaſure and the life of a Man
He cannot love her too much let him do what he can.

But young men you'll ſay, how ſhould a Man know
  which way for to chooſe a good Wife from a bad?
Now I am reſolved to lay out to your ſhow,
  and give you directions to make your hearts glad.
Take one of good carriage and one that is civil,
  for ſome are too cunning I think for the Devil:
Then if you meet with an honeſt good Woman I ſwear
You cannot love her too much nor think nothing too dear.

Do not take a great Lyer, nor one that will ſwear,
Nor one that will be Drunk, she'll never take care,
Take one that is civil and modeſt withall,
That gives no offence to great nor to ſmall.
There is difference in Women, young men you may ſee
If you marry a good one be ruled by me:
That will be loving and ſaving every way,
She'll make much of her Husband by night & by day.

If a Man he be minded to chuſe him a Wife,
Chuſe one of good carriage to avoid evil ſtrife,
And let him be carefull of chuſing a ſlut,
In dreſſing his Dyet she may poyſon his Gut;
But a cleanly good Women that goes civil and neat
A Man needs not fear any bad thing in his Meat:
That Man that do's meet with ſo vertuous a Wife,
Let him love her as dear as he loves his own life.

Concluding my Ditty let all Men be wiſe,
To make much of your Wives I do you adviſe,
And let not your Children and them live in want,
But work and take pains the ſame to prevent,
That Man that does marry a good Woman indeed,
She deſerves hade his love, then the better he'll ſpeed:
For where love is wanting betwixt Man and Wife,
It ne'er comes to good, but great ſorrow and grief.

Printed for P. Brooskby at the Golden Ball in Pye-corner.

Beauties Triumph: OR,

The Joys of Faithful Lovers made compleat;

Shewing the amorous Addreſs of a young Gallant to a fair Virgin, whoſe conſent, notwithſtanding her many coy objections, & concluded the happy Marriage, under the feign'd names of

Amintor and Silva.

Being a moſt pleaſant and delightful New Play-Houſe SONG.

'All that's call'd Beauty, for Mans uſe was made,
Why then ſhould he of Females be afraid?
Encounter them but brisk, you'l find them yield,
'Tis ſeldome known they long do keep the Field;
But if you fear to court, forth, e'n diſpair,
For Cowards never Cupids Plunder ſhare.

To a New Play-Houſe Tune; Or, *The Reward of Loyalty*, &c.

A Pox upon this needleſs Scorn,
Sylva for ſhame the Cheat give o're;
The end to which the fair are Born,
is not to keep their Charms in ſtore:
But laviſhly diſpoſe in haſte
of joys, which onely youth improve;
Joys which decay when Beauty's paſt.
and who when Beauty's paſt, will love?

When age thoſe Glories ſhall deface,
revenging all the cold diſdain;
And Sylva ſhall neglected paſs
by every one admiring Swain;
And we can onely pitty pay,
when you in Love too late ſhall burn;
If Love increaſe, and youth decay,
ah! Sylva, who will make return?

Then haste my Sylva to the Grove,
where all the sweets of May conspire
To teach us every art of Love,
and raise our charms and pleasures higher:
Whilst in each others arms we lye,
closely embrac'd on banks of flowers,
The duller World whilst we defie,
years shall be minutes, ages hours.

Sylva.

Forbear Amintor to deceive,
a harmless Nymph thus to betray;
Could you of Honour me bereave,
your passions soon would melt away:
Oh blame not Virgins that are coy,
but that your constancies we prove;
For if our trust you once enjoy,
farewel for ever constant Love.

Our Beauty's like a new blown Rose,
when sully'd you will cast away;
And seek out where a fresh one grows,
no more will you our Charms obey.
I blush to think shou'd I be kind,
how soon I shou'd my fault Repent;
When you unconstant as the Wind,
wou'd all my new-born joys prevent.

And for some fairer leave my Love,
flye my imbraces with disdain;
Oh then my sighs wou'd nothing move,
I might regardless then complain,
Then cease your suit Amintor now,
say not I'm coy nor yet unkind;
When Man so often breaks his Vow,
and is to change so oft inclin'd.

Amintor.

Thou brightest form that I adore,
fairest of Creatures say not so;
My Love shall last for evermore,
and endless passion still shall flow:
No Beauty shall divide my Love,
to thee it shall be ever sure;
Then hast we to this pleasant Grove,
to try the Charms that e're endure.

Sylva.

Could I poor harmless Nymph but trust
you'd constant prove, then cou'd I raise
My passion high, and 'twas but just,
but then perhaps your Love decays:
While I am like a Phœnix fry'd,
in scorchings of self-kindl'd flame;
Yet were I once in Wedlock ty'd,
methinks I'd blush away my stain.

Amintor.

A thousand blessings on my Love,
those Sacred Bands shall tye us fast;
Come let it be, and then we'l prove
those transports that will ever last.

Sylva. I yield, I yield, tho' blushing still,
methinks I dread, but let's proceed;
For once Love conquer shall my will,
Venus our Nuptials are decreed.

Amintor.

And Venus witness now we haste
to pay our Offerings at thy shrine;
No more will we Loves moments waste,
nor loose a pleasure that's Divine:
But in each Grove we'l sport and play,
and feed our Flocks, while the sweet strain
Of Philomelia close the Day,
and calls us to our homes again. Finis.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-*Ball*, in West-Smithfield.

The Bedford-ſhire VVi

OR,

The Poor in Diſtreſs Reli

Being a full and true Relation, of a poor Widow,
band was dead, and ſhe turn'd out of doors by her Creditors, a
her three Children to lye in the ſtreet, and Beg for Bread; and how that Queen *M*
Garden, and hearing her Beg came to her, and cauſed her children to be cloathed
and gave the poor widow a weekly penſion, to maintain her as long as ſhe liv'd.

To the Tune of, *Let Cæſar live long.*

Licenſed accoꝛding

IN Scripture we read how that Dorcas the good,
Did dayly ſupply the poor Widows with Food.
And many Examples beſides we may find;
All which have been Acted by good Women kind,
But none e're moꝛe great, oꝛ yet gloꝛious were ſeen,
Than this Pious Act of good Mary our Queen.

One time it ſo chanc'd, on a meꝛning ſo fair:
Queen Mary did walk foꝛ to take the freſh Ayr,
In her Garden ſo Richly bedecked with Flowers,
Where, ſhe with delights, did
There ſitting her down in an Ar
She heard a poꝛ widow, make pi
The Queen much admiring to he
She look'd through a wicket, wh
A widdow, as likewiſe, three Chi
Who lay in the ſtreet, without
Begging foꝛ Money foꝛ to buy the
Who with hunger and pining, wer

Widow;

believ'd,

w, whose Hus-
rs, and forced with
een *Mary*, walking in her
oathed and put to Nurse,
l.

rding to Order,

, did pass several hours,
an Arbour alone,
make pitiful moan.
g to hear such a cry,
et, where she did espy
ee Children small,
hout side of the wall,
uy them Bread,
g, were almost quite dead

The Queen, she did open the wicket streightway,
And unto the widow, Queen Mary did say,
Good woman I pray you, now why do you cry?
The woman, not knowing her, thus did reply,
My want it is great, I shall perish for need,
And this is the cause of my mourning indeed.

My Husband in Prison was cast and is dead;
The Stones are my Couch, & the Streets is my Bed;
My Creditors cruel have seized of all,
Poor I and my Children have nothing at all;
The Lord be my comfort or else I shall dye,
For here in much hunger, and pain I do lye.

In Bedford-shire, I was born, it is well known.
My Father had Houses and Land of his own,
But now I am poor, and nothing I have,
I wish I was put alive into my Grave;
Friends I have none, and my bread it is scant,
That I and my Babes, we shall perish for want.

I have a brother, who riches hath store,
Yet now will not own me, because I am poor;
He tells me, my Fortune was once very great,
When I had full plenty, and lived in State;
He will give me nothing, he often doth say,
Though I have intreated him day after day.

The Queen did reply, now I pray be content,
For some good provision to you shall be sent;
Relye upon God, who for you will provide,
And for your poor Children also beside;
Ask and receive, in full plenty therefore,
He always regardeth the crys of the Poor.

Queen Mary, she then did immediatly call,
Saying bring this Poor Woman and Children small,
Now into my Pallace, where let them remain;
The widow perceiving, twas Mary our Queen,
She was so amaz'd, on the ground, as she lay,
That not one poor word for her self she could say.

Some Victuals were brought, and they heartily fed;
Warm Cloaths were provided, as also a bed;
The Children, were then put to Nurse with all speed,
The Queen a good Alms-house to th' widow decreed,
And likewise a Pension, for her did ordain,
And now the poor widow is happy again.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

THE

Bleeding Lovers Lamentation:

OR,

Fair *Clorindas* ſorrowful Complaint for the loſs of he Unconſtant *Strephon*.

To the Tune of, *The King of Gold.* *Licenſed according to Order.*

RAnging the ſilent ſhade ſeeking for Pleaſure,
I heard a fair young Maid weep out of meaſuree:
Her curled locks ſhe tore and often crying,
Strephon whom I adore is from me flying.

Sure by ſome charming Saint he is deluded,
While here in ſad complaint I lye excluded
From all the Joys of love, and grief lye under.
My ſorrows to remove, heart break in ſunder.

O Strephon moſt unkind how could you leave me
With a tormented mind, the which doth grieve me,
Return, return again whom I admire,
Or in tormenting pain I ſhall expire.

ALas you little know
how I lye bleeding,
These melting tears that flow
for me are pleading,
Let them some pity find,
do not destroy me;
I am to love inclin'd,
let me enjoy thee.

In vain this moan I make,
he will not hear me,
Altho' my heart should break
he'll not come near me;
But Violates the Laws
of Lovers passion,
What have I done to cause
this seperation.

None had my heart but he
ever in keeping,
This said immediately,
she fell a weeping,
Her hands as white as Snow,
she wrung them, crying,
Down to the shades below,
my soul is flying.

My last Farewel I'll write
and leave behind me,
Since he for ruine quite
thus hath design'd me,
When he the same shall read,
it may offend him;
A mournful life he'll lead,
grief may attend him.

When he shall call to mind
what Vows he made me,
Seeming to love inclin'd
'till he betray'd me:
This may his Soul enslave
and cause his weeping,
While in the silent Grave
I shall lye sleeping.

Death ease me of the smart
which I lye under,
And let this stubborn heart
now break in sunder.
Why should I live to feel
loves flaming fire,
Which I cannot conceal,
let me expire.

Once more her melting eyes
like Fountains flowing
And with relenting Crys,
said she I'm going.
Farewel thou perjur'd Swain
who from me parted,
Thou hast alover slain
being hard hearted.

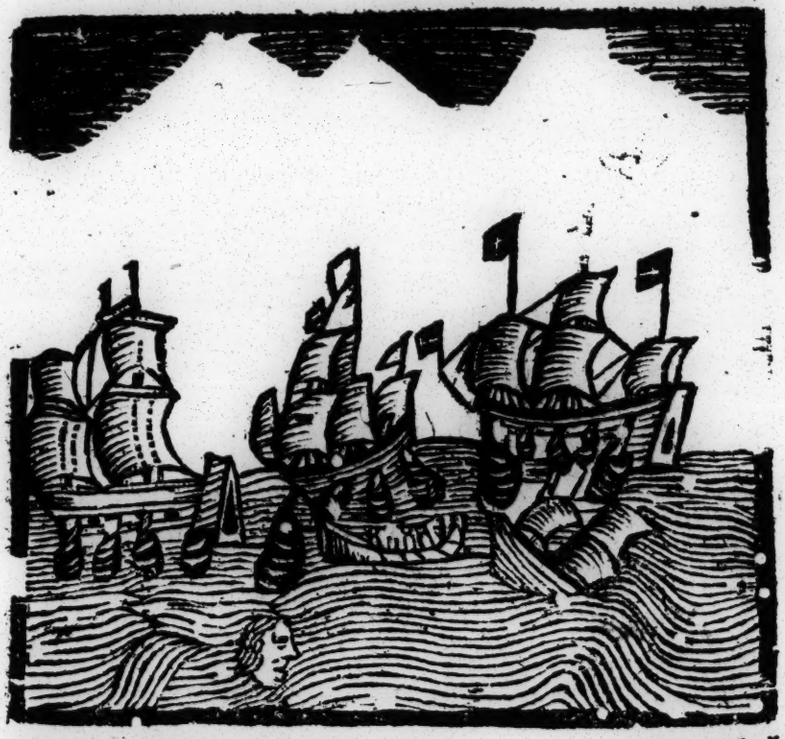
Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare and J. Back.*

The Boatſwains Call;

OR,

The Couragious Marriners Invitation to all his Brother Sailers, to forſake Friends and Relations, for to fight in the defence of their King and Country.

To the Tune of Ring of Gold. Licenced according to Order.



STout Seamen come away,
never be daunted;
For if at home you ſtay,
then is it granted
The Fleet can never be
Mann'd for the Ocean,
To Fight the Enemy,
and gain Promotion.

Lewis that Chriſtian-TURK,
makes preparation;
His Engines are at work
in Conſultation,
Thinking to Ruine quite
all Chriſtian Princes;
But we their wrongs will right,
at Likes expences.

The Mighty force of France,
we never value
For when we once advance,
we will not dally;
But on the Ocean wide,
(through bleſt permiſſion)
We'l ſoon ſubdue their Pride,
and grand Ambition.

Therefore with Courage bold,
Boys, let us venter,
Like noble hearts of Gold,
now freely enter
Your names on Board the Fleet,
all Friends forſaking,
That we may ſoon Compleat
this undertaking.

Is it not that the Land,
might be defended,
By a Victorious hand,
tho' France intended
To lay a heavy Yoke,
on a free Nation;
Boys let a fatal ſtroke,
prove their vexation.

But yet my thinks I hear
ſome Cowards crying,
The Preſs they dread and fear,
as much as dying:
And ſculk like frighted Slaves,
here in diſtraction.
To hide in Dens and Caves,
from Warlike Action.

Yet ſome declare they'd fight,
but a dear Mother,
Who counts him her delight,
above all other;
She loves him as her Life,
parting would grieve her,
Another has a Wife,
he's loath to leave her.

Thus Cowards they can find
excuſes many,
To tarry here behind,
yet there's not any
Right Valliant Noble Soul
needs a Relation,
He'll fight againſt Controul
for this his Nation.

Has not Men wiſh'd and cry'd,
a war with France, Boys,
That on the Ocean wide
we may advance. Boys,
To ſtorm and ſhake their throne,
no danger fearing;
This has been ſtill their Tone,
oft in my hearing.

Where are thoſe Heroes now
thoſe ſons of thunder,
That would make Lewis bow,
and bring him under?
Your wiſhes now you have,
France is the Center,
Like Seamen ſtout and brave,
Boys, freely venture.

In a fight fierce and hot,
once was I wounded;
We receiv'd ſhowrs of ſhot
being ſurrounded;
Yet I again will go,
and ſcorn to hide me,
I'll face the daring foe,
what e're betide me.

He that has been in fight,
fears not another,
He leaves with much delight
Father and Mother,
To embrace thoſe true Joys,
which men admire,
We can be merry Boys,
in Smoak and Fire.

If we the Conqueſt gain,
that brings promotion,
If we by chance are ſlain,
then the wide Ocean,
Shall be our watry Tomb
near Neptunes Palace,
This Boys, ſhall be our Doom
in ſpight of Malice.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

THE

Buckſome Laſs of Weſtm

OR,

Her kind proffer of two hundred pound, together with a Cargo of Coals from *Ne*
man, that would in kindneſs help her out at a dead lift.

Tune of, *If Love's a ſweet Paſſion.* *Licenſed acc*

YOu luſty young Batchelors pray now attend,
Here is joyful good tydings which to you I ſend;
In the City of Weſtminſter lives a fair Maid,
Who has two hundred pound to her Portion 'is ſaid:
Any Young-Man may have it if he'll open her hole,
But it lies at New-Caſtle, and all in Sea-Cole.

She told a young-man whom ſhe lov'd as her life,
That ſhe had a deſire to be his ſweet Wife,
And intreated that he would be loving and kind,
Then an excellent Fortune of her he ſhould find,
If he would be but willing to open her hole,
He ſhould have all her Money likewiſe her Sea-Cole.

He fain would have finger'd her M
But to love her, alas! he was no
Though ſhe often had kiſs'd him,
yet the innocent Damſel was neve
He refuſed, it ſeems, for to
Though he might have her Mo

If any young Gallant her Love w
For to languiſh and lye at her feet
Or to tell her you're wounded with
Such a ſort of fond wooing ſhe'll
You muſt kiſs her, and hug he
Then ſhe'll give you her Mone

tminſter,

New-Caſtle, to any young-

d according to Orde.

her Money, we find;
was no ways inclind,
him, and call'd him her Dear,
as never the near;
for to open her hole,
her Money, and all her Sea-Cole.

Love would obtain,
er feet is in vain,
ed with Darts from her Eyes,
ſhe'll ſcorn and deſpiſe,
hug her, and open her hole,
r Money, and all her Sea-Cole.

It ſeems ſhe is beautiful charming and fair,
And as p'ump as a Doe, with fine delicate Ware;
Should you ſearch the whole City of Weſtminſter round,
A young Laſs more delightful is not to be found;
Come away then ſome Gallant and open her hole,
You may have all her money, likewiſe her Sea-cole.

She'll not have a Man that is aged and grey,
That ſhall cauſe her, when marry'd, to wander aſtray;
But ſhe'll have a briſk Gallant, both brawny and ſtout,
That at half an hours warning can perk her about;
That can hug her, and kiſs her, and open her hole,
He ſhall have all her Money, likewiſe her Sea-cole.

Young Gallants why will you ſtand in your own light,
When a beautiful Laſs does ſo friendly invite,
And intreat you to taſte of thoſe Amorous Charms,
Which are now to be found in her ſoft melting Arms:
Make no longer delaying, come open her hole,
You ſhall have all her money, likewiſe her Sea-cole.

That man that will pity her ſorrowful moan,
Though he has not a Groat in the World of his own,
He ſhall ſoon be inveſted with her happy ſtore,
Though it was above twenty or thirty times more,
If he will be but willing to open her hole,
He ſhall have all her money, likewiſe her Sea-cole.

Whoever comes to her may have the reward,
Though a Tinker, nay, Cobler, or Taylor, good Lord,
So he has but the abſolute parts of a Man,
And will do his indeavour as much as he can,
For to kiſs her, and hug her, and open her hole,
He ſhall have all her money, likewiſe her Sea-cole.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, *and* J. Back.

The Bulls Feather;

BEING

The Good-fellows Song, uſually ſung at their

Merry-Meeting in *Bulls Feather-Hall*, who ſent this Song to their Brethren, (of what degree or quality) in praiſe of the *Bulls Feather*.

And to all merry Cuckolds who think it no ſcorn,
To wear the *Bulls Feather*, though made of a Horn.

To a very pleaſant new Tune: Or: *The Bulls Feather.*

I Chanced not long ago,
as I was walking,
An Eccho did bring me, where
two were a talking:
'Twas a Man ſaid to his Wife,
bye bad I rather,
Then to be Cornuted, and
wear the Bulls Feather.

Then preſently ſhe reply'd,
ſweet, art thou jealous?
Thou canſt not play Vulcan,
before thou play Venus:
Thy Fancies are fooliſh, ſuch
follies to gather,
For there's many an honeſt man,
wears the Bulls Feather.

Though it be inviſible,
let no man it ſcorn,
Being it is a New Feather,
made of an old Horn:
He that diſdains it, in
mind or in heart either,'
May be the more ſubject
to wear the Bulls Feather.

He that lives diſcontented,
or in deſpair,
And feareth falſe meaſure,
becauſe his Wife's fair:
His thoughts are inconſtant,
much like Winter weather,
Though one or two want it,
he ſhall have a Feather.

BUlls Feathers are common,
as Ergo i'th Schools,
And only Contemned by
those that are fools:
Why should a Bulls Feather
cause any unrest,
Since Neighbours fair always,
is counted the best:

Those Women who are fairest,
are likest to give it,
And Husbands that have them,
are apt to believe it:
Some men though their Wives
they seem for to tender,
They would play the kind neigh-
& give the Bulls feather. (bors

Why should we repine,
that our Wives are so kind,
Since we that are Husbands,
are of the same mind?
Shall we give them Feathers,
and think to go free,
Believe it believe it,
that hardly will be.

For he that disdains my
Bulls Feather to day,
May light of a Lass that,
will play him foul play:
There's ne'e a proud Gallant,
that treads on Cows leather,
But may be Cornuted, and
wear the Bulls Feather.

The shortest, the tallest,
the foulest, the fairest,
The fattest, the leanest,
the commonest the rarest:
When they and their Dicks,
are all merry together,
Will be using tricks,
to advance the Bulls feather.

A King and a Cobler,
a Lord and a Loon,
A Prince and a Pedler,
a Courtier and a Clown:
Put all their Degrees, and
conditions together,
Are liable always to
wear the Bulls feather.

Though Beer of that Brewing,
I never did drink,
Yet be not displeased, if I
speak what I think:
Scarce ten in an hundred,
believe it, believe it,
But either they will have it,
or else they will give it.

Then let me advise
all those that do pine,
For fear that false Jealousie
shorten their Line:
That disease will torment them,
worse than any Feaver,
Then let all be contented, and
wear the Bulls feather.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

A CARROU

TO THE

Emperor, the Royal

And the much-wong'd DUKE *of* LORRAIN

To a new Tune, at the PLAY-HOUSE.

Hark! I hear the Cannons roye,
Ecchoing from the German shoye,
And the joyful news comes o'ye,
that the Turks are all confounded;
Lorrain comes, they run, they run,
Charge with the Hoyse thyough the grand Half-Mcon,
And give quarter unto none,
since Starenberg is wounded.

Close your Ranks,
Fill a lusty flowing
A grand carrouse to
the Empires hav
Let no man leave hi
Plunder the barbaro
We'l drink a Helme
of second Alexande

USE

l Pole,

AIN,

nks, and each brave soul,
ing Bowl,
e to the Royal Pole,
brave defender;
ve his post by stelth,
barous Visiers wealth,
elmet full, the healthy
ander.

Fill the Helmet once again,
To the Emperors happy reign,
And the much-wrong'd Duke Lorrain,
but when they've beat the Turks home,
Not a Soul the field would leave,
Till they do again retrieve,
What the Monsieur does detrieve;
and fix him in his Dukedom,

Then will be the Scheme of War,
When such drinking Crowns prepare,
Those that love the Monsieurs fear,
their courage will be shrinking,
Loyal hearts inspir'd with hock,
Who can form a better Rock,
The French will never stand the shock,
for all their Clarret drinking.

Mahomet was a senceless Dog,
A Coffe-drinking drousie rogue,
The use of the Grape so much in vogue,
to deny to those adore him:
Had he allow'd the Fruits of the Vine,
And gave them leave to carrouse in Wine
They had freely past the Rhine,
and conquer'd all before them.

Coffee Rallys no retreat,
Wine can only do the feat,
Had their force been twice as great,
and all of Janazaries;
Tho' he drank the Danube dry,
And all their profit could supply,
By his interest from the Sky,
brisk Langoon ne'r miscarry'd.

Infidels are now o'recome,
The Most Christian Turk at home,
Watch'd the fate of Christendom,
but all his hopes are hollow,
Since the Poles have led the dance,
If Englands Monarch will advance,
And if he'l send a Fleet to Fra--
he's a Whigg that will not follow.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby in Pye-Corner.

The Catologue of Contented Cuc

OR, A

Loving Society of Confeſſing Brethren of the Forked Order, &c. *who being met to*
declar'd each Man his Condition, reſolving to be contented, and drown'd Melacholly in
To the Tune of, *Fond Boy*, &c. or, *Love's a ſweet Paſſion*, &c

Full ten honeſt Tradeſmen did happen to meet,
In a Tavern, it ſeems, about Leaden-hall-ſtreet;
One a Brewer, a Baker, a Cook, and a Taylor;
With a Turner, a Gold-ſmith, a Merchant, a Sayler;
Nay, a Doctor, a Surgeon which opens the vein:
Theſe was good honeſt Tradeſmen, all Cuckolds in grain.

My Wife, quoth the Brewer, is charming and fair,
She will ramble a broad, but I never know where;
Yet at midnight ſometimes ſhe returns with a Spark;
Nay, I ſometimes have found her at Put in the dark:
But I ſwear by this Glaſs of rich ſparkling Wine,
I will now be contented, and never repine.

The Baker, he cry'd, There is Rob in my man,
He will play with his Dame, let me do what I can;
Once I happen'd to catch him in Bed by her ſide,
He's a taught it to have ſeen how I liquor'd his hide:
But I ſwear by this Glaſs of rich
I will now be contented, and never

The Cook he cry'd out, I am none
For when ever I go to a Dinner,
There is brawny young William,
He will kiſs my ſweet Wife for a
Yet I ſwear by this Glaſs of rich ſp
I will now be contented, and nev

The Taylor ſat ſighing and ſcratch
Quoth he, I have been Cuckold'd th
By a Sayler-man who gave my ſwee
When he comes up my ſtairs, I a
It cannot be avoided, I'll ſwear by
But I'll now be contented, and ne

In troth, quoth the Turner, 'tis
For when her Gallant comes I am

uckolds:

net together in a Tavern,
holly in a Glaſs of Necktar.
n, &c.

f rich ſparkling Wine,
neber repine.
none of the leaſt,
ner, or Feaſt,
iam, the Poulterer's Man,
for a Sop in the Pan:
rich ſparkling Wine,
neber repine.
ratching his ears,
ld'd this three or four years,
ſwear wife her Silk-gown,
, I am forc'd to go down:
ear by this Wine,
nd never repine.
'tis my very Caſe,
I am forc'd to give place,

To my work ſtraight I go where I labour and toy',
And I leave him to turn up my wife the mean while;
But my pocket with Genea's of Gold he doth line,
Therefore I'll be contented, and never repine.

O, then, ſaid the Goldſmith, pray hear my complaint,
Sirs, I marry'd a Quaker ſhe ſeem'd like a Saint,
Yet a Horn to the World I have reaſon to blow,
O the innocent Lamb has a dark way to go:
Yet I ſwear by this Glaſs of rich ſparkling Wine,
I will now be contented, and never repine.

The Merchant he cry'd, When I go to the Change,
With a Maſter of Muſick my Lady will range,
To the Tavern, and thereon her Lute he muſt play,
She may dance, but I'm ſure I the Muſick muſt pay
With my Treaſure his pockets ſhe often will line,
Yet contented I'll be, 'tis in vain to repine.

The Saylor cry'd, Brothers, hear me if you pleaſe,
Three or four years together I plough'd the rough Seas,
In my abſence my Wife had a Daughter and Son,
And I found a great Pannyer as big as a Tun:
I cry'd out, My ſweet Nancy 'faith this is fine?
Be contented, ſaid ſhe, 'tis in vain to repine.

Come, come, ſaid the Doctor, the beſt of us all
Cannot be our Wives Keepers, they are ſubject to fall;
Friends by woful Experience I ſpeak it indeed,
I have one that will help a kind Friend at his need:
Yet I ſwear by this Glaſs of rich ſparkling Wine,
I will now be contented, and never repine.

The Surgeon he cry'd, Sirs, I'll tell you a jeſt,
For I'm ſure I am a Cuckold as well as the beſt:
Once I follow'd my Wife and her Spark to Horn-fair,
Where I took them both napping as Moſs catcht his Mare,
He was letting her Blood near the Leg and the Loyn;
I was almoſt Horn-mad, I began to repine.

Since we are ten Cuckolds here all on a row,
We will drink each a Bottle before we do go,
For to drown Melancholly in liquor of Life;
He's a fool that will weep for the Sins of his Wife;
Let us tipple Canary, and never complain,
There is better than we that are Cuckolds in grain.

LONDON: Printed for J. Conyers, next door to the Standard Tavern, in Leiceſter-fields.

A Caution for SCOL

OR,

A True way of Taming a SHR

To the Tune of, *Why are my Eyes still flowing.*

This m

A Noble Man he Marry'd with a cruel Scold,
Who in her humours would ne'r be controul'd,
So that he was almost aweary of his Life.
By the crass humours of his froward Wife:
Although he shew'd himself exceeding kind,
Yet she was still of a turbulent mind;
Husband and Servants her Fury must feel,
For in their Ears she would Ring them a Peal.

When any Friend approach'd the presence of her Lord,
By this vile Shrew they were strangely abhor'd;
With cruel Frowns and Railings she would them salute
Tho' they were Persons of worthy Repute,
All was a case, for she would have her Will,
And the whole House with Confusion she'd fill;
So that for fear of the heat of her Fray,
They have been forc'd to run packing away.

It was his chance to make a w
Inviting full forty couple at les
Both Lords & Earls, with vertu
Who in true Friendship accordi
all sorts of Dainties he then di
No cost nor charge in the least
But ere they could to their B
Sirs, you shall hear how she we

When she beheld the costly Di
This Shrew had not any Stom
But did cry out, I shall be Ru
This is enough to consume an
Before she any more words did
She made both Bottles and D
Both Friends and Husband she
asking him how he dare be so p

LDS:

REVV.

his may be Printed, *R. P.*

e a worthy noble Feast,
at least,
vertuous Ladies of high fame
cordingly came:
hen did prepare,
least did he spare;
eir Banquetting fall,
he welcom'd them all.

y Dishes of rich Meat,
Stomach to Eat,
e Ruin'd at this rate,
ne an Estate:
s did reply,
nd Dishes to fye;
nd she them did abuse,
e so prattle?

Like Thunder loud, her voice she straight began to raise,
Which made the Guest to stand all in amaze,
Who never saw the like in all their lives before,
Dishes of Meat they lay strow'd on the floor:
Thus in disorder they all went their way,
Each one was glad they were out of the fray:
Then said her Husband, did ever Man know,
Any poor Mortal so plagu'd with a Shrow.

Now the next day he to a skilful Doctor went,
Promising that he would give him content,
If he could cure the cause of a Distracted Wife,
Which almost made him aweary of Life:
Yes, quoth the Doctor, I'le do it ne'r fear,
Bring her, for now 'tis the Spring of the Year;
I'le take the Lunacy out of her Brains,
Or else I won't have a Groat for my pains.

Then home he went, and sent her thither out of hand,
Now when the Shrow she did well understand
All their intent, she ca'l'd the Doctor sneaking Knave,
Now when he see she began for to Rave;
Straightways the Doctor did bind her in Bed,
Letting her Blood, likewise Shaving her head:
Sirrah, said she, I would have you to know,
That you shall suffer for serving me so.

Madam, said he, I know you are beside your Wits,
But I will soon bring you out of those Fits;
I'le cut your Tongue, and when a Gallon you have bled
'Twill Cure that violent Noise in your Head:
Pray Sir, said she, don't afflict me so sore,
I'le ne'r offend my sweet Husband no more:
Thus by sharp Usage and keeping her low,
He had the fortune to Conquer the Shrow.

After some time, he came to see his Wife at last,
Where she begg'd pardon for all that was past;
Saying, her Fits for evermore she would refrain,
If he'd be pleas'd to receive her again;
My former Follies I pray now forgive,
I'le ne'r offend you no more while I live:
Then in much love they both homeward did go,
Thus has he made a sweet Wife of a Shrow.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Pye-Corner*, near *West-Smithfield*.

A Caveat for Young Men.

OR,

The Bad Husband turn'd Thrifty.

This Caveat may ſerve both for Old and yong,
For to remember that Old Age will come;
If you theſe Verſes do minde and read,
I hope hereafter you will take better heed:
This Song it was ſet forth and penn'd,
To teach Bad Husbands to amend.
Therefore bad Husbands mend your lives,
And be more kinder to your Wives.

To the Tune of, *Hey ho my Honey.*

ALL you young Ranting Blades,
that ſpend your time in vain,
Remember that old age,
you cannot it refrain:
And whilſt that you are young,
this Caveat take of me,
Be ruled by no tempting tongue,
to bring you to poverty.
I have been a bad Husband long
and have ſpent ſtore of ſilver and gold,
Yet now Ile ſave ſomething whilſt I am yong,
to keep me when I am old.

I had good ſtore of means,
and I liv'd moſt gallantly:
But yet upon Whores and Queans,
I ſpent it by and by:
My Hoaſts ſhe was full of laughter,
ſo long as I had money good ſtore;
And my Children muſt drink fair water,
whilſt I in the Ale-houſe did roar.
I have been, &c.

My Wife would me intreat,
the Ale-houſe to refrain;
Then I with anger great,
made anſwear ſtraight again:
If you begin to ſcold,
then I will bang thy coat;
What woman her tongue can hold,
when a man ſwallows all down his throat
I have been, &c.

My Children and I muſt ſit,
until we ſtarve and pine,
Whilſt you your guts full get,
of Tobacco, Beer, and Wine.
Half that you ſpend in vain,
and meerly throw away,
Our Family would maintain,
and our Houſe-Rent it would pay.
I have been a bad Husband long,
and have ſpent ſtore of ſilver and gold;
Yet now Ile ſave ſomething whilſt I am yong
to keep me when I am old.

But yet I'de not be rul'd,
by these words she did say,
My self I often fol'd,
which brought me to decay:
I no sooner had sold a Cow,
but straight to the Ale-house I ran;
My Hostis unto me would bow,
until all my money was gone.
I have been, &c.

She'd chuck me under the chin,
and perhaps would give me a kis,
As Venus drew Adonis in,
my Hostis would never miss:
She'd tell me it was too early,
or else it was too late,
until by the Dyl of Barley,
they had gotten my whole estate.
I have been, &c.

Thus day and night I ranted,
and no company did refuse,
whilst my wife and children wanted,
I did my self abuse:
I could not scarce afford
my children clothes to wear;
Nor my wife one good word,
such was her grievous care.
I have been, &c.

The more my wife did speak,
the worser I would be,
I'de drink till my brains did ake,
onely to anger she:
So long as I had a penny;
I'de never give out for gain;
But since I have found by many,
a Good-Fellow's a costly name.
I have been, &c.

At last I did perceive,
my Estate was almost gone,
Then it was time to leave,
and some words I thought upon:
I went into an Ale-house,
where all my Coyn I had drown'd;
In company with good fellows,
I had spent an hundred pound,
I have been, &c.

I then these words replied,
Hostis, money I have none,
A Flagon she me denied,
and bid me straight be gone:
what, will you not trust me a Flagon,
those words replied I,
No, quoth she not a Nogging,
if you should starve and dye.
I have been, &c.

I then went sighing home,
and a vow straightway did make,
They should sit whilst day of Doom,
before one penny of me should take:
A new life I will now begin,
the Ale-wives shall sit like Elves;
They shall both Card and Spin,
or else go hang themselves.
I have been, &c.

Now I all men advise,
this Caveat think upon,
Be ruled by your wives,
for old age it will come.
If they know you have money,
the Ale-wives with you will crack,
They'l suck you as Bees suck honey,
then hang you behind your back,
I have been, &c.

Therefore in time be ruled,
save something whilst you have it,
By no Ale-wives be you fooled,
and then repent too late:
For when that all is gone,
and you have but little stock,
If to the Ale-wives you make moan,
they will you but jear and mock.
I have been a bad Husband long,
and have spent store of silver and gold;
Yet now Ile save something whilst I am yong,
to keep me when I am old.

FINIS.

By John Wade.

London, Printed, for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passinger* and *W. Whitwood*

Celia's Complaint, for the loſs of her Virginity.

She by fair words was quickly won,
Amintas prov'd Unkind;
And *Celia* ſays, ſhe's quite Undone,
Much troubled in her mind.
To the Tune of, *Philander:*

DEath quickly come away,
and eaſe me of my pain,
The longer here I ſtay,
my Life I muſt diſdain:
Such deadly ſmart, doth pierce my heart,
no mortal can endure,
Then let me dye,
For certainly,
I ne'r ſhall find a Cure.

I Languiſh now in Grief
by Night, and eke by Day,
I can find no Relief,
but hourly waſte away:
Was ever Laſs, at this ſtrange paſs,
or Wounded like to me;
Come quickly Death,
To ſtop my Breath,
and end my Miſery.

'Amintas he is gone,
I am forſaken quite,
He was the only Man,
in whom I took delight:
My Life to me, is Miſery,
ſince he is ſo unkind,
He's from me fled,
And I half Dead,
poor ſoul, am left behind.

I wiſh I ne'r had ſeen
thoſe eyes that me betray'd,
Then ſurely had I been,
a matchleſs happy Maid:
Deluding Tongue, thou did'ſt me wrong,
as well as his fair eyes;
And Conquer'd all,
I had a fall,
and ne'r again ſhall riſe.

My ſpotleſs Virgins Fort,
thou ſtrongly didſt aſſault,
My Favour thou didſt Court,
and this was my great fault:
So ſoon to yield, to thee the Field,
which did my Honour ſtain;
And now I cry,
Continually,
poor Celia Lov'd in vain.

You Damſels all beware,
take warning now by me,
And let not Speeches fair,
betray your Honeſty:
For I, poor I, aſſuredly,
by them too ſoon was won:
In diſcontent,
I now Lament,
alas, I'm quite undone.

Ten thouſand Sighs and Sobs,
ſe part with e'ry day,
I el ſuch pangs and Throbs,
and ſo Conſume away:
That with deſire, I burn like fire,
to be within thy Grave:
Which to obtain,
Would be my gain,
that's all I now would have.

Falſe Young-men now give o'er,
and ceaſe for to betray,
Deceive poor Maids no more,
who hardly can ſay nay:
But quickly bow, and make a bow,
to Love you evermore:
Then them you leave,
To mourn and grieve,
which grieves their hearts full ſore.

But 'tis a dreadful thing,
that you ſhould uſe them ſo,
Which to their hearts will bring
ſuch Sorrow, Grief, and Woe:
That often times, maids in their primes,
they do themſelves deſtroy:
Becauſe they find,
Their Loves unkind,
and cannot them injoy.

Then dally ſo no more,
with Maidens that are kind,
For Bleſſings in great ſtore,
the Honeſt man ſhall find:
But he that doth flye from the Truth,
of what he did proteſt:
Shall met with be,
Aſſuredly,
believe me 'tis no Jeſt.

Printed for *Charles Paſſenger*, at the Seven Stars on *London-Bridge*.

Celia's Triumph. Or, Venus De

The Gods forſake their *Venus* quite,
And make fair *Celia* their Delight;
Who now they have Enthron'
And made her Queen of Us, a
To a new Tune of, *Let the Critticks adore*, as it is Sung at the Play-

With allowance. May 8. 1678. *Ro. L'Eſtrange.*

LEt the Critticks adoze,
Their Old Venus no moze,
She's a Gyplie,
Silly Mortals ne'r think,
That the Goddeſs will Drink
and be Tiplie.

None but Vulcan can abide her,
she's grown ſo Black of late,
In his Cole-hole he does hide her,
to ſecure her from fate:
All the Gods are ſtark mad,
foz a Venus moze fair,
And ſwear they'd be glad,
that my Celia were there.

Foz her beauty tranſcends,
What foztune commends,
I there Dowdy,
All the Sphears took their light,
From her Luſtre moze bright,
that were Cloudy.

At which tranſformation,
the Gods they ſtood mute,
Like Stocks in their Station,
none dareing Diſpute,
The foze of her eyes
which ſo wholly had gain'd
From ſad Venus the pize,
which Celia obtain'd.

Boaſt no moze in
Bzisk Lads of the
that your
Whom you onel
'Cauſe by hopes y
to my Ri

Foz their High-flo
could ne'ver atta
To what Phillis a
foz Celia ſhall ra
And ſince Venus ſu
to her prevalent
And her Soberai
ſhe ſlights your

Dethron'd.

ron'd above,
ls, and Love.
Play-houſe.

ze in Dull Rhimes,
of the times,
your Miſſes
u onely can prize,
pes you may riſe
y Riſſes.

gh-flown deſires,
er attain
llis aſpires,
all raign:
nus ſubmitted
alent charms,
peraignity quitted,
your allarms.

Let no new Upſtart then
Pretend to croſs men
with falſe flaſhes,
And with pantings preſume,
Which the Mercuries conſume
into aſhes.

But Submit and admire,
what in Celia is found,
And bluſhing retire
to leave Celia Crown'd:
Let their Gallants run mad,
for meer ſpight to behold,
What made Phillis ſo ſad,
and Venus ſo cold.

Let the Poets lay down
Their long Uſurped Crown,
and preſent it
Her the Muſes have had,
In their beauties been clad,
and had lent it.

But for Celia's great Glory,
to diſpoſe it where ſhe
Might in Fortunes Story,
the chief wonder be:
In adoring her beauty,
I to happineſs riſe,
And pay amorous Duty
to Celia's Eyes.

To their forces I gave
My ſelf a willing ſlave,
and am freer
Then a Monarch in's Throne,
Who calls Europe his own,
ſhou'd he ſee her.

For her Charms, like *Medea's*,
would Eclipſe his great ſtate,
Had he bounds, as the Sea has,
he muſt yield to his Fate,
And adore my bright Star,
by whoſe influence I move,
Like the Great God of War,
in the Arms of her Love.

Where I ſeated ſhall Raign,
And ſtill happy remain,
ſince ſhe gave me
In return of my pain,
What the Gods could not gain,
and did ſave me.

From a deſperate fate,
which her ſcorn would invite,
And have put a full date
to my joy and delight:
But ſince ſhe prefers me
to the Gods, by whoſe pain,
I ſhall freed from all fears be,
and Celia obtain.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Hoſpital-gate*, in *Weſt-ſmithfield*.

Cheat upon Cheat,

OR,

The Debaucht Hypocrite.

Being a True Account of two *Maidens*, who lived in London near Fish-street, the one being named **Susan**, the othes **Sarah**; **Susan**, being dressed in *Mans* Apparel, Courted **Sarah**, to the Great Trouble of the deceived Damsel, who thought to be pleasur'd by her Bridals *Nights* Lodging as you may find by the sequel.

When Maidens come to Love and Dot:.
And want the use of man,
Against their wills they needs must shew't
Let them do what they can.

To the Tune of, *Tender hearts of London City.*

COme and hear the strangest Story,
Ever Fortune lay'd before ye,
of a wedding strange but true,
For such a one was never known,
as I will now declare to you.

There was two maids in London-City
One was wanton 'tother witty;
Sue and *Sarah* were their Names;
It doth appear they married were,
and Sarah tasted Cupids flames.

A Gentleman that lived nigh 'um,
Had a mighty mind to try 'um,
and this Susan did ingage,
That she would go and Court her so,
that she her passion might asswage,

Disguis'd went she, and fell to wooing
Sarah she would needs be doing,
so she quickly gave consent,
They soon agreed to match with speed,
but now poor Sarah doth lament.

Susan strangely was disguised,
Sarahs heart was soon surprized,
so that she did condescend,
She ne'r deny'd to be a Bride,
but her young Lover did commend.

While her joys were thus compleated,
Sarah was extreamly cheated,
which did make her vitals fail,
To bed they went with joynt consent,
and she found a Cat without a Taile.

Now is Sarah much concerned,
But by this some wit she Learned,
though she for it paid full dear,
For from her eyes, with fresh supplies,
down trickles many a brackish tear.

Quoth Sarah why would you abuse one,
Whom you lov'd deceitful Susan,
why would you me thus betray,
Oh then quoth she, 'twas jollity,
that made me thus the antick play.

Sarah thought love her befriended,
Tow but mark what this attended,
and twill make you much admire,
That Susan she, so arch should be,
to set poor Sarahs heart on fire.

Let no one know how you miscary'd,
How mistaken when you marry'd,
for twill make the world to laugh,
You walkt your round, & then you found
a Constable without a Staff.

With Sword & Wigg was Susan dressed
Sarah thought that she was blessed,
with a Gallant none more fair,
But pitty 'twas, a wanton Lass,
should be so much mistaken there.

Wonder not why this I write you,
To be merry I invite you,
and to none I harm do think,
Let Sarah grieve, Sue did deceive,
which made poor Sarahs heart to sink.

Now is Sarah discontented,
Her misfortune much lamented,
Maidens then pray have a care,
Lest Susan comes with Sugar plums,
to bring poor damsels into a snare.

To all Maids let this be a warning,
All are wise that still are learning,
Beauty is a meer decoy,
Then have a care, least Cupids snare,
do make you curse the blinking Boy.

Printed for, I. Blare, at the Looking-Glass in the New-Buildings on London-Bridge.

The Loyal Lovers Farewel,

Or, The True Lovers Mournful Ditty,

For the abſence of her Deareſt Love, who upon ſome Importunate occaſion was forc'd to croſs the Seas.

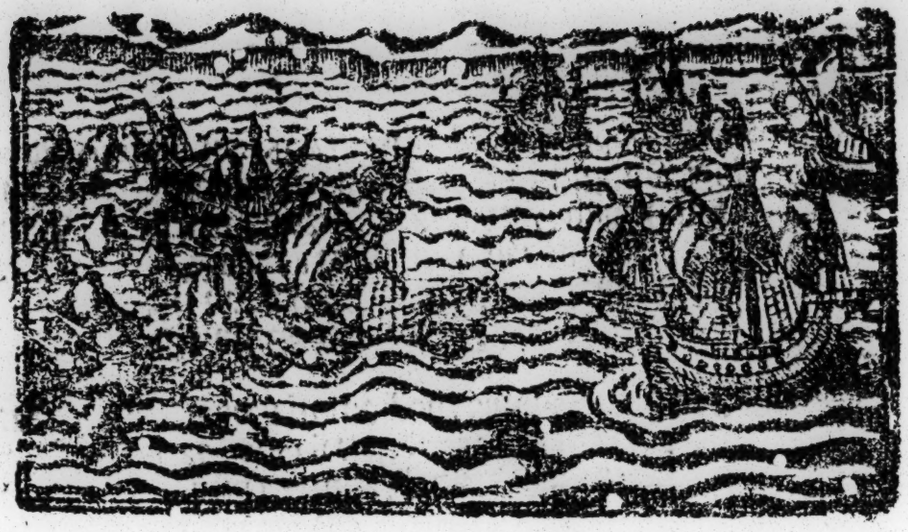
The young-man he in ſorrow here bewails
The abſence of his Love, while that ſhe ſails
On ſurging waves, he is oppreſt with fear,
Leaſt in a ſtorm they ſhould ſhipwrak his dear.
But then with hopes to mittigate his pain,
He prays kind *Neptune* guard her o're the main
And that no danger e're may her annoy,
But in ſafety return to Crown his Joy.

To the Tune of, Bright was the Morning.

Bright was the morning, cool the air,
ſerene was all the Sky,
When on the Waves I left my fair,
the center of my joy:
Heaven and Nature ſmiling were,
and nothing ſad but I.

Each roſie Field its odours ſpread,
all fragrant was the ſhore,
Each River God roſe from his Bed,
and ſigh'd and own'd his power:
Curling their waves, they deckt their head
as proud of what they bore.

Boreas his bluſtering Winds had lay'd,
but blew a pleaſant Gale,
Fanning the Streamers ſweetly play'd
and fill'd each ſwelling Sail;
Then leaving me, farewel, ſhe ſaid,
her abſence to bewail.



And from my eyes dropping a tear,
I forced was to part
With her whom I do love so dear,
and doth enjoy my heart;
In a sad Labyrinth of fear,
which causes all my smart.

Least that Dame Fortune fickle prove,
e're she the Seas have crost,
And by a Storm the Waves do move,
and she on them be tost;
Then in distress will be my love,
in danger to be lost.

When stormy winds do blustering blow
and Willows they do rise,
The raging waves no pitty show,
when mounting to the Skies;
All these sad fears create my woe,
while tears flow from my eyes.

Then to that silent Grove straight I,
in discontent repair,
Where I have oft most lovingly,
with joy embrac'd my fair;
For it was her sweet Company,
that banish'd all my care.

O cruel Fate, to me unkind,
to rob me of my dear,
Leaving me here in grief behind,
till she again appear;
For to my grief, alas, I find,
each minute seems a year.

Nor can I e're my grief unfold,
her absence is my pain,
Nor can my joy be ever told,
when she returns again,
Prizing her more than all the Gold,
the Indies doth contain.

And may all happiness attend
on her whom I adore,
While I in tears my time do spend,
oft walking on the shore:
Viewing the waves with sighs, do send
a thousand wishes o'er.

Glide on ye waters, bear these lines,
and tell her I'm distrest,
Bear all my sighs ye gentle winds,
waft them to her fair breast;
Tell her if e're she prove unkind,
I never shall have rest.

Guard her kind Neptune then, that she
may bless me with her Charms,
Guide her from Rocks and dangers free
or any other harms;
Bring her with speed o'er the wide Sea
in safety to my Arms.

FINIS.

Licensed according to Order.

Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking-glass on London-Bridge.

The City Caper:

OR'

The *WHETSTONES-PARK* Privateer.

Being a true relation how a ſmall ſhe Pickaroon lately ſail'd from the park, and Cruſing abroad in the night, ſeiz'd on a rich Marchant-man, whom ſhe tempted to board her, and then ſhe diſabl'd his Ship, took all his Cargo, ſpoil'd his Tackle, and burnt his Rudder, &c.

Tune of, *Captain Digby's farewel.*

The Jenny a ſmall Pickaroon in the Park
Laſt night went a Cruſing abroad in the dark,
Her impudence was her commander in chief,
Her haven is Luſt, and her Pilot a Thief:
As ſwift as a Fiſh ſhe did glide by the Strand,
well rig'd, and well trim'd but ſhe lackt to be man'd
In her mouth a whole teer of Damme's there lies,
Granadoes were ſhot out of her rowling eyes.

The ruffling ſilk of her Petticoat Sails,
The wind had full blown with it's wantoning gales
that wind which their meeting with contrary wind
Sometiemes doth create hurricanes behind:
Carreen'd and new pained moſt curioully,
Her upermoſt Deck did appear to the eye,
The curls of her Tower ſo like ſtreamers do wave
Men of War to engage her they ſeem for to have

But lok on her Stem, ſhe is right for the trade,
Her Lading betwixt wind and water was laid,
A Look, and a Look and moſt ſtedy ſhe ſteard,
Yet often to alter her courſes apear'd,
To Star-board and Lar-board, a baft and before,
She glances an eye and ſhe creeps by the ſhore,
To lok what unconveyed Veſſels there came,
That might help to add to her pilfering game.

AT length from her main-top she gladly espies
A merchant-man far a head passing her by,
O're fraighted was he, and ready to sinck,
His Hull was so much over-stowed with drink:
She strait makes all Sails she was able, and plies
Her Oars to come up to so welcome a prize,
Though's head was so light, she was lighter then he
And had in an instant brought him by the Lee.

Her mobled hood she turn'd up for a Flag,
Sometimes she shears off & sometimes she doth lag
She hauld him with hums, but the dulpated Owl,
Would not understand her, unless she fell foul:
At last a salute with a Gun, in she poures,
Your servant she cry'd and he answering yours:
She boldly boze up, and for sometime they ride,
Yard-arm to Yard- arm, and each side by each side.

The battel betwæn them now warmer was grown,
And the grapling Irons were mutually thrown,
She gave him her broad-side of killes so strong,
There was no hope left of his holding out long:
Yet on her design better colour to lay,
She pretended to tack, as if stearing away,
Then seeming disabled to bear up again,
She offers her self unto him to be tane.

He sees her lye by, and then grows the more bold,
To venture aboard, and to rumidge her hold,
She freely receives him astern and invites,
Him for to taste of her Cabin delights:
From prow unto poop he did groupe her all o're,
And finding her Gun to be full Cannon bore,
For his Amunition he swore was as large,
And threatned to give her forthwith a due charge,

She flung off her Glove as a Flag of defiance,
And scorn'd to accept of his terms of complyance,
Come bully, quoth she, I will stand thy fierce shot
For already I've taken full many a knock:
With that below Deck then he thundred in,
And she for to tumble and rols did begin,
As if that a tempest had rocked her pillow,
And danced her vessel aloft on a billow.

A calm then succædeth this storming her honour,
He soon had unladed his Cargo upon her,
Before, hand he gave her his contracted Guinies,
And thought he ne'r sail'd in so pleasant a Pinace,
But quickly that fancy he curst when he found,
How damnable deep she had run him on ground,
For just in the fury and heat of the job,
He ransackt Placket, she rifled his, Fob.

With Watch, Gold, and jewels she slipt out of door
Poor Voyager ne'r was so jilted before,
His Cargo was lost, and his main-mast was torn
His Tackling she spoil'd, and his Rudder did burn
Hence learn you young gallants that venture to see
The danger of such Pickarons for to flee,
For vessels rich guilded with proud Silken Sails,
Oft Fire ships do prove & bear death in their tails.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the golden ball in Pye-Corner.

THE

City and Country's Loya

OR,

The Gallant Reſolution of the Kingdom to Defend the ſame againſt th of the *French*, Voluntarily Engaging thm ſelves in the Defence of Ki Queen and *Mary*. To the Tune of, *Valiant* Jockey, &

LEt the Trumpets ſound a Charge,
While we our Forces do inlarge,
To Engage the common Enemy;
Boys, we'll either win the day or dye:
All the Counties far and near,
In ſhining Armour now appear,
With a Reſolution will they ſtand,
To defend and Guard their Native Land:
All will Unite, and freely Fight,
For to put the Romans now to flight;
Better Advance, there take our chance,
Than to bear the heavy Yoke of France.

Tho' the Frenchmen Landed are,
We for their coming did prepare,
Shewing them ſuch welcome to the
Which they never did expect before:
None ſhall e're return again,
For with our Valiant Warlike Tra
We will Ring the Rogues a Paſſin
Sending them with ſpeed to Pluto's C
We'll never flinch, from the proud F
Till we cut them off, both Root and
Why ſhou'd we fear, huffing Monſie
Valiant Courage ſoon the Coaſt will

valty ;

ſt the Invaſion
of King *William*
ey, &c.

ze,
e,
o the Shoze,
foze :

e Train ;
Paſſing-Bell,
to's Cell ;
zoud French,
and Branch ;
Monſieur,
t will clear.

The Stout Valiant Men of Kent,
All with a Reſolution bent,
Did ingage to meet this Mighty Foe,
Surry, Suſſex, did the like alſo :
When the French did underſtand,
That they would thus defend the Land ;
They were forced ſtraight to hoiſe up Sail,
Knowing that they ſhould not there prevail ;
De French-men ſaid, me are afraid,
If deir Kingdom here we ſhould Invade,
Youthful and Sage, all will Ingage,
Not a French-man will eſcape deir Rage.

Then they Steered to the Weſt,
Which Shires as well as all the reſt,
Was reſolv'd to let the French-men know,
That they ſhould not unrewarded go :
While they Anchor'd in Torbay,
The Beacons Fir'd was ſtraightway,
Which allarum'd all the Counties round,
Loyal Boys with double Courage Crown'd :
No frightful Crys, all ſtraight did riſe,
That they might the French-men ſoon ſurprize ;
Both Rich and Poor, flock'd to the Shore,
Twenty thouſand Fighting-men and more.

London likewiſe will maintain,
For our Defence a Warlike Train,
Valiant Men of Courage, Foot and Horſe,
That they may the wretched Romans croſs :
Though the Factious ſeem to Frown,
We'll pull their haughty Spirits down :
For our Gracious King and Queen we'll Fight,
Putting all their Enemies to flight :
The Royal Fleet, Boys, we'll compleat,
Which will make the French-men ſoon Retreat ;
Both Land and Main, we will maintain,
Till our Gracious King returns again.

FINIS.

Printed for *C. Bates*, next door to the *Cro[wn]*
Tavern, at *Duck Lane-end*, in *Weſt-Smithfield.*

Come to it at laſt

Or the ſucceſful Adventurer.

A pleaſant and delightful New Song.

In vain reſiſtances when love deſignes
He by compulſion or complyance joyns,
Laughs at what e're oppoſes his decree
And what ſayes muſt, that muſt ſurely be.

A pleaſant new Tune, *Or, tell me Jenny.*

TEll me Jenny, tell me roundly,
when you will your Heart ſurrender:
Faith and troth iſe love you ſoundly;
'tis I that was the firſt Pretender.
Ne'r ſay nay, nor delay,
here's my heart, and there's my hand too;
All that's mine ſhall be thine,
Body and Gods at your Command too.

Ah! how many Maids (quoth Jenny)
have you promis'd to be true to?
Fy, I think the Devil's in you,
to kiſs a body ſo as you do.
What do you do? let me go,
I can't abide ſuch fooliſh doing;
Get you gone, naughty man,
fy, is this your way in wooing?

Prithee Jenny don't deny me;
whence this coynels? why theſe bluſhes?
Sure you uſe them but to try me,
and they ſuite not with your wiſhes:
Do not frown, but ſit down
on this Primroſe-Bed, my Sweeting,
And, my Love, this ſhall prove
to thee and me a happy meeting.

How many Maids (that have beleived
this, quoth Jenny, as your meaning)
Have you heretofore deceived?
yet you think it is no ſinning.
Fy; I ſay, ſtand away,
naughty Man, I hate ſuch fooling:
Fy; O ſad! I think you're mad
to rumple a body thus with pulling.

'Tis unkind you thus deny me
when I tell you that I love ye;
Sit you down, and do but try me,
and you better will approve me:
Come my Jenny, best of any,
in your True-Loves Arms i'le place you;
Sigh not thus, but let's buss,
Love and Hymen both shall grace you.

This (quoth Jenny) is but your saying,
you men are false 'tis often prov'd, so
Poor Maids you long to be betraying;
O fy, I won't be lov'd so.
What d'ye do? let me go,
Fy, naughty man, fy, let me loose:
Oh! bless me, how you press me,
I think you're wild to hug one thus.

In your eyes I see a yeilding,
I prithee do not thus dissemble,
Nor your heart with doubt be sheilding,
but the queen of Love resemble:
See my Arms wait your charms,
and I must have no denial;
Say not nay, nor delay,
but of my passion make a tryal.

What is it you wou'd be doing?
pish, I can no longer tarry;
Nay, forbear, is this your wooing?
abads I wo' not till I marry;
Nay, I won't, pray now don't,
Oh me! fy, nay tis evil;
Oh! what's this? I protests
you grow more and more uncivil.

The god of Love gives commission,
and these pleasant shades invite us;
Nay, you must grant my kind Petition,
since to love all things incite us:
My Dear Heart, do not start,
joys attend you, transports seize you;
Still to you i'le be true
in your Arms; thus ever please you.

Oh! you hurt me, nay, forbear now,
what d'ye do, you have betray'd me;
Oh! i'm ruin'd, and I fear now
you're about for to un-Maid me:
Take your course, use your force,
kill me, kill me, if you please:
Nay ile dye willingly,
in this sweet Death I find such ease.

Printed for J. Wright, J. Clark W. Thackery, and T. Passinger.

Come turn to mee thou pretty little one, and I will turn to thee.

To a pleaſant new Tune.

Sweet if thou will be
As I am to thee,
Then by Cupids Mother,
I have vow'd to have
none other ſhe:
Then turn to me thou pretty little one,
And I will turn to thee.

Thoſe bright eyes of thine
Which do dazzle mine
Like the ſtars of Heaven,
Which do keep their even
courſe and ſhine:
Then let us in conjunction meet
and both our loves combine.

If that lovely Face,
Will to mine give place,
That with loves devotion
We may uſe the motion,
of imbrace:
Then ſit thee down my pretty little one
and let us love a ſpace.

What hurt is in this?
For to take a kiſſe
If it may be granted
I that long have wanted
ſuch a bliſſe:
Then be not ſparing of a few;
whereas ſuch plenty is.

If thy breaſts do pant
For the milk they want,
Every Hill and Mountain
To ſupply each Fountain,
be not ſcant:
Then give to mee thy lilly white hand,
and I thee mine will grant.

If ſo be that I,
May but thee come nigh,
The Vine and Elm ſhall never,
Joyn more cloſe together
then will I:
Then ſhew thy fruits my amorous joy
and Ile with love ſupply.

If that thou doſt crave,
Silks and Garments brave
Or what rich attyre.
Could thy heart deſire
to receive:
Declare to me thou pretty little one,
thou canſt but aſk and have.

From the Indies far,
Where rich Jewels are;
I will bring thee treaſure
Far beyond all meaſure
and compare:
Then be not coy my pretty little one
for I no coſt will ſpare

Sweet-heart for thy ſake
I will never make,
Choice of any other,
Then by Cupids Mother
freely ſpeak:
It's at thy choice my deareſt Love,
either to leave or take.

I thy Mary-gold
Wrapt in many fold,
Like the golden Clyent
To the Sun ſupplient
ſhew it's gold:
Diſplay the beams my glorious Sun
and I'le to thee unfold.

Thoſe bright locks of hair
Spreading o're each ear,
Every criſp and curle
Far more rich then pearl,
doth appear:
Then be thou conſtant in thy love
and I will be thy Dear.

Till I have poſſeſt,
Thee whom I love beſt,
I have vow'd for ever,
In thy abſence never,
to take reſt:
Deny mee not thou pretty little one,
In whom my hopes are bleſt.

I'l a kiſſe or two
Can thee a favour do
Were it more then twenty
Love's indu'd with plenty
Lovers know:
For thy ſweet ſake a thouſand take,
for that's the way to woe.

It doth grieve my heart
From thee for to part
It is to mee more pleaſant,
Ever to be preſent
where thou art:
Yet in the abſence of a friend,
my love ſhall never ſtart.

As to mee thou art kind,
Duty ſhall mee bind
Ever to obey thee,
Reaſon ſo doth ſway mee
to thy mind:
Thou haſt my heart where e're thou art
although I ſtay behind.

In thy bed or bark
I will be thy mark,
Couples yet more loving
Never had their moving
from the Ark:
Welcome to mee my onely joy,
all times, be it light or dark,

London, Printed for Charles Tyus at the three Bibles on London-bridge. Finis

The Contented CUCK

OR,

The Fortunate FUMBLER

Being a Brief Relation of a Young Spark, who Marryed with a Beautiful
Wedding-Day, received the Sum of 500 *l.* as her *Portion*, with promiſe of as
of her firſt Child, but he being Inſufficient to perform, reſolved to Hire his Neighb
help him out at a dead lift.

Tune of, Ladies of London. This may be Pri

There was a Beautiful Damſel of late,
whom many young Men did admire,
One above all of a worthy Eſtate
came to her, and love did require:
Soon he obtain'd this amorous Maid,
and all things was decently carry'd,
Five hundred pounds to her Portion was paid,
the very day that ſhe was Marry'd.

This being paid, and all over and done,
her Father to ſhow himſelf Noble,
Said, at the Birth of a Daughter or Son,
This Portion I promiſe to double:

Therefore I ſay make much o
till then I will ſtill be your
Yet Seven Years he did lye
poor Soul ſhe was never t

There was no hopes of an
therefore he was much diſco
All his old Cronies did laugh
alas! he was daily tormen
Some they would ſay, were
you ne'r would have bauk't
For to lye by her full ſeven lon
and not perform Family Du

KOLD:

R:

iful Maiden, and on the
of as much more at the Birth
ighbour *Robin* the *Miller*, to

be Printed. R. P.

nuch of your Wise,
e your Debts;
d lye by her side,
ever the better.

f an Heir being born,
y discontented,
laugh him to scorn,
comented,
were you worthy your Ears,
auk't such a Beauty,
en long Years,
ly Duty.

True, he would stroak her and make a strange toy,
nay, kiss her, and call her his Honey,
But something else must be done without doubt,
e're he has the rest of the Money:
Many a Sigh alas! she let fly,
I here am debar'd of all pleasure,
Had ever Maid such hard fortune as I,
I weep and lament out of measure.

Then was he troubled to see her so sad,
for why, she no longer could waive it;
If any help in the World can be had,
my Dearest, said he, thou shalt have it:
For as I am a right-honest Man,
you know I was never unwilling,
But yet I can do no more then I can,
you ne'r wanted Billing and Billing.

There is a lusty lad lives at the Mill,
who I have a fancy to hire,
Be my troth an honest Man,
I am sure he will grant your desire:
Then will thy joys and blessings abound,
when as he has made thee a Mother;
Before I will loose the Five Hundred Pound,
I'le give the one half for the other.

Yet I will get him as cheap as I can,
I think it is nothing but reason:
Yes I tell you a right honest Man,
and knows how to do things in season:
Now it shall be no longer deferr'd,
I'le go to this Robin my Neighbour,
With me I think he will not stand too hard,
I'le give him Ten Pound for his labour.

He shall be sworn our Counsel to keep,
and not make the Country acquainted,
Then what he Sows I do reckon to Reap,
Sweet Wife let the time be appointed:
And he in private shall come and go,
then though you lye often together,
There is no Creature alive need to know,
but that I am still the right Father.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Back, at the Black-Boy on London-Bridge, near the Draw-Bridge.

The Contented Cuckold, or

Patience upon force is a Medcine for a Mad Man.

You batchellors both young and old
give ear unto this ditty,
A story here I will unfold
in mirth I hope it will sit ye,
A batchellor of threescore years
a Damsel young did marry
Now he complains she doth him wrong
and basely doth miscarry:
Near Worksworth *Town in* Darby-shire
this couple they do dwell,
With patience pray this ditty hear
and then I bid farewell.

To the Tune, *She cannot hold her Legs together.*

YOu young Men all to you I call
whether you live in Town or City,
A Warning take by this my fall
which I shall declare in this my ditty
When as you do a Wooing go
pray have a care you be not scorned,
For if fortune say it must be so
you soon may come for to be horned.

A Batchellor full threescore years
I lived long in joy and pleasure,
I was quite rid of grief and cares
I had house & Lands & store of Treasure,
I did provide Money to hide,
at last Blind Cupid he me Wounded,
With a dam of Love but now I can prove
my heart with grief is almost drowned.

Then to Cupids Court I did resort
and there I met with Venus Sister,
Full threescore pound a true report
I gave for Mally would God I had miss't
To make her gay I flung away (her
full ten pound more to buy her cloathing
Still my Estate goes to decay
for to Cuckold me she counts it nothing.

All Darby-shire could not compare
with pritty Mally for Wit and beauty
I thought she was a Jewel rare
which made me dote in love and duty
With a Forehead high and Rouling eye
which signifies that she loves sporting,
She scorns with me now for to lye
but to. &c.

A Young Man living in the Town
has ſtollen from me her love & duty,
No comfort I get but a frown
not ſcarce a look upon her beauty:
For all her delight both day and night
is in his company for ſporting
The boys cry Cuckoo in my ſight
for to Cuckold me ſhe counts it nothing.

My aged looks ſhe doth diſdain
with taunts and jears I now am ſcorned
My bed likewiſe ſhe doth refrain
by Dick it is I muſt be horned,
Thus Mary ſhe abuſeth me
which makes my friends to jear & ſcoff me
And the boys cry Cuckoo in my ſight
becauſe *Dick* doth make a Cukold of me

My means they Waſt both night and day
moſt wilfully without all meaſure
My Goods and Cattle is their prey
they ſeek all means to Waſt my treaſure
While they do Sing my hands I Wring
which makes my friends to jear & ſcoff me
And the boys, &c.

Now may I ſigh lament and mourn
I do confeſs it was my folly,
Now I may I ſit like an idle drone
or like one ſtruck in a Melancholly,
While Mary and Dick doth play the trick
of Put In, Or elſe get of me,
In houſe or barn if weather warm
there Dick muſt make a Cuckold of me.

Thus night and day they ſpend away
their time in this unlawful carriage,
Which makes me cry as well I may,
to curſe the day and time of Marriage
My Garments bare and my White Hair
and my Fore-man with her is ſcorned,
The boys cryes Cuckoo to my face
and ſays that Dick my head has horned

You Batchellors and married men
whether you live in Town or City,
Let me intreat you once again
to read this harmleſs ditty,
No harm at all is in this Wall=
For all poor Robin now is ſcorned,
Pray do not jear at Robin here
you know not who may next be horned.

Now the Proverb old I think upon
ſayes a Cuckold is a good mans fellow
My time is ſpent I muſt be gone
come All's a cup of Ale that's mellow
For Mal and Dick will play the trick
of Put In, Or elſe get of me,
In houſe or barn &c.

Now to conclude and make an end
hoping I have no Man offended,
Nor yet done wrong to any friend
he that thinks ſo pray let him mend it,
For Mary and Dick will play the trick
of Put In, Or elſe get of me,
And the boys cry Cuckoo to my face
becauſe Dick doth make a Cuckold of me.

Finis. T. R.

Printed for Thomas Paſſenger at the three bibles on London-bridge.

The Contented PILGRIM:

Or, The Pilgrims troubleſome Journey to his long home.

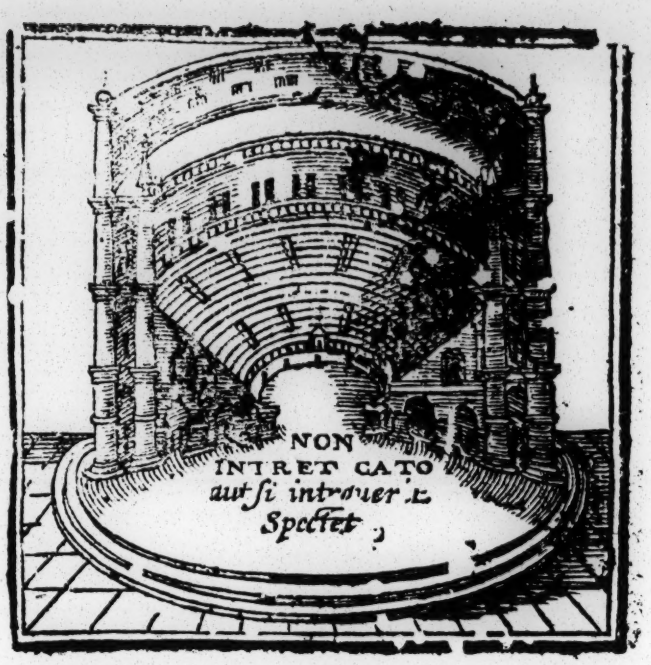
He waits with patience and is well content,
And deſires all Chriſtian people to repent,
For the bleſſed ſoul that intends to Heaven to go,
Muſt work with patience whether he will or no.

Tune is, Let patience work for me. This may be printed, R. L. S.

I Am a poor Pilgrim in this life,
And toſt with miſery;
There's nothing here but care & ſtrife
with the power ſort we ſee.
Let who will ſtrive for to be great,
it's all but Vanity,
To ſave our ſouls let's ſtrive for that,
and let Patience work for me.

In ſickneſs and in poverty,
patience is the beſt;
Let's keep the Lords Commandements
then our ſouls they will be bleſt.
And forgo all wicked ſinfulneſs,
which muſt us'd we ſee,
We muſt not think an evil thought,
and let patience &c.

Let's not diſpair in our good God,
what miſery we do abide,
But with patience take his bleſſed Rod,
then God will be our guide;
To bring us on in our Pilgrimage,
our bleſſed Saviour he
Did dye for us to ſave our ſouls,
and let patience &c.



The glory of this ſinful world
comes to nothing at the laſt,
We are uncertain of our life;
all is Vanity that is paſt;
Who wou'd be proud of this ſame world,
all is nothing we do ſee,
When in the Grave that we are hurl'd,
and let patience work for me.

What are we when the ſtroke of death
calls for our life away,
Its nothing but a puff of breath
that makes us here to ſtay;
Therefore we need to have a care
and do no wrong you ſee,
But keep Gods laws and love him dear
and let &c.

When he doth ring his alarm-bell,
and it ſoundeth in our ears,
Happy's that ſoul that lived well,
then well it ſhall appear
Before that bleſſed Judge of Heaven,
when Sentence there will be,
Come bleſſed ſoul, thou art forgiven,
thou art welcome unto me.

Then happy is that bleſſed ſoul
that lives in a penitent way;
And patient be in all our wants
in this life I do ſay;

When death he comes, he takes no bribe,
away from hence go we,
The bleſſed God be on our ſide,
and let patience work for me.

If we be cold or hungry,
and maintenance it be ſcarce,
The Lord he will our wants ſupply,
and will help us at the laſt;
We need not fear of any want,
our gracious God is free
To thoſe that love him to be ſure,
and let &c.

Now let us keep a watchful eye,
and prepare our ſouls for death,
Before that we do come to dye,
that death doth ſtop our breath:
That ſoul that dies that's unprepar'd,
is in great miſery;
God bleſs us all from the Devils ſnare
and let patience &c.

Lord give us grace both rich & poor
that we may be content,
For Patience is a goodly ſtore,
if we our ſins repent;
Gods ſervants cannot want be ſure,
tho poor and bare ſome be,
Our bleſſed Lord is ſufficient ſtore,
and let patience work for me.

Printed for *P. Brooksby at the* golden Ball in *Py-corner*. Where any Engliſh or Iriſh Chapman may be furniſhed with all ſorts of new Books & Ballads.

The Couragious Gallant;

OR,

CUPID Degraded.

True Lovers grief may find Relief,
Good Wine will cure the cauſe;
Then Fill the Glaſs, and let it paſs,
A Figg for CUPIDS Laws.

To the Tune of, Four-Pence-Half-Penny-Farthing.

This may be Printed, R. P.

AWay with Cupids idle Darts
what doth he mean I wonder,
He makes a ſtir with breaking hearts,
ſuch grief I'le ne'r lye under:
Fond Love is a folly, Boys we'l be Jolly,
with me it ſhan't be Killing,
Grand fools they are that counts her fair
which is not kind, and willing.

Some doating fools there is I know,
will cringe and bow to Beauty
And ſtand in fear of Cupids Bow,
as counting it their Duty:
Fond Love is a folly, Boys we'l be jolly,
to me it ſhan't be Killing,
Grand fools they are that counts her fair
which is not kind and willing.

Let me enjoy the charming Bowl
of Liquor when in Seaſon,
It quickens e'ry Noble Soul,
and Ripens all our Reaſon;
Fond Love is a folly, Boys we'l be jolly,
with me it ſhan't be Killing,
Grand fools they are that counts her fair
which is not kind and willing.

Now fill the Glaſſes to the brim,
for this will paint our Faces,
And drink a full Carrouſe to him
that ſlights all fond embraces:
Fond *Love* is a folly, Boys we'l be jolly,
to me it ſhan't be Killing,
Grand fools they are that counts her fair,
which is not kind and willing.

Fair Phillis once her Love did ſhow
to me, but once I loſt her,
I ſcorn'd the Tyrannizing Bow
of Cupid that Impoſtor:
Fond *Love* is a folly, Boys we'l be jolly,
with me it ſhan't be Killing,
Grand fools they are that counts her fair,
which is not kind and willing.

Since Cupid uſes ſubtile Charms,
I ſcornfully beheld him,
I'le hugg the Bottle in my arms
now may the D---- Geld him;
Fond *Love* is a folly, Boys we'l be jolly,
with me it ſhan't be Killing,
Grand fools they are that counts her fair,
which is not kind and willing.

Now drink about and never ſpare,
reſolving to be merry,
No Phillis in the World more fair
then Glaſſes of Canary:
Fond Love is a folly, Boys we'l be jolly,
to me it ſhan't be Killing,
Grand fools they are that counts her fair
which is not kind and willing.

Now he's an Aſs that ſeems to dote,
and waits a Womans Leiſure,
I'de have him learn to change his note
with us enjoy true pleaſure;
Fond *Love* is a folly, Boys we'l be jolly,
to me it ſhan't be Killing,
Grand fools they are that counts her fair,
which is not kind and willing.

We'l lay our hearts a ſoak in Sack,
it is a cure for Sadneſs,
This Liquor never let us lack,
ſince too much Love is Madneſs;
Fond Love is a folly, *Boys* we'l be jolly,
to me it ſhan't be Killing,
Grand fools they are that counts her fair
which is not kind and willing.

I know there's few but love to ſport,
of all degrees I vow man,
From jovial Gallants at the Court,
to Country Ralph the Plow-man:
For he'l be jolly, with Kate and Molly,
who take delight in billing,
Grand fools they are who count her fair,
which is not kind and willing.

Printed for L. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt-ſpur-ſtreet without Newgate.

The Counterfeit Court Lady:

OR,

An Anſwer to, *Your Humble Servant Madam.*

Diſcovering all her cunning Knacks and feats,
How wittily ſhe doth beſtow her Cheats:
By which ſhe doth much admiration gain,
And in a ſplendid Garb her ſelf maintain.

To the Tune of, *Your Humble ſervant Madam.*

I Am a Laſs
That doth ſurpaſs,
the beauties of the City;
And near the Court,
Where Blades reſort,
I'm counted wondrous witty:
I have an oyly Tongue,
And very well it's hung,
if that you will believe me;
Your flattering diſeaſe,
My humour cannot pleaſe,
for there's none that can deceive me
No vapouring Cheat,
Shall do the Feat,
with ſuch a Girl as I am;
I'le ſit and ſmile,
And him beguile,
and all his Oaths defie 'um:
He that will cog and lye,
Gains not my company,
when once his plot I faddam;
For I ſcorn that any man,
Should ever me trappan,
with your humble ſervant Madam.

The Second Part, To the ſame Tune.

AT my firſt Riſe,
I was ſo wiſe,
to gain a great mans favour;
And by my art,
I won his heart,
all by my briſk behaviour:
Where I had Gold at will,
My mind for to fulfil,
he willing was to grant it;
But though that he is gone,
And I am left alone,
I never fear to want it.

My Rich attire,
Made all admire,
and by what means I gain'd it;
I have a Knack,
To drink good Sack,
and bravely to maintain it:
With my Pearl about my neck,
And my Gallants at a beck,
I us'd to vein their Purſes;
Before they will not grant,
Whatever I do want,
they'l ſell both Coach and Horſes.

To train up Youth,
I ſpeak the truth,
upon my Reputation;
I do excell,
And do it well,
as any in the Nation:
If I may gain their gold,
I'le make them free and bold,
there's none that ſhall out-vie them,
For all the art of Love,
You ſhall of them approve,
when e're you pleaſe to try them.

Young Ladies they
Obſerve my way,
they think I am a neat one;
If I do glance,
Or Sing, or Dance,
I am a moſt compleat one.
Though my breeding was not great,
Yet I have learnt the feat,
for to delude a Sinner;
To ſit upon his Lap,
And catch him in a trap,
for I am no young beginner.

How happy he
Is thought to be,
that by his comely carriage,
Hath got the Art,
To win my heart,
and treat with me of Marriage:
When I ſeem to comply,
He knows no reaſon why,
but that he may believe me;
Thus I get Diamond Rings,
And many pritty things,
for none could e're deceive me.

Thus with my wit,
Great benefit,
and Riches I have gotten;
Which I in ſtore,
Keep for the Poor,
when I am dead and rotten:
He ſhall be paid full well,
That Rings my Paſſing-Bell,
and digs my Grave a fadam,
Then all that can be ſaid,
Here lies one Buried,
that was a Ranting Madam.

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*.

THE

Courtiers Health;

OR

The merry *BOYES* of the

TIMES

He that loves Sack, *doth nothing lack,*
If he but Loyal be,
He that denyes Bacchus *supplyes*
Shows meere Hypocriſie.

To a new Tune, *Come Boyes fill us a Bumper, Or My Lodging is on the Cold ground.*

Here ſhe ſtands and fills it out amain,

Says they let's have the 'tother Bout again.

COme boyes fill us a Bumper,
we'l make the Nation Roare,
She's grown ſick of a Rumper
that ſticks on the old ſcore.
For on Phanatricks rout 'um,
they thirſt for our blood,
We'l Taxes raiſe without 'um,
and drink for the Nations good.
Fill the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogſhead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen
a brimmer to the *KING.*

Round around, fill a freſh one,
let no man baulk his Wine,
We'l drink to the next in Succeſſion,
and keep it in the Right Line.
Eying us ten thouſand glaſſes,
the more we drink we're a dry,
We mind not the beautiful Laſſes
whoſe Conqueſt lyes all in the eye.
Charge the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogſhead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen
a brimmer to the *KING*

WE Boyes are truly Loyal,
for Charles we'l venture all,
We know his blood is Royal,
his Name shall never fall.
But those that seek his ruine
may chance to dye before him,
While we that sacks are woeing,
for ever will adore him;
Fill the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogshead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen
a Brimmer to the *KING*,

I hate those strange dissenters
that strives to hawk a glass,
Ye that at all Adventures
will see what comes to pass:
And let the Popish Faction
disturb us if they can,
They ne'r shall breed distraction
in a true hearted man.
Fill the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogshead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen
a Brimmer to the *KING*.

Let the Phanatticks grumble
to see things cross their grain,
We'l make them now more humble
or ease them of their pain:
They shall drink back again too
or else they shall be choak't,
We'l tell 'um 'tis in vain too
for us to be provok't.
Fill the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogshead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen
a Brimmer to the *KING*.

Ye that denyes the Brimmer
shall banish't be in this Isle,
And we will look more grimmer
till he begins to smile:
We'l drown'd him in Canary
and make him all our own,
And when his heart is merry
he'l drink to Charles in's Throne;
Fill the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogshead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen
a Brimmer to the *KING*.

Quakers and Annabaptist
we'l sink them in a glass,
Ye seals most plain and flattest
that sayes he loves a Lass:
Then tumble down Canary
and let your brains go sound,
For he that won't be merry
he can't at heart be sound;
Fill the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogshead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen
a Brimmer to the *KING*.

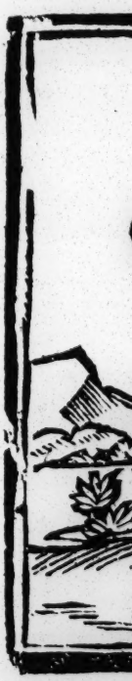
Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball* in *West-Smithfield*,

The Countrey FAR

OR, THE

Buxome VIRG

To a *New* Tune, called, **New-*Market***, or King *Ja*



There was a brisk Lass both Bonny and Brown,
That courted her Sweet heart, in our Town,
She laid by her work, her wheel, and Yarn,
To find out her love in the Farmers Barn,
Quoth she, if thou wilt be married,
We'l high to the Priest, then to bed,
My Virgin Treasure I'le give thee Ned,
That is to be plain my Maiden-head.
You know that my love is a Flame of Fire,
And burns when it cannot obtain desire,
My Beauty is now in it's bloom and prime,
And I cannot, nor wonnot delay the time;

I long for to taste of those tend
Those soft kisses, and wanton
That every Maid in her Wedd
When Lasses with Lovers get
A Garland of Flowers my love
And I'le give him a lock of my
At every Wake my love I'le trea
And I'le give him kind busses as
Thou shalt be my Buck and I'le b
And I'le Milk, and thou shalt mo
I'le Card, and I'le Spin, while y
And call upon Dobbin with Hey-

RMER:

GIN.

g *James's Figg*;

e tender joys,
nton Toys,
Wedding enjoys,
s get lusty Boys.
y love shall wear,
my coal-black-hair,
le treat,
es as Cream-Bowls
o i'le be thy Doe, (sweet;
alt mowe,
hile you Harrow and sowe
h Hey-ge-woe.

Quoth Ned, for your Love I take no care,
But busie my self with my Plow, and Mare,
Young Cupid I think is a lazy Loon,
and besides I intend for to marry Joan:
Quoth Nell, as for Joan she will never Wed,
She lies like an Eunuch in her dull Bed,
She's ugly, and Old, looks paler then Lead,
Not like a Brisk Lass of a Woman bred.

Young Colin upon Martilla's Cheeks
A thousand delightful pleasures seeks,
He kisses her oft by her own good-will,
And will scarcely once let her all night lye still:
Come touch but my lips, with those lips of thine,
They are all melting, and all divine,
Like Grapes that appear on the Springing Vine,
As plump, and as soft, and as sweet as thine.

My dearest quoth Ned, i'le but clout my shoone,
And we will be Married before 'tis noone:
I'le go to the Church and a Licence bring,
And buy thee a dainty fine Golden Ring:
I'le give thee to ride on my pacing Roan,
With the Grey Pillian I lent to Joan,
Ah! waies me poor Jugg, how will she make moan,
That Fate has design'd her to lye alone.

While Jugg feels the pains of Cupids Dart,
That wounds the breast of each Lovers heart,
She'l sit and she'l sigh upon the Plain,
And rehearse her disloyal Shepherds name,
While thee my dear Gill in my arms i'le hugg,
And hide thee in the soft Sheet and Rugg,
Poor Ioan shall look pale, that never lookt smugg,
Adieu to my gentle sweet Jugg-Jugg-Jugg.

Though Juggy be crusty what need I care,
For she may have Lovers enough to spare,
But now she is lately so sower grown,
She minds not the young-men that make their moan
Yet lusty for Life, and full of good will,
I was yesterday, so I am still,
Ale bring all my Gift to my true Lovers Will,
And hugg and make much of my Gill, Gill, Gill.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in Pye-corner

The ANSVVER to the Buxome VIRGI

O R,

The Farmer well-fitted, for ſlighting his firſt Love Honeſt

When Men can be ſo falſe as he,
And Waver with the Wind,
I do proteſt, I do not jeſt,
They're fitted in their kind.

To the Tune of, *The Countrey-Farmer*, Or, *The Buxome Virgin.*

The Country Farmer is now undone,
He knoweth not whether to go or run,
Now into a ſnare he is thus betray'd,
By marrying with Gillian the buxome maid:
As true as we are in this place,
Within the term of two months ſpace,
She made him a ſorrowful ſower-face,
That Neddy was in amoſt woeful caſe.

And juſt in the middle of all the night,
She put him into a moſt fearful fright,
Her pittiful groans and ſorrowful cryes,
Compell'd the Farmer at length to riſe:
Then ſlipping on his ſhooes and hoſe,
But carelesly putting on his cloaths,
Down Stairs in a hurry away he goes,
And called her mother, then ſtraight ſhe aroſe.

O what is the matter my ſon ſaid ſh
You call in a hurry ſo haſtily,
Nay marry quoth Ned, I do not kn
Your daughter hath fill'd my heart
With woful groans and diſmal cry
My ſences all ſhe did ſurpize,
So that at the length I was forc'd t
But what is the matter I cannot de

When ſhe had conſider'd of what he
She poſted away and no time delay
The Old woman was in a woful to
And trotting away to her Daughte
But coming there, ſhe knew full we
As I to you the truth may tell,
That Gillian had been too oft at the
And that was the cauſe of her fallin

IN.

oneſt Joan.

ſaid ſhe,

not know
heart with woe,
l crys,

oe'd to riſe,
ot deviſe.

hat he ſaid,
delay'd,
ful touze,
ughters houſe,
ull well,

at the Will,
ſallingill.

Thoſe Millers, quoth ſhe, are ſuch pomperd blades
Thus doing, they ruine poor harmleſs maids,
I think there is hardly one in ten,
That can be reputed right honeſt men:
There is Robin, Ralph, and lufty Will,
All brawny Blades of wanton skill
That never maid can go to the Mill,
But they will be killing and courting ſtill.

But why ſhould we tattle an talk of this,
She is not the firſt that hath done amiſs,
Go fetch the Midwife and call the Nurſe,
Come come my dear Son it is well it's no worſe:
The Farmer he Saddled bonny Rone,
And Rid full ſpeed five miles alone,
Then ſighing and ſobbing, and making moan,
He wiſhd he had never forſaken Joan.

But after the trouble was o're and paſt,
A Chopping brave Boy ſhe enjoy'd at laſt,
But Neddy at this his ſtomach it riſs,
To Father the Brat that was none of his:
Said they the Calf muſt with the Cow,
Both Law and reaſon doth allow,
Therefore my dear ſon be contented now,
In time he may come to drive the Plow.

This being conſider'd, he ſoon was kind,
Though he at the firſt was diſturb'd in mind,
Then putting an end to the whole diſpute,
He gave his ſweet Gillian a kind ſalute:
To Father it he will not fail,
O now appears a pleaſant gale,
When they with the Farmer did thus prevail,
They drank up full brimmers of Nappy Ale.

The Women and he they were all agree'd,
To Chriſten the bantling now with ſpeed,
Then ſtraight for the buſineſs they prepare,
The Names of the Gollips I will declare,
The one was Edwards Couzen Phill,
The other jolly bouncing Nell,
And Roger the Miller of Holeton-Dell,
So this being over, then all was well.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt-pur-Street.

The Country Laſs for me

Give me the bonny Country Laſs,
take you the Girls o'th City,
The Country Girls do them ſurpaſs,
though London *Girls are witty:*
The Country Girls in Honeſty,
do Citizens ſurpaſs,
Then once again I do proclaim,
none like the Country Laſs.

The Tune is, *Hey Boys up go we.*

COme Lovers all, both great and ſmall,
and liſten to my Ditty,
That often boaſt, nay cry and yall,
of the Beauties of the City:
Yet in my mind, all men may find,
as they the Country paſs,
That Maidens they, are brisk and gay,
beyond a *London* Laſs.

There's Joan and Margaret, wondrous fair,
and beautiful indeed,
No Citizen can them compare,
they do them all exceed;
For they are lively ſtirring Girls,
whoſe goodneſs doth ſurpaſs,
And now ſay I, none can come nigh,
the brisk young Country Laſs.

But let me not moſt carelelly,
forget poor loving Jenny,
If on her once you caſt your eye,
'tis ten to one ſhe'l win ye:
For ſhe is beautiful indeed,
and other Girls ſurpaſs,
Come all agree, and ſay with me,
none's like the Country Laſs.

There's pritty Betty amongſt the reſt,
whoſe Lips are like a Cherry,
Her vertues cannot be expreſt,
beſides ſhe's wondrous merry:
She has a lovely rouling eye,
he needs muſt be an Aſs,
That in this point will not comply,
and love the Country Laſs.

THeir Head-cloaths are as white as milk
and neatly they are dreſt,
Their skin as ſoft as any silk,
and Lilly-white the Breast:
But mind how prittily they trip,
and jet it o're the Grass,
You'l cry out then, like other men,
give me the Country Lass.

But go unto a Market Town,
brave Lasses you may see,
Though dressed in a home-spun Gown,
yet tite and neat they be:
And like good Huswifes they are dreſt,
yea, neatly by they pass,
And you may know where e're you go
the honest Country Lass.

Mind but the colour of their Cheeks,
they Roses do exceed,
While London Lasses like to Leeks,
look green and pale indeed:
But you may find them brisk and Kind,
when they sit on the Grass,
They'l kiss and play, up and away,
O bonny Country Lass.

Their Sweet-hearts they do keep in awe
with knitting of the Brow,
And bind them for to keep the Law,
which Cupid doth allow:
These bonny Girls are precious Pearls,
whose goodness doth surpass,
And far exceed, the London breed,
O brave young Country Lass.

The Country Lass betimes doth rise,
and in the ayr she goes,
When mighty Storms doth dim the skies,
in bitter Frosts and Snows:
Through Rain and Hail, with Milking-pail,
she merrily doth pass,
And thinks no harm, be it cold or warm,
brave down-right Country Lass.

Then boast no more, of your great store,
of bonny London Lasses,
Since you may find in every kind,
the Country girls surpasses:
And do indeed, your Comforts breed,
then he is a simple Ass,
His judgement's weak, who once dare speak,
against the Country Lass.

Printed for P. Brooksby, in West-smithfield.

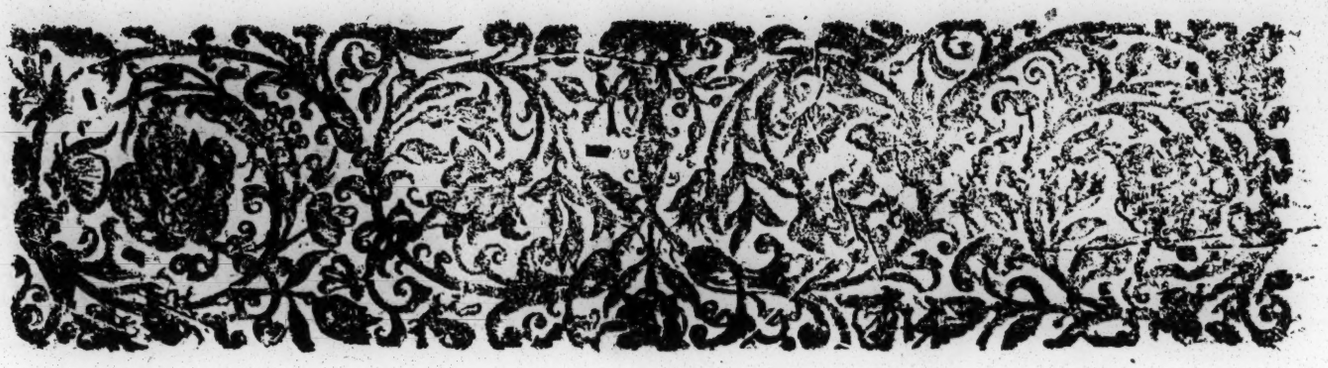
The COUNTRY
Lawyers Maid JOAN,

Containing her Languiſhing Lamentation for want of a Man, which at length ſhe met with, being her Maſters Man *Mark*.

Tune of *Turn Coat of the Times.* Licenſed according to Order.

YOu Batcheloys all attend,
And hear a poor Maidens Friend,
My Sorrows to you I ſend,
In order to let you know
My paſſionate grief and woe,
And what I do undergo:
In languiſhing ſort I lye,
Here ready to figh and dye,
The Grief I ſuſtain, for want of a Man,
There's no body knows but I.

There's my young Siſter Kate,
She's Marry'd I hear of late
Unto a young Sparkiſh Mate;
But I poor honeſt Joan,
Muſt languiſh and lye alone,
Not any regards my moan:
In ſorrowful ſort I cry,
Here ready with grief to dye,
What pain I endure for want of a Man,
There's no body knows but I.



I Think I have Beauty bright,
Young Batchelors to delight,
I wonder that they should slight
Such amorous Charms as mine,
And suffer me to repine,
My Life I shall soon resign:
For languishing here I lye,
Ready this Day to dye,
The Grief I sustain, for want of a Man,
There's no body knows but I.

I commonly do repair
To every Wake and Fair,
Drest up in my Powder'd hair,
My Beauty still to adorn,
And yet I am held in scorn,
Ah! would I had ne'r been born;
For languishing here I lye,
And ready this Day to dye,
The Grief I sustain, for want of a Man,
There's no body knows but I.

Young Robin the Millers Son,
When he had my Favour won,
He did to another run;
Thus hurry'd me to Despair,
As knowing the grief and care
Was greater than I could bear,
For languishing did I lye,
I'll tell ye dear Friends, for why?
The Grief I sustain, for want of a Man,
There's no body knows but I.

Were Husbands to be sold,
And I had as much bright Gold,
As ever my Lap could hold;
Nay, if I had ten times more,
I'd freely part with that store.
I tell you, dear Friends, before
I languishing thus would lye,
A Husband, in troth, I'd buy,
The Grief I sustain, for want of a Man,
There's no body knows but I.

A Husband I dearly lack,
Tho' he be a Collier black,
Or Pedlar with his Pack,
That travels the Nation wide;
'Tis all one to me, she cry'd,
I'd willingly be a Bride:
For languishing here I lye,
Nay ready this Day to dye,
The Grief I sustain, for want of a Man,
There's no body knows but I.

At length came lusty Mark,
A Country Lawyers Clark,
And tickl'd her in the dark;
He hit on the very Vein,
The place of her grief and pain,
And caus'd her to laugh amain:
And merrily did reply,
O this is the Death I'd dye,
What Grief I endur'd for want of a Man,
There's no body knew but I.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

The Country Lovers;

OR,

Wooing without Ceremony.

Being the Succeſsful Amours of

Roger and Margaret.

A moſt Delightful New SONG.

Hodge grieves to ſee his *Peggy* now grow Coy,
Whom he ſo long eſteem'd his only Joy;
But 'twas, it ſeems, a trick the Wench had got,
To try whether he lov'd or lov'd her not:
But finding that he did, ſhe thought it fit
To yield to him, (faith I commend her Wit.

To the Tune of, *Hail to the Mirtle Shades.*

REmember the ſtanding Corn,
remember the hay-cock where I
So oft to Peggy have ſworn,
that her I would never deny:
O there we eat Cheeſe-cakes & Cream
and many another fine thing,
And there poor Hodge did dream
he laſt to his Peggy did cling.

But waking it was not ſo,
for I was deceiv'd in my joy,
And Peggy did ſtill ſay no,
yea, and ſeemed wondy Coy;
That ſhe'd not give one Leer,
though a Poppy Garland I made,
For to Crown my lovely dear,
whilſt we did ſit under the Shade.

O Cupid what doſt thou mean,
unleſs thou intend'ſt for to kill,
A Lover quite and clean,
now force my Peggy to ſmile:
That like unto the gay Roſe,
(which upon yon Buſh does hang)
She may a Bluſh diſcloſe,
and with me merrily gang.

To ſee the Kids and Lambs,
friſk on the flowery plain,
And Blating to their Dams,
for want of the Teat complain:
To hear the Sky-Lark Sing,
and the Lapwing call her young,
O Peggy as fair as the Spring,
with Hodge wilt thou not gang?

Alas I am undone,
if that thou doſt ſay me nay,
Woe's me I e're begun,
if Peggy does turn away:
O come my Nut-brown Laſs,
and pitty thy Love-ſick Swain,
Who to tumble in the Graſs,
wou'd with thee now all ſo fain.

And help thee Milk thy Kine,
whilſt that he ſing thee a Song,
Sweet Bird if thou'it be mine,
i'le pleaſe thee all the night long:
And thou'ſt ſhall be my Queen,
whilſt Hodge he does conſtant prove
And dance with thee on the Green,
O then ſweet Peggy come love.

But freely thou may'ſt Kiſs,
and if thou'lt do ſomething more,
Do not neglect thy Bliſs,
but gang to yon ſhady Bower:
For I can't be unkind,
to Hodge whoſe fine treat of Cream
And Strawberries do ſo bind,
that Peggy muſt ever eſteem.

I've heard my Grannum ſay,
that Maidens ſhould baſhful be,
Once and again ſay nay,
before they to Wed agree:
And now my Grannums Will,
thy Peggy ſhe has obey'd,
She muſt her own fulfill,
which Hodge is thy Bride to be made

At this began Hodge to ſmile,
and Peggy Clip'd in his Arms,
Where ſweetly Kiſſing a while,
ſhe conquer'd ſo with her Charms,
That Hodge could not forbear,
but to the next Shade they went,
Where he down did lay her,
and gave her her hearts content.

FINIS.

PEGGY's Anſwer

to *Hodges* Complaint;

To the ſame Tune.

FOrgo your ſorrow Hodge,
let not my unkindneſs move,
I ſeemed Coy but to dodge,
and thy Conſtancy for to prove:
But now I find thee true,
thou ſhalt no longer complain,
Nor ſo mournfully Woo,
for Peggy don't thee diſdain.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-Ball, near the *Hoſpital-Gate*, in *Weſt-Smithfield*.

The Country-mans care in chooſing a Wife:

OR, *A young Batchelor hard to be pleaſed.*

A Wife he'l have, yet will be ſure to chuſe
One that he loves, the reſt he doth refuſe;
And many ſorts of Maids, he by hath paſt,
Being all unfit for him; until at laſt
Upon a Farmers Daughter he doth pitch,
That's a good Huswife, vertuous, neat, and rich.

Tune of, *I'le have one I love, &c.* Or, *The Yellow-hair'd Laddy.*

I Am a briſk Youngſter,
and fain would be Wed;
And have a good Wife
for to pleaſe me in Bed;
But I fear that in chuſing,
they ſhould me beguile:
Then i'le have one I love,
though I live the leſs while.

I'le not have a Girl that
is bred at the Court;
For fear ſhe be given
to wanton and ſport;
On every Gallant
ſhe's apt for to ſmile;
Then i'le have, &c.

A Citizens Daughter
I dare not to take:
The ſteps of her Mother
he'l never forſake:
She'l make me look out,
you may ſee them a mile:
Then i'le have, &c.

No maker of Buttons,
nor pet of Bone-lace;
Shall e're be my love,
though I dye on the place;
Although they do mince it,
and ſimper and ſmile;
Yet i'le have one I love,
though I live the leſs while.

My Hoſteſſes Daughter,
ſhe muſt be deny'd;
Becauſe that I fear
ſhe hath often bæn try'd;
Be ſure ſhe would fit me
at Hedge, or at Stile,
But i'le have one I love,
though I live the leſs while.

She that hath much Suitors,
and's loath to be won;
And many a Young-man
ſhe perhaps hath undone.
It is not her cunning
that ſhall me beguile:
For i'le have, &c.

A Wench that's imperious,
and ſtrives for to rule;
If that I ſhould take her,
you'd count me a Fool:
She wo' nake my Noddle
as ſore as a Bile;
But i'le have, &c.

And ſhe that is proud,
and hath nought to begin;
I would not for ſuch a one
give a Sleeves Pin;
As ſoon as a better,
my Bed ſhe'l defile;
Then i'le have, &c.

I'le not have a Cook-Maid,
for ſhe is too black;
And when ſhe doth ſweat,
her Smock ſticks to her Back;
She'l ſcold, and ſhe'l brawl,
you may hear her a mile:
But i'le have, &c.

The Lafs that is fair,
to be ſure ſhe is proud;
And ſhe that is little,
you know ſhe is loud;
Againſt a good Husband,
they'r apt to revile;
Then i'le have, &c.

But now for to tell you
the depth of my mind;
A Rich Farmers Daughter,
I have in the Wind;
For her I will Ride,
if it be forty mile;
And i'le have, &c.

'Tis ſhe is my Betty,
my Dear and delight;
Who hath my affection,
by day and by night:
To her I will go,
and i'le make her to ſmile;
For i'le have my own Love,
though I live the leſs while.

FINIS.

The Country-man's Delight:

Or, *The Happy VVooing.*

Being the Succeisful Love of

JOHN the SERVING-MAN,

In his Courting of

JOAN the DARY-MAID.

John's humble ſuit Joan *does long time withſtand,*
Till his known Wealth her favour does command;
Then muſtering all her Smiles, to him ſhe bends,
And to the Bargain ſtraight ſhe condeſcends:
Now no Objection can retard her Love,
If not of him, ſhe does his Wealth approve;
So Women for baſe Gold their Beauty ſell,
To whom ſo e're bids moſt, that Curſed ſpell,
Fix'd deep into their Souls, comands them ſtill,
And guides the Reins of their tempeſteous will.

To a New Play-Houſe Tune: Or,
Dolly and Molly.

John.

QUoth John to Joan wilt thou have me?
I prethee now wilt thou, i'le Marry with thee
My Cow, my Cow, my Houſe and Rents,
All my Lands and Tennements:
Say my *Joan*, ſay my *Ioan*, what wilt thou do?
I cannot, I cannot come every every day to wooe.

I have Corn and Hay in a Barn hard by,
And three fat Piggs penn'd up in a Stye;
I have a Mare and ſhe is Cole-black,
I ride on her Belly to ſave her Back,
Say my *Ioan*, ſay my *Ioan*, what wilt thou doe?
I can not, I cannot come every every day to wooe.

I have three Mark ty'd up in a Ragg,
I keep them there inſtead of a Bagg;
I have a Cheeſe upon the Shelf,
I'le cannot eat it awe my ſelf:
Say my *Ioan*, ſay my *Ioan*, what wilt thou doe?
I cannot, I cannot come every every day to wooe.

Joan.

Quoth Joan to John you muſt not come,
For your Maſter and Miſtris are both at home;
You are a Servant, and muſt obey,
Elſe they'l be angry and turn you away:
Say my *John*, ſay my *Iohn*, is this not true?
You muſt not, you muſt not come every every day to wooe.

John.

I love thee Joan with all my heart,
Come quickly conſent, and we never will part;
My Shirt, my Shirt, and eke my Band,
All I have is at thy Command:
Believe me *Joan*, believe me *Joan*, I tell thee true,
I cannot nown's, I cannot come every every day to wooe

Joan.

In troth my John, I cannot conſent,
To gain your Cow, your Shirt, and your Rent;
Yet ſmiling I think of your Love,
And wiſh oft I worthy cou'd prove:
VVith a Serving-man, with a Serving-man i'le not doe,
who cannot, who dare not come every every day to wooe.

John.

Nay my Joan, pray ſay not ſo,
E're i'le looſe thee, my Place i'le forgoe
Come Kiſs my Joy, and I will be
A Servant unto none but thee:
My Maſter, my Maſter i'le bid adieu,
I'le leave him, i'le leave him, every every day to wooe.

Joan.

Oh John, by no means, not for me,
I wou'd not your Maſter and you diſagree;
For I ſhall never have you 'tis plain,
You offer'd your Band, but all in vain:
Ceaſe you Clown, ceaſe you Clown, it will not doe,
tho' you come, tho' you come every every day to wooe.

John.

Then yet more my Joany I have,
Oh think not pray, thy Johnny a Slave;
I was Free born i'le make it appear,
My Father left me five Marks a Year:
Believe me *Joan*, believe me *Joan*, I tell you true,
I will come, I will come every every day to wooe.

Joan,

Come, come, it is no time for delay,
Hark Iohn, your Miſtris calls you away;
We muſt not ſo ſuddain agree,
For what will the Maids think all of me:
Say my *Iohn*, ſay my *Iohn*, is this not true? (to wooe,
You cannot by'th Maſs, you cannot come every every day

Iohn.

Fear not my Ioan, for by this Kiſs,
They cannot think on it amiſs;
Each on 'um wo'd, and wiſht the like,
And conquer'd by Love, they would ſoon ſtrike:
Say my *Ioan*, ſay my *Ioan*, is this not true?
I cannot, I cannot come every every day to wooe.

Ioan.

Well Iohn, you have Charm'd me I ſee,
My Love thou haſt won, I yield it to thee,
Though with ſoft ſighs it is exprest,
Yet Iohnny is lodged in my Breaſt:
Say my *Iohn*, ſay my *Iohn*, what muſt we doe?
You muſt come, you muſt come every every day to wooe

Iohn.

Oh ſpeak it again my dear Ioan,
Can it be ſo quickly that thou art my own;
I'le Hug thee, i'le Buſs thee, now for this,
Thou art my Joy and all my Bliſs:
Say my *Joan*, ſay my *Joan*, is this not true?
Now I'le come, now i'le come every every day to wooe.

Ioan.

Well, when is the time you Deſign,
That 'th Parſon in Wedlock may both of us joyn?

Iohn.

Ods-foot Joan, to morrow let's meet,
And then we'l do all things Compleat:
Say my *Ioan*, ſay my *Ioan*, does it pleaſe you?
then i'le come, then i'le come every every day to wooe.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball, near the Hoſpital-gate, in VVeſt-Smithfield.

The Country Mans Paradice.

See *George* and *Nell* that Love full well
say kissing is no Vice,
The Country and making Hay
He calls a PARADICE.

To the Tune of *Philander*.

NOw Sols bright shining beams
dryes up the Watery Flood,
Hay Harvest will draw near,
it is well understood.
Then I with Nell do know full well,
some youthful trick must play,
And lay her down upon the ground
as we are making Hay.

And when the Parching heat
doth force us to give o'er,
We to the Shades retreat,
and there we'l o'r and o'er

Repeat the favours we have shown
at several times at play,
Which to our selves were only known,
When we were making Hay.

When we are rested well.
we to our work again,
I keep close to my Nell,
my sight she'l not refrain:
When we to the Lands end do come
most prettily we play,
Her Waist I clip and kiss her Lip
as we are making Hay.

ANd at the Evening tide,
our days-work we do cock,
If we are not espied,
then I take up her smock:
And what doth after follow then
I am asham'd to say,.
But thus we do I tell to you
as we do make the Hay.

If she doth prove with Child,
as she perhaps may do,
She cries she's then beguil'd,
perswades me to be true:
Unknown to any of our Friends
we married are straitway,
And none doth know that it was so
when we were making Hay.

And thus we carry on
our Country jests and sport,
No dread we think upon,
we value not report;
Report hath long a Lyar been,
I have heard many say,
And now I long till we begin
again to make the Hay,

Our Life more pleasure yields,
and brings to us such sport,
More pleasure in the Fields
than in a Princes Court;

For all the day long from morn to night,
we merrily do play,
And thus our hearts we do delight,
as we are making Hay.

Before the Sun doth rise,
we Musick have at will,
The pretty Lark up flies
our pleasures to fulfill;
We with our Bag and Bottle too
do Feast us every day,
We hear no strife; this pleasant Life
we have in making Hay.

Who then doth not delight
to lead a Country life,
Our pains it doth requite,
each man injoys his wife.
Yea, hand in hand to labouring work
they go both night and day,
And sometimes they together play,
besides their making Hay.

No Citizen I say
can be from care more free,
Although they go more gay,
and finer drest then we.
Such pleasures they but seldom meet,
as we have every day,
That walk the Meadows brave and sweet,
and help to make the Hay.

Printed for J. *Wright*. J. *Clark*, *W. Thackery* and *T. Passenger*.

Courage Crowned with Conqueſt;

OR,

A brief Relation, how that Valiant Knight, and Heroick Champion Sir Eglamore, bravely fought with, and manfully ſlew, a terrible, huge great Monſtrous Dragon.

To a pleaſant new Tune.

SIr Eglamore that valiant Knight
with his fa, la, lanctre down dilie;
He fetcht his ſword and he went to fight;
with his fa la lanctre, &c.
As he went over hill and dale
All cloathed in his Coat of Male.
with his fa la lanctre, &c.

A huge great Dragon leapt out of his Den
with his fa la lanctre, &c
Which had killed the Lord knows how ma=
with his fa la lanctre, &c. (ny men
But when he ſaw Sir Eglamore
God lack had you ſeen how this Dragon did
with his fa la lanctre, &c. (roare

This Dragon he had a plaguy hide
with his fa la lanctre, &c.
Which could both ſword and ſpear abide
with his fa la lanctre, &c.
He could not enter with hacks and cuts
Which vext the Knight to the very hearts
with his fa la lanctre, &c. (blood and guts,

All the Trees in the Wood did ſhake
with his fa la lanctre, &c.
Stars did tremble, and men did quake,
with his fa la lanctre, &c.
But had you ſeen how the birds lay peeping
'Twould have made a mans heart to fall a
with his fa la lanctre, &c. (weeping

The ſecond Part, To the ſame Tune.

But it was too late to fear
with his fa la lanctre, &c.
For now it was come to fight Dog, fight
with his fa la lanctre, &c.
And as a yawning he did fall
He thruſt his Sword in hilt and all,
with his fa la lanctre, &c.

But now as the Knight in choler did burn
with his fa la lanctre, &c.
He owed the Dragon a ſhrewd good turn
with his fa la lanctre, &c.
In at his mouth his ſword he bent,
The hilt appeared at his fundament,
with his fa la lanctre, &c.

Then the Dragon like a coward began to fly
with his fa la lanctre, &c.
Unto his Den that was hard by
with his fa la lanctre, &c.
And there he laid him down and roar'd
The Knight was vexed for his Sword
with a fa la lanctre, &c.

The Sword that was a right good Blade,
with his fa la lanctre, &c.
As ever Turk or Spaniard made.
with his fa la lanctre, &c.
I for my part do forſake it
And he that will fetch it, let him take it
with his fa la lanctre, &c.

When all this was done, to the Ale-houſe he (went
with his fa la lanctre, &c.
And by and by his two pence he ſpent
with his fa la lanctre, &c. (Dragon
For he was ſo hot with tugging with the
That nothing would quench him but a whole (Flaggon.
with his fa la lanctre, &c.

Now God preſerve our King and Queen,
with his fa la lanctre, &c.
And eke in London may be ſeen,
with his fa la lanctre, &c.
As many Knights, and as many more,
And all ſo good as Sir Eglamore.
with his fa la, langtre down dilly.

London, Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*, 1672.

The Courteous CARMAN,

And the Amorous Maid.

OR,

The Carman's Whiſtle.

What here is Pen'd in this ſame pleaſant Story,
Doth only tend unto the *Carmans* Glory;
Who did relieve a Maiden in diſtreſs,
And brought her joy in midſt of heavineſs:
He was Couragious, and of mettle good,
As by this Story may be nnderſtood.

To a New Tune, called, *The Carmans Whiſtle*; or, *Lord Willoughby's Marsh*, &c.

AS I abroad was walking
by the breaking of the day,
Into a pleaſant Meadow,
a young-man took his way,
And looking round about him,
to mark what he could ſee,
At length he ſpy'd a fair maid
under a Mirtle Tree.

So comely was her countenance,
and ſmiling was her chear,
As though the Goddeſs Venus,
her ſelf ſhe had been there,
And many a ſmirking ſmile ſhe gave,
amongſt the Leaves ſo green,
Although ſhe was perceived,
ſhe thought ſhe was not ſeen.

At length ſhe chang'd her countenance,
and ſung a mournful ſong,
Lamenting her misfortune,
ſhe ſtaid a Maid ſo long:
There's many that be younger,
that long time have been wed,
Which makes me think that I ſhall die
and keep my Maiden-head.

Sure young-men are hard hearted,
and know not what they do,
Or elſe they want for Complements
fair Maidens for to woe:
Why ſhould young Virgins pine away
and loſe their cheifeſt prime,
And all for want of Sweet-hearts,
to chear us up in time.

THe young-man heard her Ditty
and could no longer ſtay,
But ſtraight unto this Damoſel
with ſpeed he did away:
He nimbly ſtept unto her
which made her for to ſtart,
But when he once embraced her,
he joy'd her very heart.

Sweet heart he ſaid unto her
why do you ſo complain,
If you'l be rul'd by me
I'le play you ſuch a ſtrain,
As uſes for to give content
when as true Lovers meets,
It is much like to that they call
the ſhaking of the ſheets.

Strike up quoth ſhe, and ſpare not
I prithee uſe thy skill,
For why I greatly care not
If I thy mind fulfil,
The Carman then moſt nimbly
unto this ſport did ſettle,
And pleaſed her moſt bravely
for he was full of mettle.

When he had plaid unto her
one merry note or two,
Then ſhe was ſo rejoyced
ſhe knew not what to do:
O God a mercy Carman,
thou art a lively Lad;
Thou haſt as rare a Whiſtle
as ever Carman had:

How if my Mother chide me
for ſtaying here ſo long,
What if ſhe doth I care not
for this ſhall be my ſong:
Pray mother be contented
break not my heart in twains
Although I have been ill a while
I ſhall be well again:

And thus this loving couple
did oft entimes imbrace,
And lovingly did prattle
all in that flowry place;
But now the time of parting
began for to draw near,
Whereas this Noble Carman
muſt leave his only dear,

He took his leave moſt kindly
and thus to her did ſay,
My deareſt I will meet thee
next time I come this way:
Away this bonny Carman went
a whiſtling of his Note,
And there he left this fair Maid
a brushing of her Coat.

Now fare thee well brave Carman
I wiſh thee well to fare,
For thou didſt uſe me kindly
as I can well declare:
Let other Maids ſay what they will
the truth of all is ſo,
The bonny Carmans Whiſtle
ſhall for my mony go.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, & T. Paſſinger.*

THE

Covetous-minded Parents,

OR,

The Languiſhing young Gentlewoman

Whoſe Friends would have her Marry an old Miſer for the ſake of his Gold, which ſhe utterly refuſed to do, reſolveing to be true to the firſt.

Tune is, Farwell my deareſt Dear. Licenſed according to Order.

I Am a Damoſel fair
of blooming Beauty;
Therefore I do declare
it is my Duty
My Parents to obey,
Father and Mother;
They'd have me Marry Gray,
I love another.

Gray hath Five Thouſand Pound,
in ready Money;
There Riches doth abound,
but yet my Honey
Whom I ſhall ſtill adore,
brings Love and Pleaſure,
The which I value more
than Gold and Treaſure.

Good God what ſhall I do,
whom ſhall I marry?
Father and Mother too
conſtantly weary
Their Child to entertain
this wretched Miſer;
For which they are to blame,
would they were wiſer.

What are thole baggs of Gold
without a Bleſſing?
My Dearest Love behold
he is poſſeſſing
My heart and all that's dear,
how can I leave him?
Heaven may prove ſevere
if I deceive him.

Before my Vow I'll break,
Death ſhall deſtroy me:
I will no other take,
he muſt enjoy me.
Though Friends continually
ſcorn and deride me;
With him I'll live and dye,
what e're betide me.

Though Gray hath Riches ſtore,
my Dear's above him;
Nay, had he ten times more,
I could not love him:
His Gold I count but droſs,
dregs of confuſion,
Which often proves a croſs
in the concluſion.

Gold, Pearl and Silver bright
I ne'r deſire
Give me my hearts delight,
whom I admire;
That Treaſure I'd enjoy,
my ſweeteſt jewel:
What grief will me deſtroy,
Parents are cruel.

Though tedious Nights I ſpend
in mournful weeping;
My heart, intire Friend,
thou haſt in keeping:
Bear up a cheerful mind,
let nothing grieve thee;
If I was not confin'd,
I'd never leave thee.

When my free liberty
once I recover;
I'll quickly be with thee
my loyal lover.
Though now with bitter moan,
grief does annoy me,
No man but thee alone
e're ſhall enjoy me.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

The Covetous Mother,

Or, The terrible Overthrow of

Two Loyal Lovers.

You that theſe woful tydings hear,
ſurely your hearts may bleed;
Tune of, *O ſure my wretched creature.*

Who can forbear to ſhed a tear,
when they theſe lines ſhall read?
This may be printed, R. P.

THere was a wealthy young Squire,
whom a fair Damoſel did love;
May, and it was ſo intire,
nothing his fancy could move:
She born of ordinary Parents.
which when his Friends this did know,
They ſtrove to ſet them at variance,
proving their ſad overthrow.

Son, ſaid his indulgent Mother,
pray you now liſten to me;
I have conſider'd another
ſuitable to your degree;
That you may riſe to promotion,
ſhe is both virtuous and fair,
Two thouſand pound to her Portion;
therefore your folly forbear.

Mother, thoſe Charms does inflame me
which in my Dear I behold;
Therefore I pray do not blame me,
True Love is better than Gold.
Might I have Wealth out of meaſure,
nothing my mind can remove;
I'le never marry for Treaſure,
give me the Creature I love.

I can maintain like a Lady
  she whom I much do adore;
Have I not Riches already?
  what need I covet for more?
If you give me not one penny,
  I have a hundred a Year:
Now if I marry with any,
  it shall be Nancy my Dear.

Son, if your Love be so rooted
  that from her you cannot part,
By me it shan't be disputed,
  take her then with all my heart.
But she in this was deceitful,
  as by this Ditty you'l find,
Never was action more hateful,
  Malice remain'd in her mind.

Straight she repair'd to this Creature.
  vowing to send her away;
Yet with a smile she did meet her,
  saying, dear Daughter this day
We will go buy your Attire,
  every thing i'le provide;
'Tis my unfeigned desire,
  that you shall be my Sons Bride

Thus was the matter contrived.
  just as his Mother would have;
Then to a Captain in private
  she sold her to be a Slave:

She from Old England did send her,
  fill'd with much sorrow and woe;
There was no Soul to defend her,
  but was compelled to go.

When her invention was over,
  then she return'd to her Son,
Freely to him to discover,
  presently what she had done:
When he heard what she had acted,
  his Rapier straight he pull'd forth.
Raving like one quite distracted,
  crying, you've ruin'd us both.

Then on the point of his Rapier
  he did immediately fall;
His Life did go out like a Taper,
  this was the ruine of all.
His Mother more than uncivil,
  was of a covetous mind:
Money the Root of all evil
  caus'd this confusion we find.

Now does his Mother with weeping
  weary out many a day;
While her dear Son he lies sleeping
  low in a cold Bed of Clay.
This is a sad Desolation,
  she whom he much did adore,
Now is sent far from the Nation,
  where she will ne'r see him more.

Printed for J. Deacon at the Angel in Guiltspur-street, without Newgate.

The Crafty BARBER of Debtford

You Debtford *Women all beware*
of this same Crafty Barber :
For when he gets between your Arms
There he takes up his harbour.

Tune of, *Daniel Cooper.*

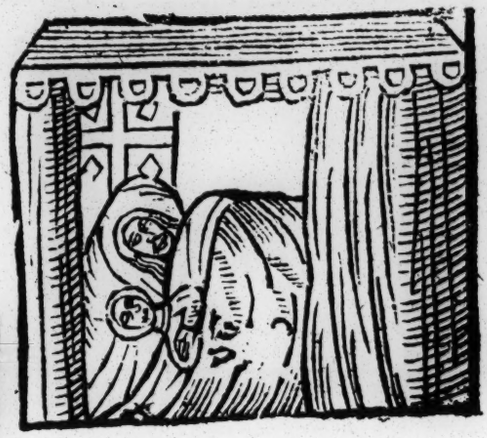
COme and hear my pleasant Song
all you that would be merry :
For unto you it doth belong
that are both brisk and airy :
A Barber liv'd in Debtford Town,
believe it is no Lye sir,
He loved well a bit o' th' brown,
and a Nurse to turn him dry, sir.

Another man liv'd in the Town,
and he did use to fiddle ;
The Barber lov'd his Wife also,
and pay'd her Tarradiddle.

But he (poor man) was gone to Sea,
and little did he think, sir,
That his poor wife would wanton be
and with the Barber drink, sir.

But on a time it happened so,
the Barber he did quarrel ;
For there is Virtue you do know
that lyes within the barrel
Will make an Old Man bear up brisk,
and overcomes the youth too,
This got into the Barber's crown,
and made him tell the truth too.

The Second Part, to the ſame Tune.



BEfore the Juſtice he was had,
who queſtion'd him ſeverely;
Which made the Barber almoſt mad
and he confeſſed clearly
That he drank in a bawdy-houſe
and that full well he knew ſir;
'Twas asked, How? and he confeſt
that there he lay with two ſir.

The Juſtice ask'd him who they were?
and ſtraitway he confeſſed,
A long-back'd Nurſe that lived there,
he plainly did expreſs it:
A very gentile Dame was ſhe,
and wore her clouded Stockings;
But ſome there are do think that ſhe
got ſuch fine things by knockings.

The Fidlers wife was fine and neat,
and decently attired;
And ſhe full well could do the feat
the Barber oft deſired:
He oft embrac'd her in his Arms,
and catch'd her by the thing too;
So that ſhe won him by her Charms,
and he touch'd the Fidler's ſtrings too.

He had an opportunity
I pray ſirs underſtand ye:
The Hoſteſs ſhe was ſitting by,
and tope'd her Noſe with brandy,
While he did pleaſe his Ladies fair
and trimm'd them both ſo neatly,
That ſhe did wiſh to have a ſhare,
he did it ſo compleatly.

Think it not ſtrange what now you hear,
for if you will believe it,
The Barber loves the ſport ſo dear,
I doubt he ne'r will leave it:
Still Robin Red-breaſt is content,
that little ſneaking fool too,
He accounts it all but merriment
to catch his Wife by th' Tool too.

And Maycrill-back ſhe is ſo fine,
there's few that can out-brave her,
And when ſhe drinks a Glaſs of Wine,
the Barber he doth ſhave her;
And up and down where e're he goes,
he mightily doth praiſe her;
A gentle hand he hath ſhe knows,
and well ſhe likes his Razor.

And now good people to conclude,
mythinks it is a pitty
The Barber ſhould theſe two delude
that are ſo neat and pretty.
Then women all pray have a care,
for Barber's minds are waving;
And now methinks he's had his ſhare,
he may leave off his ſhaving.

Printed for *John Clark* Junior, at the *Horſhoo* in *Weſt-Smithfield*.

THE

Crafty Lafs of the Weſt:

Or, A

Pleaſant Ditty of a modeſt Maid, who Mortgag'd her Maiden-Head for a High-Crown'd Hat.

Tune of Liggan-Water.

Licenſed according to Order.

HEre is a Jeſt I do protеſt,
Of a young Damſel in the Weſt,
Whoſe wit and beauty did excell
Moſt Maids that in thoſe parts did dwell.

Therefore my Friends I pray attend,
To this new Ditty which is penn'd;
Then if you do not own the ſame,
In troth you will be much to blame.

One Morning, Sirs, it happen'd ſo,
She to the Market Town would go,
With Purſe of Money great and ſmall,
To buy a High-Crown'd Hat withall.

No ſooner was this Lafs come there,
But ſhe did to a Shop repair,

Whereas her Charms did ſoon enſnare
The Batcheler that lived there.

Sweet Sir, ſaid ſhe, a Hat I do have,
And let it be as I ſhall crave,
One that is Rich, and light to wear,
He ſoon did fit her to a Hair.

Tell me the Price, ſhe then reply'd,
Said he, Ten Shillings I deny'd:
But I'll befriend thee, Love, he ſaid,
Becauſe thou art a handſome Maid.

Thou ſhalt enjoy it for a Crown,
If thou wilt let me lay thee down,
Upon a ſoft fine Feather-bed,
And there obtain thy Maiden-head.

The Damſel pauſing, ſtood a while,
At length ſhe anſwer'd with a Smile,
What Maiden-head, and Money too?
I'faith kind Sir, that will not do.

He ſtreightways beckn'd her aſide,
Saying, If ſhe would but abide
With him, till the next Morning light,
He'd give her this new Hat out-right.

She did no more diſputing ſtand,
But ſtruck the Bargain out of hand;
And having given the Youth content,
The Hat ſhe took, and home ſhe went.

Now as ſhe tripped on the way,
The Damſel to her ſelf did ſay,
I with a High-Crown'd Hat am ſped,
For a meer ſilly Maiden-head.

When to her Mother coming ſtreight,
This precious Bargain to relate;
Said ſhe, Dear Mother, as I'm true,
A Hat I have and Money too.

Why ſawcy Slut, her Mother ſaid,
How was the good Shop-keeper paid?
He had my Maiden-head, quoth ſhe,
Which has been long a Plague to me.

The Mother then began to raiſe,
And did her Daughter there reſtrain;
Likewiſe ſhe thrath'd her out of Doors,
Protesting ſhe'd ne'er own her more.

If this new Hat ſhe did not take,
And with all haſt a Journey make,
To give it him to whom ſhe'd lain,
And fetch her Maiden-head again.

Much haſt to Town this Damſel made,
And to the Hatter thus ſhe ſaid;
My Maiden-head you muſt reſtore,
Or elſe I'm ruin'd evermore.

Here take your Hat again ſhe ſaid,
For I muſt have my Maiden-head:
Come hither, and lye by my ſide,
I'll give it thee again, he cry'd.

Now as the youthfull Shop-keeper,
He was reſtoring that to her,
Thruſt it in further Sir, I pray,
For fear I loſe it by the way.

Said he, 'Tis well, thou need'ſt not fear:
Theſe words her drooping Heart did chear,
She made him Couch ſies to the Ground,
Becauſe ſhe had ſuch kindneſs found.

She to her Mother went with ſpeed,
And told her that he was indeed
An honeſt Man, for why, ſaid ſhe,
He never made a word with me.

But Houſewife, had he not been ſo,
It would have prov'd your overthrow;
But ſince he did it thus reſtore,
Be ſure you play the Fool no more.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

The Crafty Maid:

OR,

The young Man put to his Trumps.

He did begin to Wooe this Maid
But ſhe not believed one word he ſaid;
She put him off then, with a Jear,
And ſent him away with a Flea in's Ear.

To the Tune of *The Deſpairing Maid:* or, *Fye Love, fye.*

IN Moor-fields one Evening Tide,
A pretty couple there I eſpy'd,
A dainty young Man and a Laſs,
But you ſhall hear what came to paſs,
He ſtrait began to court this Maid,
And thought her heart for to betray:
But ſhe would not yield to his Deſire,
As by the Story you ſhall hear.

To Complement he did begin,
The Maid's Affection for to win,
With Speeches fair he did intreat,
And often ſaid his Heart would break.
Quoth he, I am my Father's Heir,
And have Threeſcore pound a year;
I will maintain you gallantly,
If thou wilt yield my Bride to be.

Therefore I pray you be not coy,
For thou ſhalt be my only Joy,
If thou denieſt thou wilt break my Heart;
For did'ſt thou feel the deadly ſmart
Which I ſuſtain both day and night
For thee, which art my Hearts delight;
Therefore my Deareſt pity me,
Or I ſhall dye for love of thee.

The Maid.

God Sir I thank you for your Love,
Of your Diſcourſe I don't approve;
For many now adays I ſee,
Do bring themſelves to Poverty,
By Marrying whilſt they are ſo young,
But I'll not do my ſelf ſuch wrong;
Therefore forbear, thy Suit's in vain,
I will not Marry I tell ye plain.

You say you have Threescore pound a year,
What if thou hast, I do not care,
I knew those that had three times more,
And spent it all upon a Whore,
And so may thou for ought I know,
For all you make so fair a Show,
Then be content, and do not prate,
For fear that I should break thy pate.

The young Man.

The young Man standing in a maze,
And on the Maid did strangely gaze,
At last he made her this Reply,
And unto her these words did say:
What ails thee for to be so cross?
In troth I like thee worse and worse,
Of all the Maids that e'er I see,
I never heard the like of thee.

Sweet-heart believe me, or else chuse,
I'd have thee know I am none of those,
That spend my means upon a Whore,
Or run upon the Ale-wives Score;
No I will better be advised,
It's good to be merry and wise;
For Friends I see are very scant,
If that a Man do's come to want.

Maid.

My Friend, quoth she, what you have said,
Is not half true, I am afraid;
I cannot think you're so precise,
One may see plainly by your Eyes;
Your Hair is of the Colour right,
To cozen Maids is your delight;
But thou shalt ne'er prove false to me,
Or I will ne'er prove true to thee;

Therefore forbear my Company,
And henceforth come not me a nigh,
For I am not resolved to Wed,
Nor yet to lose my Maiden-head:
A single Life is void of Care,
For married Wives must pinch and spare,
There Charge for to maintain I see,
Therefore a single Life for me.

The Man.

Saying thou provest so unkind,
I am resolved to change my mind;
A hundred pound I have in store,
And Threescore pound a year more,
If I can find an honest Girl,
I'll prize her more than Gold or Pearl,
And she shall live a Ladies Life,
After she's Maid my wedded Wife.

And so farewell, thou scornfull Dame,
In time thou mayest repent the same,
That thou to me didst prove untrue,
In time thou mayest have cause to rue;
Before that I will Marry thee,
I'll hang my self upon a Tree,
Rather I'll give my Wealth and Store,
To one that begs from door to door.

The Maid.

Farewell, be gone, thou sawcy Jack,
With thy Wealth and Money prithee pack,
My Portion is an hundred pound,
In Silver, and in good Gold so round,
Besides my Mother she doth cry,
I shall have all when she doth dye,
Then what need I care for thy Wealth?
Even as thou sayest, go hang thy self.

For I am resolved as I begun
To end, and so conclude my Song,
A single Life I hold it best,
And thereon still my mind is prest;
For Marriage brings Sorrow and Care,
So in it I'll not bear a share,
Since young Men are so fickle grown,
I am resolved to hold my own.

So Maids of you I'll take my leave,
Let no false young Men you deceive,
For many they are hard to trust,
Scarce one in twenty proveth just:
I for my own part will advise
All Maids henceforth for to be wise,
And have a care who you do wed,
For fear you bring a Knave to Bed.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* in *Pye-Corner*.

The Credulous Virgins com-

p'aint. O:, Lovers made Happy at laſt.

Being a Caution to the Female Sex.

Being a moſt pleaſant new Song in two parts, With the Youngmans kind Anſwer.

Cælia complains Virgins are oft too kind,
The which ſhe did by late experience find,
For yielding unto *Damon* ſhe does prove
That haſty pleaſures are the bain of Love ;
But in the Tempeſt of her wounding grief,
Damon comes in and yields her kind relief:
But vows renew, and at laſt both are wed,
Though he before had got her Maiden-head.

To the Tune of *Sawny will never be my Love again.*

COme hearken to me young Maidens all,
And hear what a Story I will tell,
The which to our Sex does often befall,
Though we in beauty and vertue excell.
Yet we are apt to be led aſtray,
When tempting young men with vows betray:
We do ſurrender on what they ſay,
So 'twas fondneſs that parted my Love and I.

When he began to ſwear he did love,
And gave me a kiſs on the under Lip,
Vowing he ever would faithful prove
Then in his Arms he did me clip.
And told me that I ſhould be his Bride,
So that him nothing I denyed,
But that Time chang'd when he had try'd
So 'twas fondneſs that parted my Love and I.

After my willing Armes I did fold,
To grasp him cloſe unto my breſt,
Unto marriage ſtill grew cold
And would not hear ought of it expreſs'd.
Though before he often did cry
Cælia for love of thee I die,
All things for thee I will defie.
But 'twas fondneſs &c.

For when as my blooming Roſe-buds he
Had gathered from the Stalk ſo fair,
Then he would not purchaſe the Tree,
But bid me all marriage thoughts forbear.
Of pleaſure when he'd had his fill,
To ſtay him my tears could not prevaile:
But had I been coy I'd had him ſtill.
For 'twas fondneſs that parted my Love and I.

When as I did urge his former vow,
He said I pleaded but all in vain,
If I'd by him be tempted now,
Others when married might do the same.
So he left me with shame and grief
For to bewaile my easie belief,
And hard hearted man would yield no relief,
For 'twas fondness that parted my Love and I.

Therefore young maidens warning take
And believe not men what they do say,
For they a thousand vows will break
Your easie Nature to betray.
And when they've done they'l leave to cares
Possessed with a thousand fears,
For will they at all regard your Tears.
For 'twas fondness that parted my Love and I.

The Youngmans Answer to the Maids Complaint.

COmplain now no more my Love, for I
Have heard at last and do pitty thee,
What I did it's true was for to try,
But since thou hast been so kind to me,
I repent of what I have done,
Nor shalt thou now be left alone,
Cease then my Dear come cease thy moan.
Such fondness shan't part my Love and I.

My vows to thee I do renew,
And promise for ever to be thine,
Henceforth to me be true but true,
And we in wedlock soon will joyn.
No Gold nor Silver shall e'r part
Nor all the Indias move my Heart
From my vows of Love to start.
No fondness &c.

What and if thou did yield to me,
Thy Chastity does still remain,
To marry each other we did agree,
Therefore my dearest do not complain,
For thy beauty is such a power
As might make Jove lay by his power,
And descend in a Golden shower.
Then no fondness &c.

Come now shake off thy Cloud of sorrow
And blush no more at what is done,
For we'l joyn hearts and hands to morrow,
Though Gold and Silver we have none,
Yet true love shall supply that scant,
And where that is they never want,
Therefore my dear cease thy complaint.
For thy fondness shan't part my Love and I.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the Golden Ball in *West-smithfield*.

Crums of Comfort

FOR THE

YOUNGEST SISTER

The youngeſt Siſter in deſpair,
At laſt did comfort find,
Which baniſht all her grief and care,
And eas'd her troubled mind,

A kind young man did promiſe her
That ſhe ſhould married be,
She anſwered him again, Kind Sir,
Thereto I'm wondrous free.

To a pleaſant new Weſt country Tune.

I have a good old Father at home,
an ancient man is he,
But he has a mind, that e're he dies,
That I ſhould marry'd be.

And ſince I heard of thy complaint,
methoughts I pitty'd thee,
To me thou ſeemeſt like a Saint,
And thou ſhalt marryed be.

The Roſes and the Lillies fair
cannot compare to thee,
Then mine own Dear do not deſpair,
for thou ſhalt married be

I have been curious in mine eye,
yet ne'r could any ſee,
That ſo much pleas'd my fantaſie,
And thou ſhalt married be.

All night between my loving Arms,
thou ſhalt have embraces free,
And ile ſecure thee from all harms
When thou ſhalt married be.

And wouldſt thou have a pretty Babe
ile quickly get it thee,
Thy credit and my own to ſave,
When we two married be.

A Thouſand joys ile promiſe more
and all the world ſhall ſee,
That none like thee I will adore,
And thou ſhalt married be.

What though thy Siſter is beſtow'd,
let not that trouble thee,
On her young men ſome years have blowd
Thou young ſhalt married be.

Thou haſt no wrinckles in thy face
and ſo i'm ſure has ſhe,
'Twill be an honour, no diſgrace,
That thou ſhouldſt married be.

And tell me now canſt thou deny
ſo kind a friend as me,
That ſaith thou ſhalt no Maiden die,
But thou ſhalt married be.

If I walk through the Univerſe
I can no faireer ſee,
But every where I will reherſe
That we will married be.

Ile Crown thee with the joys of love,
ſome Mortals ne'r did ſee,
And ſome ſhall wiſh that like above,
Like us to married be.

Can Hymen any joys provide,
my Dear for thee or me,
Out of his thoughts they cannot ſlide,
But thou ſhalt married be.

No, no, torment thy ſelf no more,
nor fear loves cruelty,
Thou art the girl that I adore,
And thou ſhalt married be.

Give me thy hand, take here my heart,
and be from ſorrow free,
I know the worth of thy deſert,
And thou ſhalt married be.

'Twill be one day a bleſſed time
and we from cares be free,
When thou art married in thy prime
That I may happy be.

Printed for P. *Brooksby* at the Golden in Ball West-Smithfield.

Cupids Conqueſt:

OR,

Will the Shepherd, and fair *Kate* of the *Green*;

both United together in Pure LOVE.

When Damſels Fair doth thus Enſnare,
And win their Lovers heart,
Thus with a Frown can run him down:
Then Cupid takes his Part.

To the Tune of, *As I went forth to take the Air:* Or, *My deareſt dear and I muſt part.*

This may be Printed, R. L. S.

NOw am I toſt on waves of Love,
here like a Ship that's under Sail,
No kind entreaties will not move
my Love to ſend one pleaſant Gale.

She is an Angel in mine Eye,
and Beauty flows in e'ry vein,
yet I lye wounded fatally,
and by the Dart of her Diſdain.

The luſtre of her Beauty bright,
hath kindled ſuch a ſecret flame
Within my breaſt, that day and night,
I needs muſt call upon her Name.

Fair Katee, Katee too unkind,
why am I Baniſht in Exile,
If thou will eaſe a grieved mind,
then ſend me here a gentle ſmile.

Was ſhe as kind as ſhe was Fair,
ſhe ſoon would ſend me ſome reliefe,
And eaſe my mind of grief and care,
and baniſh all the Clouds of grief.

But yet alas, it is in vain,
my Love ſhe evermore deſies,
Though I in ſorrow here complain,
yet ſhe reſolv'd to Tyranize.

Aſſiſt me Cupid with thy aid,
and let me not be overthrown,
Do thou her gentle heart invade,
when ſhe is ſilent all alone.

When her Enchanting eyes doth cloſe,
and all her ſenſes are at reſt,
When ſhe is in her Night repoſe,
then ſeize the Cloſet of her breaſt.

Then Cupid took his Dart in hand,
not fearing then to make her yield,
Ye did not long diſputing ſtand
e're he ſubdu'd and won the field.

When Katee found her heart betray'd,
and yet no creature could ſhe ſee,
She like a Penſive Lover ſaid,
what ſudden change is wrought in me.

Then many ſighs and teers ſhe ſpent,
it ſorrow for her Dearеſt dear,
Her yielding heart did then relent,
Sweet William O wou'd thou were here.

Sure pride did over-ſway my heart,
cauſing Ambition ſo to Reign,
But ſince I feel Loves fatal ſmart,
for ſweet William I do complain.

Now when it plainly did appear,
that ſhe in ſorrows did condole,
This joyful tydings to his ear,
revived then his fainting Soul.

The vail of grief and heavineſs,
no longer ſeemed to remain,
No tongue was able to expreſs
the joyes of her beloved Swain.

He then Embrac't her in his arms,
and joyfully they did compleat
The moſt indeared pleaſant charms,
with vows and tender kiſſes ſweet.

Thus many fair expreſſions paſt,
and Katee vowing thus did ſay,
As long as ever life doth laſt,
I'le be as conſtant as the day.

Printed for J. Deacon at the Angel in Guilt-Spur-Street, without Newgate.

CVPIDS COVRTESIE:

in the wooing of fair Sabina,

To a pleaſant new Tune.

AS on a day Sabina fell aſleep,
Into her bower it was my chance to creep,
I firſt ſpake ſoft,
I firſt ſpake ſoft,
I firſt ſpake ſoft,
then loud unto my dear,
Which fair Sabina heard
but would not hear.

When I perceiv'd ſhe did but wink and wake,
Unto my ſelf more courage did I take,
And thought it beſt,
And thought it beſt,
And thought it beſt,
and fitteſt time to woo,
The which Sabina knew
but would not know.

Then did I lay me by her on the grownd,
Whereas I firſt Sabina ſleeping found,
Then did I touch,
Then did I touch,
Then did I touch,
her pretty foot and heel,
The which Sabina felt,
but would not feel.

When I had firſt performd this trick of love,
A maiden-bluſh her eye-lids ſeem'd to move,
But yet ſhe ſlept,
But yet ſhe ſlept,
But yet ſhe ſlept,
with wakeful winking eye,
But ſtill Sabina lay,
but would not lye.

Then marks of beauty on her cheeks I ſpi'd,
With fair Vermilion bluſhes ſweetly dy'd,
Where Cupids lips,
Where Cupids lips,
Where Cupids lips,
a dainty Kiſs might crave,
Which fair Sabina had,
but would not have.

Thus when that I by beauties kind command,
Had felt the ſweeteſt moyſture of her hand,
With quaking fear,
With quaking fear,
With quaking fear,
I pul'd my hand away,
So was Sabina coy,
but ſaid not nay.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

Now fearing leſt my boldneſs ſhould offend,
God Cupid I deſired for my friend,
with golden Bow,
with golden Bow,
with golden Bow,
to ſhoot a ſhaft of love,
The which Sabina prov'd,
but could not prove.

For my hearts woe Sabina could not weep,
For ſhe preſum'd I thought her ſtill aſleep,
And ſo I did,
And ſo I did,
And ſo I did,
and will do while I live,
In that Sabina gave,
but would not give.

When I had practis'd every way but one,
Unto my deareſt dear I made my moan,
Sweet grant me love,
Sweet grant me love,
Sweet grant me love,
O now me love or never,
Which fair Sabina gave,
but was no giver.

A womans love which ſecretly doth hide it,
Will ſoon grow fickle if once ſhe be deny'd it,
Yet sheel ſay nay,
Yet sheel ſay nay,
Yet sheel ſay nay,
and ſo I muſt ſay too,
Thus was Sabina woo'd,
but would not woe.

Yet all this while I did my dear no wrong,
Though ſhe was dumb, yet had my love a tongue
To plead for love,
To plead for love,
To plead for love,
unto my faireſt fair,
For which Sabina card,
but would not care.

With kiſſes kindly from her I did part,
She to my love, and gave to me her heart,
which I will keep,
which I will keep,
which I will keep,
tide up in chains of gold,
For what Sabina had,
ſhe could not hold.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

Lord WILLOUGHBY:

Being a true Relation of a famous and bloody BATTEL *fought in* Flanders, *by the Noble and Valiant Lord* Willoughby, *with* 1500 Engliſh, *againſt* 40000 Spaniards, *where the* Engliſh *obtain'd a notable Victory, to the Glory and Renown of our Nation.* To the Tune of, *Lord* Willoughby, *&c.*

57

The fifteenth Day of July,
with glittering Spear and Shield,
A famous Fight in Flanders,
was fought then in the field:
The moſt couragious Officers,
was Engliſh Captains three;
But the braveſt Man in Battel
was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris,
a valiant Man was he;
The other Captain Turner,
that from field would never flee:
With fifteen hundred fighting Men,
alas, there was no more,
They fought with forty thouſand then
upon the bloody ſhore.

Stand to it noble Pikemen,
and look you round about.
And ſhoot you right you Bowmen,
and we will keep them out.
You Muſket and Cavalier Men,
do you prove true to me,
I'll be the foremoſt Man in fight,
ſays brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody Enemy
they fiercely did aſſail,
And fought it out moſt valiantly,
not doubting to prevail:
The wounded men on both ſides fell,
moſt pitiouſly to ſee,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
of brave Lord Willoughby.

For ſeven hours to all Mens view,
this Fight endured ſore,
Until our Men ſo feeble grew
that they could fight no more:
And then upon dead Horſes
full ſavourily they eat;
And drunk the Puddle-water,
as no better could they get.

When they had fed so freely,
they kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly
for the favour they had found:
And bearing up their Colours,
the fight they did renew,
And turning towards the Spaniards,
five thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel pointed Arrows,
and Bullets thick did flye.
Then did our valiant Souldiers
charge on most furiously:
Which made the Spaniards waver,
they thought it best to flee;
They fear'd the stout behaviour
of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then quoth the Spanish General,
Come let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoyled all,
if that we longer stay:
For yonder comes Lord Willoughby
with courage fierce and fell;
He will not give one inch of way
for all the Devils in Hell.

And then the fearful Enemy
was quickly put to flight,
Our Men pursu'd courageously,
and rout their Force quite:
But at the last they gave a shout,
which ecchoed through the Sky,
God and St. George for England,
the Conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England
with all the speed might be;
And told unto our gracious Queen
of this same Victory:
O this is brave, Lord Willoughby
my love hath ever won,
Of all the Lords of Honour
'tis he great deeds hath done.

For Souldiers that were maimed
and wounded in the fray,
The Queen allow'd a Pension
of eighteen-pence a day;
Besides all cost and charges
she quit and set them free;
And this she did all for the sake
of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then courage noble English Men,
and never be dismay'd,
If that we be but one to ten,
we will not be afraid,
To fight with forreign Enemies,
and set our Nation free;
And thus I end the bloody bout
of brave Lord Willoughby.

London: Printed for *A. M. W. O.* and *E. Thackery*, in *Duck-lane*.

Cupids Golden Dart, Or;

A dainty Sonnet here is to be ſold,
The like whereof was never ſung nor told:
Of a brave Girl that had a bag of Gold,
Which ſhe delivered into her Sweet-hearts hold.
And now they live together lovingly,
In joy, in peace, and true tranquility:
At firſt they ſeem'd to be at mortal ſtrife,
But in Concluſion were made Man and Wife.

Tune is, Down in an Arbour devouted to *Venus.*

WHen Aurora in Azus was bluſhing,
A nimph of Venus attending the train,
Then Noble Mars with his Pike fell to puſhing,
all was to ſtop, and turn her again.
That time bold Cupid with his Dart,
Pierc'd a young-man unto the heart:
Which made him ſigh, lament, and cry,
My love is gone, and I know not why.

My Love is beautiful, gallant and ſtately,
able to give a Man any content:
She that hath ſported with me very lately,
is parted from me, which makes me repent:
That ever ſuch a ſpotted name,
Should come unto ſo fair a Dame:
This makes me ſigh, &c.

I that have clipt her, and oftentimes kiſt her,
and kindly dandled her on my knee,
Though fickle Fortune frow, now I have miſt her
for I perceive ſhe is angry with me.
Elſe ſhould ſhe not in raſh deſpight,
Have rob'd me of my hearts delight,
She never bade me once good-boy,
But went her way, &c.

I never gave my Love any occaſion,
whereby to hold me ſo much in diſdain,
Nor can ſhe ſhew me any good reaſon,
why ſhe my company thus ſhould refrain:
Twas only hardneſs of her heart,
Which cauſed her ſo to depart,
Her unkind dealing makes me cry, &c.

Had I been reſolute, croſs grain'd, or froward,
as many Batchelors are in their ways,
Had I been a Prodigal, proud, or untoward,
as many Impudents are now adays:
Or had I choſen another Mate,
Then had ſhe had juſt cauſe to hate:
No ſuch ill qualities ever had I,
Yet ſhe is gone, I know not why.

SInce there's no remedy, farewel adieu love,
in vain it is any longer to ſtay, (love,
Thou haſt been falſe, but i'le ſeek out a true-
with all the poſt haſte and ſpeed that I may;
Becauſe thou waſt unkind to me,
I never again will look on thee:
The vow thou mad'ſt thou didſt deny,
And went'ſt away, I know not why.

The Maids Loving Reply.

PRethee Love, Turtle-dove, once again
do not ſo bid me adieu: (mind me,
Loyal and conſtant thou ever ſhalt find me,
and am reſolv'd to love no man but you:
Chear up thy ſpirits, and be not ſad,
I have that for thee, will make thee glad:
Do not refuſe my courteſie,
Ile love thee dearly till I dye.

(worthy,
Of all other Youngmen I think thee moſt
though I was abſent from thee for a ſpace,
yet hold up thy head; there's good mony bid for
if thou'rt willing my love to imbrace, (thee,
Here's for thee a Bag of Gold,
Take it and keep it faſt in hold:
So thou wilt wed me ſpeedily,
Then ſhall I love thee till I dye.

If I were worth a whole Ship-load of money,
I would beſtow that great ſubſtance on thee
And make thee maſter of it e're a penny,
if thou wilt caſt thy affection on me:
And more than that, i'le undertake,
All other creatures to forſake:
If thou the true-love knot wilt tye,
Ile love thee dearly till I dye.

Ile forſake father, and Ile forſake mother,
if thou'lt be pleaſed to make me thy bride,
Ile forſake Siſter, and Ile forſake Brother,
and all the Kindred that I have beſide,
The Proverb old allows it ſo,
That Love will creep, where't cannot go:
Let me enjoy thy company,
For I muſt love thee until I dye.

When ſhe theſe loving words had ſpoken,
he ſtept unto her and gave her a kiſs,
Saying, Receive this ſame as a love-token,
and i'le reward thee much better then this;
He took the Gold, and married the Maid,
The matter was not long delay'd:
And now they live moſt lovingly,
Together in Felicity.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*.

CUPIDS revenge

The Captive Lover once got free
Did triumph in his liberty,
But storming Cupids *mighty power,*
He did his freedom soon devour.

Tune, Now, now the Fight's do

NOw, now you blind boy I you clearly deny,
With your Arts & your Darts that you often let fly,
For my Heart is mine own, and so shall be sure,
Since your wounds (Lovers say) will admit of no cure;
But a fig for your Bow, I your tricks now despise,
And I mind not the charms of the Fair Ladies eyes.

Those Doaters I hate, who are won with a smile,
While the heart nothing means but such Fools to beguile
And when a hand kiss can such influence have,
Then the Lady she thinks Cupids power is brave;
Thus men e're they think on't are caught in a snare,
But of these idle follyes i'le still have a care.

But in time that is past I was subject to love,
And a smile from my dear like a heaven did prove,
While the pains of a frown to me known too well,
Did seem like the torments of bottomless Hell;
But since from those dangees i'me happy and free,
I think there's no man can be more bless'd than me.

When in Bed I lay for want of my de
My heart was oppressed with sorrow
Least another should lock my dear Lo
Whose eyes did appear like continual
But now I disdain what I once did ad
For my reason hath quenched the blink

And now in my freedom so happy I a
That I pitty the man that is touch'd
For whilest I was under his Fetters
I ne'r could be free from the worst o
But the more I did fawn she the mor
Till at last I did bid my fair Lady g

And at peace I was long till a great
Possessed my mind, which to me seer
And I fell in a great and a sudden
Which was worser by half than the
For twenty fair Ladies I courted bef
Ne'r made me so much for to cring

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uch'd with the flame,
etters and Chains
orst of all paines;
e more did me slight
Lady good-night.
a great sudden change
ne seemed strange,
dden Relaps,
n the twenty first Claps;
ted before
cringe and adore.

BUt see how the Boy did perplex me full sore,
For saying I would not his power adore,
Again I was catch't by the glance of an eye
And punish't, because I did Cupid defie:
So all in a moment my joyes they did fly,
And I doteing wretch left in Captivity.

My Fetters are stronger then I can endure,
And too late oh! too late I do wish for a cure,
'Tis but just with the Boy me thus to afflict,
Since his power and Laws I did once contradict:
And now become subject unto him again
Which adds to my sorrow, encreaseth my pain.

Then never despise nor contemn that great power
Who can in a moment your freedom devour,
And wrap you in Chains never more to be free,
But left in the confines of Captivity,
For now to my sorrow I find and do know
There is strength in his Quiver and power in his Bow.

Now had I ten Millions of Guinies to give,
I'de part with them all at my freedom to live,
But I find 'tis in vain such things for to wish,
Since his traps do appear like a Net to a Fish,
Who once being taken shall never get free,
And so I poor wretch find it will be with me.

Oh! Cupid forbear me for whilst I do live,
I will to thy power great attributes give,
And after this time will account them unwise,
Who are too fool hardy, and Cupid despise:
No mortal is able my paines to endure,
But either must dye or soon look for a cure.

And now 'tis too late I would feign thee implore,
Who once never thought thee again to adore,
But too soon I was caught, and too late I lament,
Disowning thy power, for which I Repent:
But in these dying words as I stretch forth my Arms,
I nothing acknowledge like Cupids strong charms.

Printed for F. Cole. T. Vere. J. Wright, J. Clark.
W. Thackery: T. Passenger.

59

The VIRGIN's COMPLAINT AGAINST Young MENS Unkindneſs.

Of young Mens falſhood ſhe doth much complain,
Reſolving never to love Man again:
Experience tells her Men love but for faſhion,
That makes her rail againſt them in ſuch paſſion.

To the Tune of, *Cupid's* Courteſie, *&c.*

I Am ſo deep in love,
I cannot hide it,
It breaks me of my reſt,
and of my quiet;
For when I ſee his face,
it ſo inflames me,
That I muſt love him ſtill,
though the would blame me.

O fye upon this love,
it will undo me,
I'll ne'er love man again,
ſhould the Gods woo me;
For if once I can
ſhake off this paſſion,
I'll ne'er love man again,
but only for faſhion.

There's no believe in man,
though they ſeem civil,
For when they ſit like ſaints,
they think moſt evil;
Therefore be rul'd by me,
never truſt no man,
But if you needs muſt love,
pray love a woman.

I wiſh blind Cupid had
been ſoundly ſleeping.
When like a crafty lad
he came ſo creeping,
To wound my tender heart,
and pierce my marrow,
I felt his fatal dart,
to my great ſorrow.

Never poor virgin was
in ſuch a taking,
I oft look't in my glaſs,
pleaſure forſaking;
My cheeks were pale and wan,
my lips did tremble,
Becauſe I lov'd a man
that did diſſemble.

O what a simple girle
I was for certain,
For to love Lord or Earl,
I will not hearken;
Not one in twenty score
but is deceitful,
Therefore I'll love no more,
men are deceitful.

It is their constant trade
to coy and flatter,
Or to delude a maid,
her fort to batter;
But if they prate and lye,
I'll not believe them,
Such love I'll never try,
altho' it grieve them.

They'll protest and pretend
much affection,
Until they make you bend
to love's subjection:
Of your hearts craftily
they will bereave you,
Till a new face they spy,
then they will leave you.

Their words are all but wind,
like winter-weather,
Unconstant and unkind,
lighter as a feather;

I tell you flat and plain
I'll not abide it,
To love a man again,
once having try'd it.

Blame me not though I be
something in passion,
For now I plainly see
it is the fashion;
For such false-hearted men
are grown so common,
That when I love again,
I'll love a woman.

Why should a woman dote
on such a bubble,
That's good for nothing but
to procure trouble?
Every day I will pray
for to live single,
That my affection may
with no man's mingle.

Ladies take my advice,
you have rare features,
Always be coy and nice
to such false creatures;
No man will constant prove,
no not my brother;
Then if you needs must love,
love one another.

Printed for *A. M. W. O.* and *T. Thackeray*, at the *Angel* in *Duck-lane*.

Cupid's Maſter-Piece:

OR,

Long Wiſht for Comes at Laſt: *Or,*

The happy Meeting of *William* and *Mary.*

A pretty Damſel of Sixteen 'tis ſaid,
Was Courted; but of Love ſhe was afraid:
She ſlights ſweet *William* (ſo ſhe call'd his Name)
He took her firſt Repulſe; then ſhe with ſhame,
Laments her ſcornful Folly: Now ſhe Loves,
And languiſhes with grief, till *Cupid* moves
Her *William* once again for to be kind;
Which ſoon he did perform: Now both are joyn'd
In Love's ſtrict Mutual Bands, and Marryed,
Let none, though once deny'd, in Love deſpair.

Tune of, Cælia's *my Foe.*

GOd Cupid's unkind
Since my Soul he confirm'd,
For to Love
one doth prove
So unconſtant in Mind:
He has wounded my heart
With an amorous Dart:
But my Dear
will not hear,
Though I tell him my ſmart.

Once 'twas he did ſmile,
Which my Heart did beguile;
But then
all young Men
I did ſcorne for a while:

But my Mind's alter'd now,
And by Cupid I vow,
I do wiſh
him to Kiſs,
If I could but tell how.

What a madneſs it is
To refuſe proffer'd Bliſs:
'Tis a grace
to Embrace,
When kind Love bids us Kiſs.
My Deſires are too late
And I curſe my hard Fate,
Who firſt did
me forbid,
For to make him my Mate

SWeet William was he
Who at first tempted me:
His Name
I can't blame,
Though so cruel he be:
But now I do fear,
My Complaints he won't hear,
Though I'm crying,
and dying,
Each Hour i'th' Year.

But if yet I could guess
Any Hopes of Redress,
I would pray
Night and Day,
For a better Success.
If my Love I make known,
And he should it disown,
Then with Grief
past Relief,
I were ever undone.

So sweet is his Voyce,
That it makes me rejoyce
For to hear;
him I fear,
Will not make me his Choice.
He's so proper and tall,
And so handsom withall,
That his sight
does delight,
And my Senses enthral.

When my Billy doth sing,
He doth make the Groves ring;
'Twould invite
to delight,
Each sensible thing:

Though my words are in vain,
Yet till Death I'le remain
His own,
though ns'r known
To be wed by my Swain.

Thus with Sighs he did End:
But kind Love was her Friend.
Now at last,
he made hast,
And his Bow he did bend:
He pierc'd William's Brest,
That he could take no rest;
And Love
did him move,
Which he quickly expressed.

To the Damsel he goes
Who did languish in woes,
And with Arms
full of Charms
He Embraces his Spouse.
He bid her take Heart:
For God Cupid by Art,
Did enjoyne me,
and confine me,
Never from you to part.

This made her Heart glad,
Which before was so sad:
They were Marry'd,
and ne'r tarry'd,
Such Desires they had.
Let none then despair,
Though tormented they are:
For be sure,
Love that's pure,
Love's Pleasures shall share.

FINIS.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

Cupids Tragedy:

EIBNG

Corydon's Courtſhip; Or, Thilomels Exaltation.

To the Tune of, *The new Bary*; Or, *Will you be a Man of Faſhion.*

PRitty Phillomel was ſo Charming,
ſo much ſweetneſs grac'd each part:
An her actions ſo allarming,
ſo much goodneſs in her heart:
That who ever ſaw this fair one,
needs her Votary muſt be:
She, ah! ſhe, is Natures dear one,
and I fear no leſs to me.

Every ſmile was ſo betraying,
in each look a Plot ſhe laid:
This I knew, yet was obeying,
though I ſaw each Ambuſcade.
And, to ſhew my forward duty,
needs muſt venture in her light,
Till her Centinels of Beauty
ſtruck me blind with too much light.

In this Tranſport, like a creature,
with too ſudden joy o'recome,
Gaz'd upon this lovely Creature,
till with extaſie ſtruck dumb:
Yet my poſture did diſcover
that I was her humble Slave,
And I found ſhe lik'd her Lover,
by a Signal that ſhe gave.

When I saw my Pardon granted
streight I did approach her han
Kist and sigh'd, and sigh'd and panted,
all my sences were at stand:
Then she laught, and plainly told me
I more manly would appear:
And carress a Nymph more boldly,
if that Phillis were but there.

But if Corydon will leave her,
Phillis need not to despair,
Young Alexis will receive her,
and your Choice will be less fair.
Search the Groves and every Bower,
set the Nymphs all on a row:
Phillis is of all the Flower,
and does bend the sharpest Bow.

Ah, said I, divinest Creature,
that the Powers above e're made:
Do not wrong the Gods and Nature,
but repent of what you've said:
Phillis does not think so vainly,
for to give the Maid her due:
Oft she's said the Gods that made you,
does admire themselves in you.

Coridon, quoth she, your praises,
if you love do not displease:
But I know a Shepherds phrases
can dissemble a Disease:
If my Beauty has the power
to attract to have a Swain:
Walk with me to yonder Bower,
I will gratifie your aim.

Strephon all this while lay panting
in a Cave, where he could hear
Her too easie heart consenting,
what he begg'd for many a year.
Out he rusht from forth the Thicket,
with his Javelin he run
In poor Coridon did strike it,
dye, said he, thou happy Man.

When poor philomel saw him bleeding,
streight along upon the ground:
From her eyes the tears succeeding,
with which she washt the bloody wound.
Wrung her hands, and tore her hair,
sigh'd that ever she was born:
Coridon, quoth she, my Dear,
do not leave me thus forlorn.

Thus poor philomel in distraction
call'd on her lov'd Coridon:
Pray'd the Gods for satisfaction,
thorough her heart a Poniard run.
Thus, said she, the Gods deliver
those that in true love do joyn:
Thine, dear Coridon, thine for ever,
thou in life and death art mine.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-ball, in West-smithfield.

A dainty new Dialogue between HENRY and ELIZABE

Being the good Wives Vindication, and the bad Husbands Reformation.
This new compoſed gallant Ditty, is to be ſung in Town and City.

This Ballad is both compriz'd and penn'd
To teach bad Husbands how their lives to mend:
All you good Wives, the which bad Husbands have,
For your own good, let me this favour crave,
One Penny on this Ditty to beſtow,
And carry it to your Husbands for to ſhov
It may in time make you twice over glad,
When as you ſee him good that was ſo ba

The Tune is, *The Tyrant.*

Beſs.

COme hither ſweet Husband
and liſten to me,
Thou know'ſt I have alwayes
been faithful to thée;
A noble minde to thée,
I ever did carry,
Since firſt I came acquainted
with my loving Harry:
Moreover thou know'ſt,
I lov'd of my life,
To keep thée alive,
ſince thou mad'ſt me thy Wife.

Harry.

Me thinks Beſs your tongue runs
a little too large,
That you ſhould lay ſuch
bitter things to my charge;
As to ſay that my life,
you did preſerve and ſave,
Or elſe I had been dead,
and ſo laid in my grave:
Pray tell me the reaſon,
why you did ſay ſo,
That people may hear it,
before we do go.

Beſs.

Then in the firſt place,
I will tell thée my mind;
To me and my Children,
thou haſt been unkind:
And what ſhould have ſerv'd us
at home to maintain,
Thou haſt in the Alehouſe
waſted in vain:
Amongſt merry fellows,
and ſuch as thou art,
Whileſt I ſat at home
with a ſorrowful heart.

Harry.

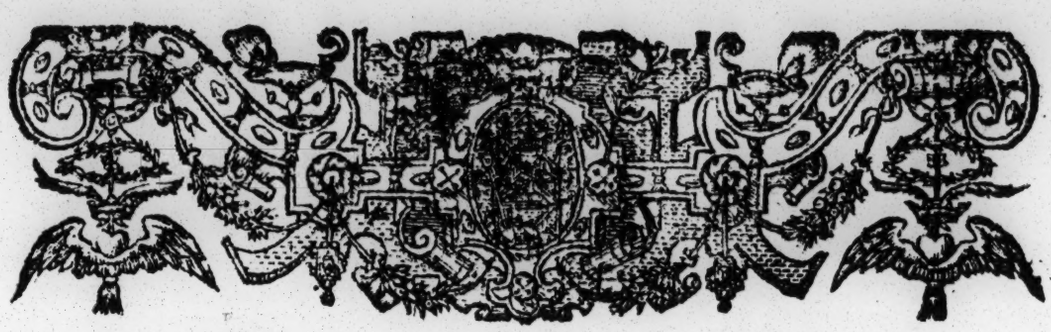
Why, this of a truth Beſs
is far and near known,
I never ſpent any mans
Goods, but mine own;
Nor are they alive,
that of me can ſay,
That I have took from them
one penny away:
I never did ſtranger,
nor neighbour no wrong,
With thought of my heart,
or with word of my tongue.

Beſs.

In ſpending thy own Go
thou alſo ſpend'ſt mine,
Which has done much h
to thee and mine;
Thou haſt pawn'd our be
when thou money diſd
The Cloak from thy ſho
and the Gown from my
Thou haſt ſpent all thy
thou get'ſt, in exceſs,
In Dicing and Drabbing
and foul Drunkenneſs.

Harry.

Indeed it is true, I have
ſometimes been drun
Amongſt honeſt good fe
but I never lov'd Pu
Though my credit be cr
and my Garments be
It came not with ſpendi
my means on a Wh
Therefore ſpeak the be
and the worſt that yo
I have been, and will b
a true honeſt man.



Bess.

When as in the Counter
for Debt thou didst lye,
Thy friends all forsook thee,
save onely I;
Thou know'st I took pains,
and did every day strive,
To comfort my Harry,
and keep him alive:
And now let the world judge
between you and me,
If I was not faithful
and honest to thee.

Harry.

Why now loving Wife,
I am forc'd to confess,
When I was in prison,
in woe and distress;
Thou didst work to maintain me
like a true hearted Wife,
Thou wrought'st my redemption
and so sav'd my life:
And now demand of me
what ever thou will,
I'le do my endeavour,
thy mind to fulfill.

Bess.

Then thus I would have thee,
where ever you be,
Remember your Children,
and think upon me;
Look well to thy business,
take heed what you spend,
And have a care how you
do borrow or lend:
At no time be idle,
but follow thy labour,
And so thou shalt see,
God will bless thy endeavour.

Harry.

Thy counsel is good wife,
a course I will take,
All kind of good fellowship
quite to forsake;
If I by chance pep in
at the Alehouse door,
When I have spent two pence,
I will spend no more:
I know this, that alewives
like Bees will suck honey,
But they shall henceforth have
but little of my money.

Bess.

Keep promise sweet Harry,
and see to thy self,
When poor men spend all,
alewives get the more wealth:
But if all good fellows,
will be ruled by me,
Some alewives should not go
so fine as they be:
They should work for their liv-
ings,
as other folks do,
Both knit, sowe, and spin,
and do other things too.

Harry.

Indeed some proud Hostesses
wears Gay gold Rings,
Their Gowns lac'd with silver,
and other rare things;
Whilst honest pain-takers
do travel about,
With the knees of their breeches
and elbows worn out:
But to conclude, Betty,
to make thee amends.
Ile be a good Husband,
let's kiss and be friends.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

The DAMOSELS Trag

OR, True Love in Diſtreſs

Being an account of a young Man, who Slightin

Maiden who had fix'd her love upon him, did thereby cauſe her to
Diſpair by a dreadful Doſe of **Poyſon.**

To the Tune of, *Charon*, &c.

This may be ſ

YOu Loyal Lovers attend to my Ditty,
which with a ſorrowful heart I raiſe,
'Tis of a Damſel, the more is the pitty,
who with ſtrong Poyſon did end her dayes:
Fair Elinor this Laſs was named,
John the cauſe of all her Woe,
Sighing ſhe ſaid, tho' I here may be blamed,
No body knows what I undergo!

In my ſoft Breaſt is a ſecret Fire,
which by the power of Love increas'd,
Nothing but Death is my earneſt deſire,
hoping there by I ſhall be releaſt:

For I have loſt my deareſt Je
this to my Griefe, alas! I k
My deareſt Johnny, O why no
you little think what I underg

Here do I languiſh by you unk
now my poor innocent heart
How can you any way here be
when you have ruin'd a har
To me you have been moſt falſ
proving my final overthrow,
Since from my preſence you h
No body knows what I underg

agedy:
els.

ting a young
to end her days in

be Printed, R. P.

eft Jewel,
! I know,
hy now so Cruel!
undergo.

ou unlamented,
t heart's betray'd,
ere be contented,
a harmless Maid?
oft fair hearted,
th now,
you have departed,
undergo!

Every Vein in my heart now does tingle,
while I in sorrow am left alone,
Many sad Sighs with my Tears I mingle,
while to the world here I make my moan:
O that I might but once behold him,
then would it Expiate my Woe,
But in my arms I shall never infold him,
No body knows what I undergo!

Down from her eyes the tears flow'd like a fountain
being surrounded with Care and Grief,
and tho' her sorrows she still was recanting,
there was no Creature to yield Relief:
Many a bitter Sigh she giving,
while her poor heart was sunk full low,
Said she, I here am a weary of Living,
No body knows what I undergo.

In her strange Fancy ran many a Notion,
before the passion of Love was past,
At length it was to prepare a sad Potion,
the which bereav'd her of Life at last:
Then as in Torments she lay Dying,
being oppress with Grief and Woe,
Wringing her hands like a Lover, and crying,
No body knows what I undergo.

Farewel, farewel, to my dearest for ever,
I must submit to the hand of Fate,
If that you here would afford me your pitty,
now you would find it is far too late:
Then with those words she did Expire,
saying, to Dye I am afraid,
All her Relations and Friends that was nigh her,
wept for to hear the sad moan she made.

Here have I given a perfect Relation,
of a young Damsel that Dy'd you hear,
Through her false Lovers Dissimulation,
who can forbear now to shed a Tear?
True Love abused it is such a Tryal,
that there is few thorow it can Wade,
Therefore O young-men, now learn to be Loyal,
think of the Sorrowful End she made.

FINIS.

Printed for *J. Back*, at the *Black Boy* on *London-Bridge*, near the *Draw-Bridge*.

Darby-ſhires Glory.

To the Tune of, *I am a Jovial Batchellor.*

OLd England many Countries hath
of Fame and great Renown;
But Darbyſhire for Wool and Lead
all others doth put down:
For Young-men neat,
And Maids compleat,
All thoſe that have been there,
Will boldly ſwear,
None can compare
With famous *Darbyſhere.*

In Yorkſhire it is reported,
there is ſtore of Bread and Beef;
And Cheſhire, as I hear them ſay,
for Men it is the Cheef:
There's Lancaſhire aboundeth
for Fair Women, they ſay;
But Darbyſhire for Wool and Lead,
doth bear the Bell away.

Their Sheep they feed in Paſtures good,
upon the pleaſant Plain:
There is great ſtore of Coals and Wood,
beſides all ſorts of Grain.
And Cloaths moſt brave:
Likewiſe they have,
That is both freſh and fair:
Which makes, &c.

In other Countries I have heard tell
of the Fame of Darby Man't;
For let them make the beſt they can,
they of it come far ſhort.
It bears the Bell,
As I have heard tell,
Of all both far and near;
Which makes me ſwear,
None can compare
With famous *Darby-ſhire.*

And then ſuch Drink of this ſame Mault
the Brewers they do make,
Will make an old Woman's Tongue to talk,
and a Cat almoſt to ſpeak:
It will do them good,
And warm their Blood,
That drinks but of this Beer;
Which makes me ſwear,
None can compare
With famous *Darby-ſhire*.

The Groters they do work full hard
within the Stony Ground,
(Although with Stones they're debarr'd)
till they their Ore have found:
Then with their Prize away they hye
to take a Glaſs of Beer:
Which makes, &c.

In Darby, which is the County Town,
there is a Caſtle ſtrong;
Which many an arrant Rogue hath known,
that hath done his Neighbours wrong.
And the County Sheriff doth ride in State,
with Trumpets ſounding clear:
Which makes, &c.

There is Heaſeild Hope, and Tidſwal,
(as I have heard many tell)
For Fairs and merry Meetings,
all others doth excell.
The Young-men and Maids,
With their Comrades,
Will Dance and Sing moſt rare:
Which makes, &c.

Their is great Hunting every year,
not far from Tidſwall Town,
To which brave Gentlemen repair,
and Men of high Renown:
To the Woods they're bound,
With Horſe and Hound,
To chaſe the nimble Hare:
Which makes, &c.

There is the Chappel of Frith likewiſe,
it I muſt not forget
There is proper young-Me: comes to Town,
and Maidens very neat:
Then at the Thorn,
They'le not think ſcorn,
To take a Cup of Beer:
Which makes, &c.

The Wonders of the World I think,
at Buxtons may be found;
While a white pound of Candles burn,
one may walk under the Ground.
Then there is Well,
(As I have heard tell)
For Vertues very rare:
Which makes, &c,

There is Fiſhing, and there is Fowling,
likewiſe at Backwall Town;
There is Hunting, and there is Bowling
both up the Hills and down.
All Recreations lawful and civil,
they uſe there;
Which makes, &c.

And now my Song for to conclude,
I here do make an End;
Sure every one that is not rude,
will take me for his Friend:
Then buy then all, both Great and Small,
the Purchaſe is not dear,
When for one Penny you may have
The Fame of Darby-ſhere.

FINIS.

London Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Paſſenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

THE

Deceiver deceived:

Or, The Virgins Revenge.

Thoſe that in Loves wide Grove delight to range,
And pleaſe themſelves with pretty charming change,
Delight to triumph o're the ſofteſt ſpoiles
Of yielding Beauty, ſeldome ſcape the toiles,
For Love to take them has a thouſand wiles.

Tune of, *Ah cruel bloody fate!* *This may be printed,* R. LS.

Man.

Ah cruel Maid give ore
to puniſh him with ſcorn
Who has for you inclose
a flame as bright as morn.
Come dear be kind the Powr's of Love
their Virtues miſimploy'd
To make with ſuch care, a Creature ſo (fair
if not to be enjoy'd.

Maid.

Tell me no more; in vain
will all your Courtſhip prove
I ſmile to hear you feign
a falſe pretended love:
What Cabe is free from broken vows
to yielding Virgins made
whom you let languiſh in their anguiſh
when to Love betray'd.

Man.

It's true ſome gentle hours
I triſl'd in their arms
Yet no ſweet face but yours
cou'd make me own its Charms
The feeble Beauties they diſplaid
each moment ſeem'd to waſt
But your's my delight, is ſo dazling bright
it muſt for ever laſt;

Maid.

So flatter'd your ſmooth Tongue
ſo were your looks addreſt
Such ſmiles about you hung
ſuch liking you expreſt;
To thoſe whoſe ſenceleſs hearts you gaind
thoſe now that mourn their fate
In being undone, by truſting too ſoon
though ſighs are breath'd too late.

Man.

Thats their own fault, in haſt
to entertain a flame,
Which in their cheeks cou'd blaſt
Th' Lillies and Roſe's ſtain:
Diſarm them of thoſe killing beams
which in your eyes appear (whoſe light
Thoſe eyes which are bright, thoſe eyes by
my courſe, love bids me ſteer.

Maid.

In vain you try my heart
no Conqueſt there you'l gain,
Too feeble is your art
to make me ſuffer pain,
You ſeek a triumph there in vain
no Trophy you ſhall boaſt
But in what ſo fain you wou'd now obtain
you ſhall be ever croſt.

Man.

Such cruelty can't live
within ſo fair a breaſt
A milder ſentence give
to me with love oppreſt,
Do to a flame that burns like mine
ſome ſpeedy Cordial ply
Or he that till now, Love never made bow
for love of you muſt dye.

Maid.

No more of love to me
though you in earneſt were
As deaf as Seas I'de be,
for love i'de give deſpair
Revenge the wrongs the ſofter ſex
ſuſtain by your falſe wiles
Revenge falſe man, the Nymph that's un-
by your deluding ſmiles. (done

Man.

Juſt is your doom bright maid
juſt the diſdain you ſhow
With ſcorn for ſcorn i'm paid
the pow'rs thus let me know.
What 'tis to ſigh and pine for love
ſince I unmoved cou'd ſee
Beauties with tears & their tender fears
blind Virgins ſigh for me.

FINIS.

Printed for *J. Clark, W. Thackery* and *T. Paſſinger*.

The Delights of the Bot

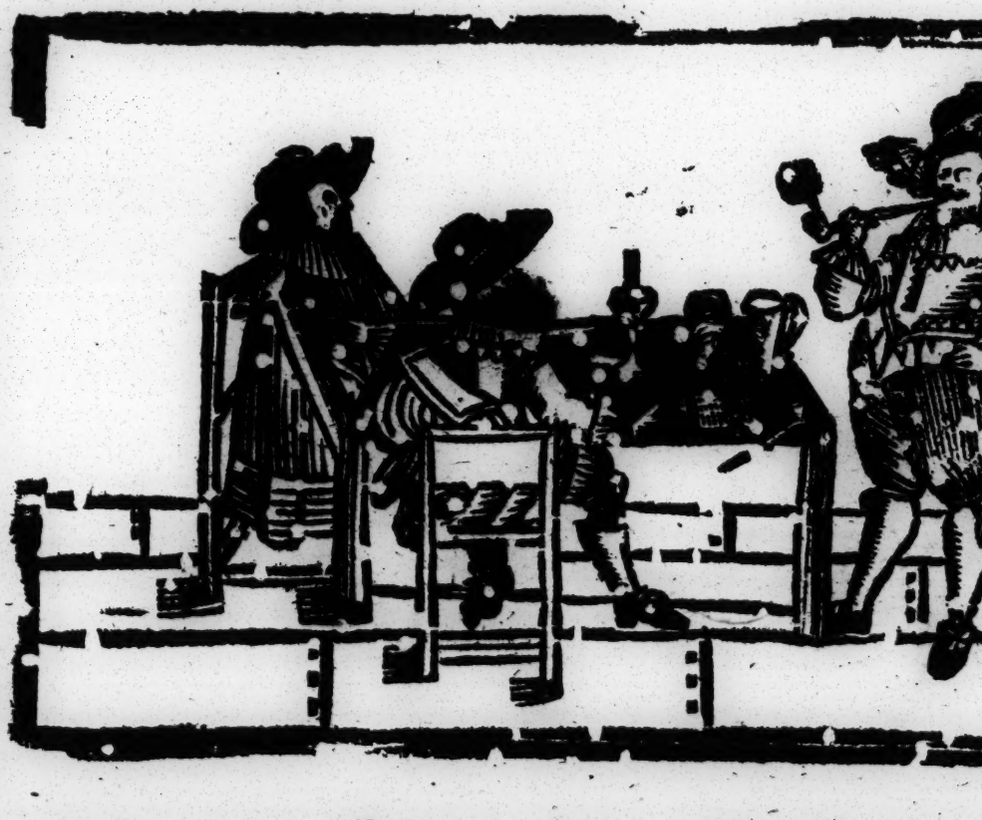
OR,

The Town-Gallants Declaration for Women and

Being a Deſcription of a Town-bred Gentleman, with all his Intreagus, Pleaſure, Company, Humou

Gallants, from faults he cannot be exempt,
Who doth a task ſo difficult attempt;
I know I ſhall not hit your features right,
'Tis hard to imitate in black and whight,
Some Lines were drawn by
And which they were you'l
Excuſe me therefore if I do
I did but make a Ballad of a

To a moſt Admirable New Tune, every where much in requeſt.



THe Delights of the Bottle, & charms of good wine
To the pow'r & the pleaſures of love muſt reſign,
Though the night in the joys of good drinking be paſt,
The debauches but till the next morning doth laſt;
But loves great debauch is more laſting and ſtrong,
For that often laſts a man all his life long.

Love, and Wine, are the bonds that faſten us all,
The world, but for this, to confuſion would fall:
Were it not for the pleaſures of love and good wine,
Man-kind, for each trifle, their lives would reſign:
They'd not value bull like, or wou'd live without thinking
Nor Kings rule the world, but for love & good drinking.

For the Grave, and the Dull, by ſobriety curs'd,
that would ne'r take a glaſs, but for quenching his thirſt,
He that once in a Month takes a touch of the Smoak,
And por Nature up-holds with a bit and
What ever the ignorant Rabble may ſay,
Tho' he breaths till a hundred, he lives bu

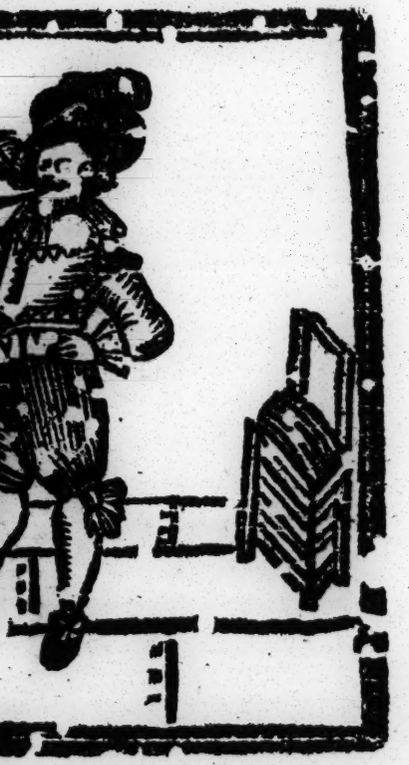
Let the Puritan preach againſt wenches, d
He may prate out his Lungs, but I know
When the Lecture is done, he'l a Sitter e
Not a Letcher in Town can Out-do him
Tho' beneath his Religion, he ſtifles his
And becomes a Debauch without clamou

'Twixt the Vices of both, little difference
But that one is more open, the other pre
Though he drinks like a chick, with his e
Yet I'le warrant thee boy, he ſhall take
His Religious debauch, does the gallant
For a Saint is his Wench, and a Plain

ottle:

nd Wine.

umour, and Converſations.
n by a more skilful hand,
ou'l quickly underſtand,
l do you wrong,
l of a Song.



bit and a knock,
nay ſay,
lives but a day.

nches, and drink,
I know what I think
ſister entice,
-do him at Mice:
les his joys,
clamour or noiſe.

ifference lyes,
ther precize:
ith his eye-balls liſt up,
ll take off his cup:
gallants out-match,
a Plaim is his Catch.

The Second part, to the ſame Tune.

For the Lady of Vertue, & Honour ſo ſtrict,
That who offers her Guinneys deſerves to be kick'd
Who with ſport by her ſelf, doth her fancy beguile,
That's aſham'd of a jeſt, and afraid of a ſmile:
May ſhe lye by her ſelf, till ſhe wear out the ſtairs,
Going down to her Dinner, and up to her Prayers.

But let us that have Noble and generous ſouls,
No method obſerve, but in filling our bouls:
Let us frolick it round, to replenish our veins,
And with notions divine, to enſpire our brains,
'Tis away that's Gentile, and is found to be good,
Both to quicken the Wit, and enliven the blood.

What a pleaſure it is to ſee bottles before us,
With the women among us to make up the Chorus?
Now a Jeſt, now a Catch, now a Buſs, now a Health,
Till our pleaſure comes on by inſenſible ſtealth,
And when grown to a height, with our Girls we retire
By a briſker enjoyment, to ſlacken the fire.

And this is the way that the wiſer do take,
A perpetual motion in pleaſure to make:
With a flood of Obrian, we fill up each vein,
All the Spirits of which love's Limbeck muſt drain:
While the ſoberer Sot, has no motion of blood,
For his fancy is nothing but puddle and Mud.

He's a ſlave to his ſoul, who in ſpight of his ſence,
With a Clog of his own putting on can diſpence,
For he Fetters himſelf, when at large he might rove,
So he's ty'd from the ſweets of good drinking and love,
Yet he's ſatisfied well, that he's thought to be wiſe,
By the Dull and foolish: I mean the precise.

For my part whatever the conſequence be,
To my will and my fancy, I'le always be free,
They are mad that do wilfully run upon ſhelves,
Since dangers, and troubles, will come of themſelves,
For whoever deſireth to live like a man,
He muſt be without trouble as long as he can.

And theſe are the pleaſures true Gallants do find,
To which if you are not, you ſhould be enclin'd,
If you follow my counſel, you take off the curſe,
And if you do not, we are never the worſe:
Yet none will refuſe but a Begger or Cit,
Who to carry on the humour, wants Money or Wit.

FINIS.

Printed for *P.* Brooksby, at the Golden-ball, near the Hoſpital-gate, in Weſt-ſmithfield.

DICK the Plow-man

Turn'd Doctor.

OR, *The Love-Sick Maiden Cured.*

Shewing how a Country Maid in Kent fell in love with her Fellow-Servant Dick the Plow-man, aud how he Cured her of her Sick Diſtemper, &c.

To the Tune of, O Mother Roger, &c. This may be Printed, R. P.

YOu Maidens all of London City,
pray come nigh, and lend an ear;
And th'event of this my Ditty,
to you all I'le make appear:
'Tis ſuch a one will make you ſmile,
make you ſmile, make you ſmile,
Then pray Maidens ſtay a while,
Some to hear't would come a Mile,
But your hopes I'l not beguile,
Nor your expectation ſpoil.

Near Rocheſter in Kent there lived
a brave Laſs whoſe name was Beſs,
Such a Prank you ne'r did hear of,
as to you I will expreſs:
'Tis ſuch a one will make you ſmile,
make you ſmile, make you ſmile,
Then pray Maidens ſtay a while,
Some to hear't would come a Mile;
But your hopes I'l not beguile,
Nor your expectation ſpoil.

Now this Maid was brisk and merry,
and had all things to content;
Hold! I do forget to tell ye,
there was ſomething that ill went.
To be ſhort, Sir, this is it,
this is it, this is it,
That this Maid was very ſick,
Very, very, very Sick:
Sick indeed, but pray for what,
Oh! for ſomething Dick has got.

NOw Dick the Plow-man he was busie
and this Maid was asham'd to ask,
Yet she thought with pithee, pithee,
for to win him at the last;
But this was no perfect Cure,
perfect Cure, perfect Cure,
For her grief encreased more,
More then e're it did before:
And sick she was, but pray for what,
Oh! for something Dick had got.

One Day when Dick was very jolly,
and as he was driving Plow;
Then he spy'd her melancholly,
ah! says Dick, how do you now?
Ah! quoth she, I'm very sick,
very sick, very sick;
O, what shall I do, my Dick,
I am very, very sick,
Sick, says Dick, I pray for what,
O, for something you have got.

And Dick, 'tis you can only Cure me,
pithee do't before you go;
Good now Richard, pray assure me,
whether you will, aye or no:
My dear Richard, don't deny,
neither from your promise flye;
For my grievous malady,
You can Cure immediately;
Then pray now Richard, give me that
I need not name it, you know what.

Prethee Betty how should I know,
what the thing is that you mean;
Then she sighed, and cry'd Hi-ho,
such a Fool was never seen:
I must languish here and dye,
here and dye, here and dye;
And can't have a Remedy,
For my grievous malady;
Was ever there so dull a Sot,
That knows not yet what he has got.

When they had understood each other,
Dick for joy did leave his Plow;
Gave his Whip unto his Brother,
and he Swore he'd Cure her now.
Then unto her straight he goes,
and his skill to her he shows;
Brisk and blith she then became,
As any one upon the Plain:
Now Maids you see what Dick can do,
then try if he can Cure you too.

FINIS.

Printed for T. Tennison, at the Stationers-Arms within Aldgate.

Directions for Damoſels,

OR

The Maidens advice, in an anſwer to the Young-mens Counſeller.

You that a kind good Husband lack
Let me with you prevail,
To chooſe a Brown or curious Black,
Theſe colours never fail.

Tune of, All Trades. *This may be Printed,* R. P.

O Now I have counſell'd young-men
what Wives they have reaſon to chooſe;
I tell the young Damſels again,
what Husbands they ought to refuſe
Beware of fair men that can ſoke,
with every Wind they can wave,
And will your kind ſpirits provoke,
and make you an abſolute Slave.
But as for the Brown and the Black,
they both have a notable ſmack:
Young Women may find them loving and kind,
they'l give them whatever they lack.

Ne'r marry one with a wey Beard,
he is of the tumbling Crew;
Of ſuch I have often times heard,
they little or nothing can do;
And therefore, I pray now take heed,
all Wey-Beards forever refrain;
For when you are married indeed,
'tis never the near to complain.
But as for the Brown, &c.

The Sandy Complexion are Sots,
and given to anger and ſtrife,
Who ever has ſuch to their lots,
they need no more plague in their life.
From Ale-houſe to Ale-houſe they'l trudge,
and make their Wives take all the care,
Too often they make them their Drudge,
of Sandy Complexion beware.
But as for the Brown and the Black,
they both have a notable ſmack:
Young-women may find them loving & kind, &c.

The flaxen, tho' it's to compliment,
and by the young Damosels ador'd,
Yet are they as full of deceit,
as all the whole World can afford.
They'l flatter, dissemble, and lie,
poor innocent Girls to betray;
And if to their will you comply,
they'l pack up their Awls and away.
But as for the Brown and the Black,
they both have a notable smack:
What promise they make they'l never forsake,
they scorn to be found to flie back.

Beware of the Yellow curl'd locks,
such men are both wanton and wild;
They'l play with the fine Holland Smocks,
and get the young Lasses with Child:
For pleasure abroad they will Roam,
and lay the young Females along,
Yet they'l do but little at home.
what Woman can bear with this wrong.
But as for the Brown and the Black,
they both have a notable smack:
Young-women may find them loving and kind,
they'l give them whatever they lack.

The Swarthy I cannot forget;
and now to give them their desert,
They have neither Beauty nor Wit,
nor any commendable part:
And therefore Remember the word,
take no such lad sorrowful soul;
They say they have need of a Bird,
that will give a Groat for an Owl.
But as for the Brown, &c.

Beware of the head that is Grey,
old-men they will jealouste breed,
And think that the wanton you play,
altho' you be honest indeed,
He's chilly and cold in his blood,
and never a Tooth in his Jaw;
He'l do a young Wife no more good
than tickle her Tale with a Straw.
But as for the Brown, &c.

The Flaxen and Grey I forbid,
with Sandy, for bad is the best:
But now I am come to the Red,
which is seven times worse than the rest,
He's full of ill humours, therefore
he stinks, let him do what he can,
As Ramish as any old Boze:
what Woman can love such a Man.
But as for the Brown, &c.

Young-men that are freckled and fair,
are commonly given to lies:
But black men and brown I declare,
are known to be vertuous and wise,
They hate for to wrangle and brawl,
they honor and nourish their Wives,
And never will wrong them at all,
But love them as dear as their lives.
Stand up for the Brown, &c.

Young Damsels of e'ry degree,
Whose Beauty does Batchelors charm,
Come buy this New Ditty of me,
good counsel can do you no harm;
Tho' formerly you have bought many:
this may keep your days free from strife,
And then it will be the best Penny
as e're you laid out in your life.
Then Hey for the Brown and the Black,
they both have a notable smack:
Young Women may find them loving and kind,
they'l give them whatever they lack.

d, &c. Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Gutlispur-street, without Newgate.

The Diſcontented Plow-man.

This man was troubled in his mind, Becauſe his love did prove to him unkind; { But now, ſhe has granted his deſire, And quench'd his loveſick heart which was on fire

To the Tune of, True Love rewarded, Or, Flora Farewel.

MY deareſt Love why art thou ſo unkind,
As to forſake me now, and leave me behind,
That am tormented in my mind.
Becauſe my Love doth prove to me unkind.

I wonder ſhe ſhould prove ſo unkind to me,
That have been ſo conſtant unto ſhe,
Ever ſince that we did fall in love,
I faithful unto her did prove.

I never kept other maids company,
Nor ſhall do till the day I dye,
I had rather to be rack'd to death ſhe ſhall find,
Ere ever for to change my mind.

For three year we in love did live,
Before that ſhe did prove unkind,
Each other we our troth did give,
But now my love hath chang'd her mind.

I am a Plow-man by my trade,
And that will hold when other fade,
Beſide I have fifty pound a year,
For to maintain my only dear.

If that ſo be that I was poor,
Then might ſhe hate me therefore,
But ſeeing that I have means in ſtore,
One would think ſhe ſhould love me the more.

And ſeeing that means it will not do,
Nor love yet melt her ſtony heart,
I muſt bear all patiently,
Though for a while I feel the ſmart.

The Young-mans praiſe of his Love.

And I will ſhow you the reaſon why,
Her perſon I ſo much adore,
Becauſe ſhe is the Phenix of the world,
Which makes me love her ſtill the more.

HEr eyes doth like the Diamond shine,
Which doth pierce this sick heart of mine;
And her hair is like the threads of gold,
Which is both lovely to behold.

Her cheeks are like the Roses red,
Laid down with pure white and blew,
Her person is most lovely to behold,
These words I spake are very true.

Her teeth are like the Ivery white,
And her breath is sweeter then Muscadine,
Her lips that are both soft and fine,
I wish they were inclin'd with mine.

Her breasts like two Pillows lye,
More brighter then white Ivory,
Which makes me love her continually,
And so I shall do till the day I dye.

Her fingers they are long and small,
Her body is both proper and tall,
Her leggs and feet are so compleat,
And in every part most meet.

And now I have set forth her praise,
No more then what is her due in every ways,
And if she comes not to ease my misery,
Then for the love of her I shall dye.

The Maids kind reply to the young-man.

HOld up thy head my dearest love,
I am coming to ease thy misery,
The reason I did unconstant prove,
It was but to try thy constancy.

When thou didst walk the streets too and fro,
Thou saidst I was so strange I would not thee know,
It was but they constancy for to prove,
And try whether or no thou didst me love.

I know it is three year and above,
Since we together did fall in love,
The vows and promises made between thee & I,
I will keep them until I die.

Thou sayst thou art a Plow-man brave,
I am likewise a Dary-maid,
And for thy means thou hast in store,
Thy love I value ten times more.

And now my love thou knowst my mind,
When we are married prove not to me unkind,
And therefore now without delay,
Let us appoint our wedding-day.

The Young-mans Conclusion.

Ten thousand thanks I give to thee my dear,
That thou art come my love sick heart to cheer,
Ile be to thee both loving and kind,
Nothing but death shall change my mind.

And now my dear to end all sorrow,
Our wedding-day shall be to morrow,
Thy bride-men on thee shall attend,
And lead thee to the Church both hand in hand.

The bells shall ring and musick play,
For to pass the time away,
And when that day in mirth is spent,
The night we'l pass away with much content.

Young maidens wherever you be,
Come take this councel now of me,
To them that you do vow to love,
Look to it, and see that you do constant prove.

As by this copy you may see.
Though for a while she did try his constancy,
Now they do live in love and unity,
And I wish them many years of joy.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, and I. Clarke.

A Diſcription of *Plain-dealing*, *Time*, and *Death*, Which all Men ought to mind whilſt they do live on earth.

Abuſe not *Plain-dealing*, but keep your Conſcience clear,
Spend well your Time alſo, then Death you need not fear.

Plain-dealing *is grown out of Date* / *Becauſe he is poor, many him hate:* { } Conſcience *likewiſe is laid aſide,* / *'Cauſe he baſe Actions can't abide.*

To the Tune of, *A Letter for a Chriſtian Family.* Written by *Thomas Lanfire.*

Plain-dealing loves Honeſty,
Conſcience hates Knavery.

Plain-Dealing.

I Am Plain-dealing which all men ought to uſe,
But many now a days doth me abuſe:
Diſſemulation is eſteemed beſt,
Poor Plain-dealing is grown out of requeſt.

In City, Town, and likewiſe in Country,
They ſay plain-dealing will a Beggar Dye:
Gallants they at me do both mock and flout,
Becauſe that I go in a Thread-bare Coat.

The reaſon that ſo many doth me ſlight,
Is becauſe I am Honeſt and Down-right:
I uſe no Deceit, Fraud, nor Flattery,
But does to all men as I'de be done by.

I am not Covetous nor Worldly wiſe,
I crave no more then what will me ſuffice:
I hate vain Pride which now too much doth reign,
Therefore plain-dealing they'l not entertain.

In Days of Old I was a welcome Gueſt,
And had good entertainment with the beſt:
I was eſteemed amongſt Rich and Poor,
But now plain-dealing is turn'd out of Door.

For now Diſſemulation hath got the Day,
And in this Nation bears a mighty ſway:
plain-dealing is held in ſcorn and diſgrace,
Alack, when ſhall I find a reſting-place.

Conſcience.

My Name is Conſcience, poor plain-dealing's mate
Although like him, I'm Old and out of date:
Many with their whole hearts doth me deſie,
'Cauſe Conſcience can't agree with Knavery.

But if I within their Boſoms once do creep,
With their baſe actions I prick their hearts deep:
I mind them of their Covetouſnels and Pride,
Therefore poor Conſcience they cannot abide.

The Lawyer and Uſurer hath forgot me,
They Eſpie poor Men Unconſcionably:
They ſtudy only how to keep up Gold,
Conſcience and plain-dealing they quite have ſold.

And many others in theſe times there are,
That of their Conſcience do not take no care:
They pawn their Conſcience for Lucre of gain,
Which Conſcience will to them at laſt make plain.

So many are inclin'd to Cruelty,
And doth Conſcience and plain-dealing deſie:
Tell them of Conſcience they'l count you their foe,
Quoth they Conſcience was Hangd long time ago.

But I wiſh ſuch men they fully would refuſe,
Leſt Conſcience at the laſt ſhould them accuſe:
In a good Conſcience a man may put truſt,
Then ſee you keep your Conſcience right and juſt.

Time it doth paſs away full faſt,
Yet many doth ſpend Time in waſte:

VVhen Time is gone then cometh Death,
And puts a ſtop to Mortal Breath.

Time doth ſtay for none.

Death Cuts down every one.

TIME.

I Am the antient ſtandard of great fame,
Which all men ought to prize, Time is my name:
But this vain world doth now ſo many blind,
So that I am almoſt grown out of mind.

For why, I am ſlighted by many a one,
Who ne'r thinks on me till i'm paſt and gone:
And then too late they do mourn and complain,
Wiſhing they could recall back Time again.

Some ſpendeth their whole Time moſt wickedly,
In Drunkenneſs, Whoredom, and Blaſphemy:
And ſome again ſets their delight in Pride,
Not thinking how their precious Time doth ſlide.

Time is a ſtately jewel of great gain,
If it be well priz'd and not ſpent in vain:
Thoſe that their time beſtows in doing well,
In happineſs no doubt but they ſhall dwell.

And thoſe that ſpends their time in Idleneſs,
Shall one day want it in their great diſtreſs:
The whole world can't loſt time reſtore,
Yeſterday's gone and will ne'r return more.

Time's laſt Speech to the World.

Like to an Arrow ſhot out of a Bow,
Like to the Tide the which doth Ebb and Flow:
Like to a Bird full ſwift I flye away,
For Rich nor Poor i'le not make any ſtay.

DEATH.

I am the chief Commander Captain Death,
I Fight againſt all Mortals upon Earth:
When I amongſt them chance to have a care,
I Conquer all, none dare with me hold War.

I fear not the braveſt Champions that be,
Though they are ſtout, yet they can't Conquer me:
'Tis not Manhood nor Valour can them ſave,
I make them ſtoop and yield unto the Grave.

The chiefeſt Prince that in the world doth Live,
When I him ſtrike, he up the Ghoſt muſt give:
His whole Kingdom can't him from me retain,
From Duſt he came, and ſhall to Duſt again,

Of Rich mens Power I do not ſtand in fear,
Nor for their loftineſs I do not care:
Their Pride and Honour in the Earth I lay,
When their Glaſs is out, with me they muſt away.

Thus Rich and Poor, with Old and Young alſo,
Both Wiſe and Simple to the Grave muſt go:
There's no reſpect of Perſons, worſt or beſt,
All muſt at laſt by me lye *Mortuus eſt.*

When I on Mortals lay my fatal ſtroke,
They can't in no wiſe ſlip out of my Yoak:
I come ſuddenly and unawares to all,
Then ſee you are prepar'd when Death doth call.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. VVright,* and *J. Clarke.*

The Diſloyal Favourite

OR,

The unfortunate States-Man.

Who ſeeks by fond deſire for to Climb
May chance to catch a fall before his time

For Fortune is as fickle, as the Wind,
To him that bears a proud ambious mind.

Tune of, *Sawny will ne'r be my Love again.*

TOmmy was a Lord of high renown,
And he was Rais'd from a low degree,
He had Command o're every Town;
there was never a one ſo great as he:
But he like an ungrateful wretch,
did ſet his Conſcience on the Stretch,
And now is afraid of Squire Ketch,
For Tommy will ne'r be belov'd again.

When he was Young and a lively Lad,
he had ſtrange Projects in his Pate,
He thought that Honour was to be had,
and that it was fine to be high in State:
Which made him up to the Court to come
to try his Friends, both all and ſome,
He got them to ſwallow a Sugar Plumb.
But Tommy will ne'r be belov'd again.

He took delight, to be made a Knight
for that he counted a lucky ſtepp,
Thought he if I, can riſe ſo high
perhaps the nert time I may leap,
Such fancy's harboured in his breſt,
that he could hardly take his reſt,
Since that Ambition was his gueſt,
But Tommy will ne'r be belov'd again.

He came to be, both High and Great
and Lord it over all the reſt,
His betters ſate on a lower ſeate,
whilſt he was placed with the beſt:
Which made him ſo with Honour ſwell,
where his breech hung, he could not tell,
He thought that all things happened well,
But Tommy will ne'r be belov'd again.

The ſecond Part, to the ſame Tune.

WHat he could aſk, was granted ſtraight,
or any thing he did require
He like a Nabob need not wait,
for he had all at his deſire,
Brave ſtately buildings and good Ground,
with pleaſant Groves to walk a round,
Beſides Ten hundred thouſand Pound.
But Tommy will ne'r be belov'd again.

O was not Tommy a very Fooll,
that he could not contented be,
When Riches thus did upon him rowl,
but he muſt greater ſtrive to be:
By means which were ſo indirect
that no ones power could him Protect,
But all good men did him reject
For Tommy will ne'r be belov'd again.

He Silks and Sattins might a worn,
and rid in Pomp moſt ſumptuouſly,
Though now he is become a ſcorn,
to perſons all, of each degree:
It's wiſht that he had dy'd at Nurſe,
and never liv'd to bear the Purſe,
Which made the Nation fare the worſe.
For Tommy will ne'r be belov'd again.

Whilſt he was great and high in power,
his friends he highly did advance.
But now he hath cauſe to curſe the hour
that ever he was concern'd with France.
He ſtudied miſchief and what not
and was (ſome ſay) concern'd in the Plot,
Which may at laſt, make him go tot'h Pot.
For Tommy will ne'r be belov'd again.

Now from the top of Honours great,
poor Tommy he is headlong caſt,
He now hath time his brains to beat,
for fear he come to be nub'd at laſt,
His friends do dayly from him ſhrink,
although he us'd to give them chink,
Like Polecats they begin now to ſtink.
For Tommy will ne'r be belov'd again.

Alack poor Tommy pitty 'twas,
that e'r thou liv'd to ſee this day,
Thy golden days are gone and paſt,
and thou art left to ſing welladay.
If thou doſt live to be great again,
be ſure from Treachery refrain,
For Honour is apt to take a ſtain.
And Tommy will ne'r be belov'd again.

Thus have you heard great Tommy's Caſe,
and how he was a man of power.
But yet I would not take his place,
although it were in a ſpacious Tower.
For Juſtice is ſo brave a thing,
who wrongs his Country and his King,
will hardly eſcape without a ſwing.
And Tommy will ne'r be belov'd again.

Then let all Loyal Subjects pray
that God our Soveraign ſtill may bleſs,
and ſo preſerve him night and day,
in health and all true happineſs:
That Juſtice may take place with thoſe
who are their King and Country's foes
and will not Treachery diſcloſe.
Though Tommy ſhall ne'r be belov'd again.

London Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Paſſinger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

The Diſtreſſed Pilgrim,

Who being in much Miſery,
He ſerves the Lord moſt faitfully:
And repenteth for the things are paſt,
And prayes for a Heavenly place at laſt.

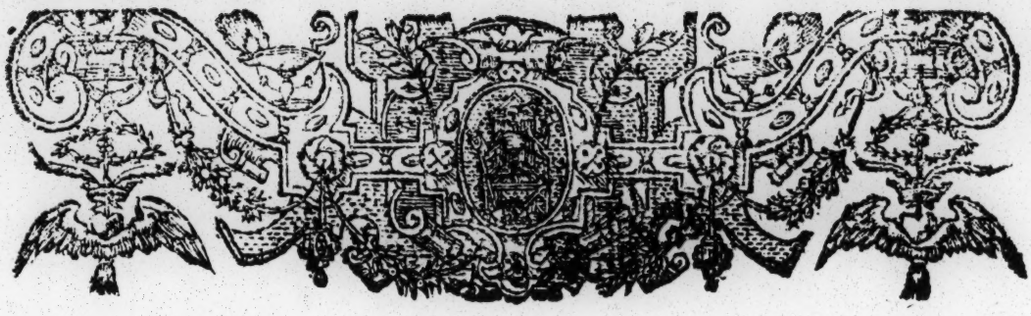
The Tune is, *Who can blame my VVoe*; Or, *I am a Jovial Batchelor.*

I Am a Pilgrim poor and bare,
in trouble I am croſt,
And many a hard hap falls my ſhare;
my Subſtance all is loſt:
My miſery ther's no man knows,
ſo numberleſs they be;
Yet in the midſt of all my Woes,
Let Patience work for me.

Pray underſtand, I once had Land,
with Corn and Cattle ſtore,
But now 'tis gone out of my hand,
I'm grown exceeding poor;
So poor indeed, ther's few that will
relieve my miſery:
But as I ſaid before, ſo I ſay ſtill,
let, &c.

My flattering Friends and Kinſfolks all,
whom I did dayly feed,
Will not ſo much as turn aſide,
to help my extream need,
They'd rather ſeek to ſcoff and ſcorn,
and jeer my Poverty;
Although I am as one forlorn,
let, &c.

Patience is an Herb of Grace,
if a man doth uſe it well,
'Twill lay a Stomach in ſhort ſpace
that doth with Poyſon ſwell;
'Twill cure a Mad-man of his Evil,
'Twill cauſe the Blind to ſee,
It will expel and vanquiſh th' Devil;
let, &c.



NOw in the midſt of all my Woes,
what ſhall I do or ſay?
Shall I deſpair in any caſe,
or make my ſelf away?
No, no, not while this Vital Breath,
which the Lord God lended me;
Come Woe or Wealth, come Life or Death;
For a patient man I'le be.

As I do wander up and down
in ſorrow, I am croſt;
From Place to Place, from Town to Town,
my Subſtance is all loſt:
But yet I think within my ſelf,
as I ſhall tell to ye,
Though God hath taken all my Wealth,
yet patience works for me.

Give not your Friends and Kinſfolks ne'r
your means while you do live;
For that hath wrought me to this care:
which makes my heart to grieve:
I gave them Goods and Cattle too,
as all my Neighbours ſee;
But now they don't regard my woe,
yet, &c.

The Devil he is buſie ſtill,
to bring me to his Bow;
But it is Gods bleſſed Will,
patience doth with me go,
And kæps me in the Fear of God,
for a ſecond Job to be;
Although I taſt of's Holy Rod,
yet, &c.

For to deſpair, it's a Foolichneſs,
'tis God that is my ſtay,
Who gave me Life, and when he pleaſe
can take again away.
The Lord he ſuffer'd for my ſins,
as th' Scripture ſheweth me;
God give me Grace to think on it,
and patience, &c.

Though I'm in want and miſery,
I hope God will be pleas'd
For to releaſe this ſlavery,
in Heaven for to be eas'd:
'Tis the braveſt thing i'th World
to ſuffer then I ſee;
And though I'm poor and in diſtreſs,
yet, &c.

I hope my ſteadfaſt Faith is ſo,
I'le not forſake my God;
Though Poverty hath brought me low,
I'le not forſake his Word.
It's for ſins I do confeſs,
he ſuffered on the Tree,
To Releaſe poor Sinners from redreſs,
and eke from miſery.

And now adieu unto the World,
with all my ſorrows that are paſt,
And give every one Grace in the end
to enjoy a Heavenly Reſt:
Becauſe all things do fade away,
and vaniſh we do ſee,
God give us all his Grace I ſay,
to be Patient in miſery.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Paſſenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

The doleful Dance, and Song of Death; Intituled, *Dance after my Pipe.*

To a Pleasant New Tune.

CAn you dance the shaking of the sheets,
a dance that every one must do?
Can you trim it up with dainty sweets,
and every thing as longs thereto?
Make ready then your winding-sheet,
And see how you can bestir your feet,
For death is the man that all must meet.

Bring away the Begger and the King,
and every man in in his degree,
Bring the old and youngest thing,
come all to death and follow me.
The Courtier with his lofty looks,
The Lawyer with his learned Books,
The Banker with his baiting-hooks.

Merchants have you made your Mart in (France,
in Italy and all about?
Know you not that you and I must dance,
both our feets wrapt in a clout:
What mean you to make your houses gay,
And I must take the Tenant away,
And dig for your sakes the clods of clay.

Think you on the solemn Sizes past,
how suddenly in Oxfordshire,
I came and made the Judges all agast,
and Justices that did appear.
And took both Bell and Baram away,
And many a worthy man that day,
And all their bodies brought to clay.

Think you that I dare not come to Schools,
where all the cunning Clerks be most?
Take I not always both wise and fools,
and am I not in every Coast?

Assure your selves no creature can,
Make death afraid of any man,
Or know my coming where or when.

Where be they that make their Leases strong
and joyn about them land to land,
Do you make account to live so long,
to have the world come to your hand:
No foolish nowle, for all thy pence,
Full soon thy soul must needs go hence,
Then who shall toyl for thy defence.

And you that lean on your Ladies laps,
and lay your heads upon their knee,
Think you for to play with beautious paps,
and not to come and dance with me:
No, fair Lords and Ladies all,
I will make you come when I do call,
And find you a Pipe to dance withal.

And you that are buske-headed fools,
to bubble of a pelting straw,
Know you not that I have ready tools,
to cut you from your crafty Law:
And you that safely buy and sell,
And think you make your Markets well,
Must dance with death whereso'e you dwel

Pride must have a pretty sheet, I see,
for properly she loves to dance,
Come away my wanton Wench to me,
as gallantly as your eye can glance:
And all good fellows that flash and swash,
In reds and yellows of rebel dash,
I warrant you need not be so rash.

For I can quickly cool you all,
how hot or stout so e're you be,
Both high and low, both great and small,
I nought do fear your high degree.
The Ladies fair, the Beldams old,
The Champion stout, the Souldier bold,
Must all with me to earthly mold.

Therefore take time while it is lent,
prepare with me your selves to dance,
Forget me not, your lives lament,
I come oftentimes by sudden chance.
Be ready therefore, watch and pray,
That when my Minstrel pipe doth play,
You may to Heaven dance the way.

FINIS.

A Godly Ballad of the Juſt Man *Job*.

Wherein his great patience he doth declare,
His plagues and his miſeries, and yet did not deſpair.

The Tune is, *The Merchant.*

Walking all alone,
No not long agone,
heard one wail and weep;
alas he ſaid,
I am laid
n ſorrow ſtrong and deep,

hear him cry,
d reply,
nd pitibly abode,
there did I find,
in ſecret mind.
he juſt and patient Job.

s woful pain
o me conſtrain,
by force to wail and moan,
God did him prove,
how he did love,
the living Lord alone.

heavineſs,
did expreſs,
theſe words with bitter tears,
alas poor man,
wretched I am,
in care my ſelf out-wares.

his mortal life,
but a ſtrife,
a battel great and ſtrong,
my years alſo,
to waſt and go,
and not continue long.

he day wherein,
did begin
to move and fir my breath,
would God I had,
an exchange made,
and turned unto death.

So ſhould not I
In miſery,
be wrapped as I am,
the time and day,
well curſe I may,
when to this world I came.

For my faults paſt,
I am out-caſt,
and of all men abhor'd,
O that I might,
once ſtand in ſight,
to reaſon with the Lord.

I ſhould then know,
Why he doth ſhow
this extream cruelty,
upon his fleſh,
which is but graſs,
and born is for to dye.

From top to toe,
I feel with woe,
that ſorrow is my meat,
put to exile,
with Botch and Boyl,
and dung-hill is my ſeat.

My Kinſfolk talk
And by me walk,
wondring at my fall,
they count my ſtate,
unfortunate,
and ſo forſake me all.

My children five,
Which were alive,
they all be quite deſtroy'd,
the Plague fell
on my Cattel,
with all that I enjoy'd.

Should I for them
My God Blaſpheme,
and his good gifts deſpiſe,
that will I not,
but take my lot,
giving his name the praiſe.

They were not mine,
But for a time,
I know well it is ſo,
God gave them me,
why ſhould not he,
again take them me fro.

Thus having ſaid,
Full ſtill I ſtaid,
his end for to behold,
I there did ſee,
his felicity,
increaſing manifold.

I know well then,
How patient men,
ſhould not ſuffer in vain,
but ſhall be ſure,
to have pleaſure,
rewarded for their pain.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *I. Wright*, *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Paſſenger*.

Dolly and Molly:

OR,

The Two Country Damosels Fortunes at London.

Dolly and *Molly* came up to the Town
To try their fortune, wandring up and down:
At length both marcht together to a Ball,
There *Moll* a Gallant got *Doll* none at all:
But *Doll* atlast in town was richly marry'd,
Moll got a Clap and shamefully miscarry'd.

To an Excellent New *Play-House* Tune, Or, *Bacon and Beans*. With Allowance,

Dolly and Molly are new come to Town
Doll hath got nothing, but *Moll* a silk Gown:
Dolly was handsome though peevish and coy
But *Molly* was buxome and free to enjoy.

Dolly and *Molly* they went to White-hall,
Dolly got nothing but *Molly* got all:
Dolly she scorned to have a Gallant,
But *Molly* had all things that Dolly did want.

As Dolly and *Molly* were walking near th' Court,
A youngster did Dolly begin for to sport;
But she put him off with a pish and a fie,
Saying, Lord Sir be civil, else from you I'le flye.

When Dolly refused him, to *Molly* he went,
For one of the two to enjoy he was bent:
He asked her a question which made her to smile,
Then a kiss and a Guiny did *Molly* beguile.

He took her aside and he pleas'd her so well,
That *Molly* consented with him for to dwell,
There's nothing on earth that's to *Molly* deny'd,
Her humour to please, and to pamper her pride.

He gave her fine cloaths and all things of the best,
Because that her delicate body he prest,
Her Country speech did so heighten his charms,
That *Molly* could seldome rest out of his arms.

Now *Mally* is rich and Dolly is poor,
But Dolly is honest though Mally a Whore:
Doll said 'twas a pleasure to be modest and coy
But *Moll* swore 'twas pleasanter to enjoy.

Quoth *Mally* to Dolly i'de have thee be wise,
you'l never get any thing if you are nice:
Observe but what state I do live in, and then
you'l surely learn to be kinder to men.

Oh Dolly the pleasures of love art so sweet,
When with equal desires together we meet:
that nothing on earth can compare with that bliss,
Besides 'tis an honour to be call'd a fine Mis.

Thus *Molly* tempts Dolly to go to the sport,
And about her brave Gallants begin to resort:
For Dolly was handsome in Country gray,
And was far more tempting then those that were gay

Says *Dolly* to *Molly* 'twixt anger and scorn,
Oh *Molly* you'l wish you had never been born:
Those immodest pleasures which you so commend,
Will bring you to sorrow and shame in the end

Thus *Molly* and *Dolly* could never agree,
Mally had Gallants more then two or three,
She traded with all that had silver and gold (bold
Till at length like a town Mis she grew bawdy &

'Twas *Dolly*'s good luck a place for to get,
To wait on a Lady whose fortune was great
Accounting it better a servant to be,
Then a Lady of pleasure of the highest degree,

This *Dolly* was pritty and cleanly and neat
Her body well shapt not to small nor too great
Her Mistris she pleas'd and behav'd her self well,
That *Dolly* most happely with her did dwell.

Now *Dolly* is got into all peoples favour,
& many young Shopkeepers strive for to have her:
But *Doll* put him of with a modest reply:
Saying Sirs I am resolved a Maiden to dye.

But at last the coy Virgin was struck with loves dart
Little Cupid hath wounded poor *Dolly* to'th heart
For one of these youngsters so closely did ply,
That *Dolly* no longer knew how to deny.

Then marri'd they were having all friends consent
And happilly love to each others content:
She proves a kind Wife, and a good Husband he,
Then what greater blessing on earth can there be:

But *Molly* dispis'd her and call'd her young slut
Saying, Dolly there's more ways then one to go to't
I'le take my delight with the blades of the times:
Such pleasures as those without doubt are no crimes

But a little while after such was her mishap,
Poor *Molly* had got a most desperate Clap,
Her gallants forsook her and left her forlorn,
Crying out, you foul Whore we your company scorn.

Now *Molly*'s distressed, and the pain must indure,
She flyes to a Quack her distemper to cure:
But Dolly lives bravely, and her I commend,
For honesty always will thrive in

The End.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-ball, in *West-smithfield*.

The Dorſet-ſhire Lovers:

OR, THE

Honeſt innocent Wooing between *John* the Farmer and his Sweet-heart *Joan*, as they happen'd to meet one Morning in the midſt of a green Meadow.

To the Tune of, *The* Scotch *Haymakers*. *Licens'd according to Order.*

PAſſing through a Meadow, young *John* did *Joany* meet,
Like the youthful Queen of *May* in her Summer's Robes comp'eat,
With a Congue to the ground, he reply'd, Since I have found
So fit a ſeaſon, 'tis but reaſon our Comforts ſhould be crown'd,
Long I have lov'd thee I muſt confeſs.
But ne'r could find a time, Love, my kindneſs to expreſs,
For ſure it is well known, my Heart is thine alone,
I'll never, never, ſever, ſever from my loving Joan.

John I fear you flatter as many more has done,
For young Batchelors we ſee after many Damſels run,
I by true experience find, that they waver with the Wind,
New change of Faces and Embraces pleaſes beſt their Mind,
Therefore I pray you now let me go;
But *Johnny* he reply'd, I will never ſerve thee ſo,
For ſure it is well known, my Heart is thine alone,
I'll never, never, ſever, ſever from my loving Joan.

Love thou ſhalt be Marry'd, and be a vertuous Bride,
And I'll give thee Gloves and Rings with twenty things beſide,
For the pleaſures of the night, ſhall my deareſt Love delight,
Then ſit down by me, don't deny me, for thy Beauty bright

admire and ever ſhall,
now I ne'r beheld one ſo proper, ſtraight and tall,
ince we are here al ne, the truth I will make known,
'll never, never, ſever, ſever from my loving Joan.

ou will believe me, introth, I am too young,
erefore tempt me now no more with your deluding Tongue;
our kiſſing, *John*, forbear, leaſt you draw me in a ſnare,
r talk of Weding and of Beding makes me bluſh, I ſwear,
at if my Mother ſhould chance to know,
t in the ſilent Mead I was kiſs'd and courted ſo?
Quoth Johnny, *It is all one, to her I'd make it known,*
'll never, never, ſever, ſever from my loving Joan.

, why will you Marry now while the Times are hard,
uld we be poor and needy, pray, whom will us regard?
muſt think upon that ſtate, now before it is too late,
ſhould we Marry, and Miſcarry, then will our Grief be great,
erefore I'd have you yet longer ſtay;
Johnny he reply'd, He wou'd Wed without delay,
Quoth he, It is well known, my Heart is thine alone,
'll never, never, ſever, ſever from my loving Joan.

ver fear to venture, or in the leaſt be ſad,
my Granſir dy'd of late and left me all he had,
ere's a Farm, which now I keep, with a herd and flock of Sheep,
th other Treaſure out of meaſure, thou ſhalt Comforts reap,
I'll maintain thee gallant and gay,
erefore, my Dearеſt, now let's appoint our Wedding-day,
To joyn our Hearts in one, for thou art mine alone,
'll never, never, ſever, ſever from my loving Joan.

ou ſhalt mind the Dairy, and I the happy Farm,
ll keep thee Men and Maids, I hope that is no harm,
ou ſhalt feed on roaſt and bo l'd, and I'll get my Dear with Child,
ich will be Pleaſure out of meaſure. *Joan* at this ſhe ſmil'd,
ſhe delighted in living well,
erefore, ſaid ſhe, Sweet *John*, now the naked truth to tell,
f you'll be mine alone, and joyn our Hearts in one,
'll never, never, ſever, ſever, but be thy ſweet Joan.

ere is none I honour above my true Love *John*,
my Conſcience, thou wilt prove a right honeſt Man;
'll be Marry'd, let me ſee, about *Thurſday* next, that we
thout delaying, fooliſh ſtaying never pleaſes me,
w I admire the charming Bliſs;
en *Johnny* he reply'd, with a tender loving kiſs,
'Tis thee I love alone, our Hearts we'll joyn in one,
And never, never, ſever, ſever from my loving Joan.

London: Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-ball, in *Pye-corner*.

The Doubting Virgin,

AND

The Conſtant Youngman.

Obſerve what here is put in Print,
All you that do love merriment :
It's for Young-Men and Maids alſo,
Stay and hear't o're before you go.

Tune of, The Repriev'd Captive, By Tobias Brown.

O My deareſt do not ſlight me,
for my Love to thee is true,
There is none but thee can right me,
never change me for a new:
You intrude me, and delude me,
I think you cannot it deny,
Now you leave me and deceive me,
but can ſhow no reaſon why.

I wonder young-men are ſo crafty,
ſince Virgins are ſo full of Love?
That makes Maids to be baſhful,
thinking how young men will prove
But if in proving they were loving,
as they formerly pretend;
Then how neatly and compleatly
ſhould we live till Life doth end.

The Mans Anſwer.

Oh my dear, why doſt thou doubt me,
that to thee I'le prove unkind
I think my ſelf not well without thee,
thou art always in my mind;
If I do leave thee or deceive thee,
then I wiſh nothing may thrive,
For let never my endeavour
proſper whilſt I am alive.

THou art the whom I love dearly,
what can any man say more,
This is my mind I speak it freely,
I never said so much before:
Then sweet believe me, for it did grieve me
to hear the moan my Love did make,
My dearest Love i'le constant prove,
or believe no man for my sake.

The Maids Answer.

My dear, what can there be expected,
whilst that we on earth do dwell,
Let not true love be neglected,
then will every thing do well,
This my speeches, though we have riches
my sweet heart I you tell,
For all the mony my dear honey,
true love is the best of all.

Suppose that we had all the treasure
that's in England to be seen,
Or if that we had all the pleasure
that belongeth to a Queen:
Observe my speeches, I mean the riches
that upon some men do fall,
For all their pleasure, and their treasure;
true love is the best of all.

The Man.

Why do you use such expression,
unto me who am your own,
My heart you have in your possession,
unto you it is well known;
Pray never doubt it, nor pause about it,
my dearest love 'tis thou art she,
Water shall burn, and wind ne'r turn,
if that I prove false to thee,

This full glass I hope to drink it,
in remembrance of my dear,
Happy is the hour I think it,
that I met my true love here;
Now in pleasure without measure,
we will pass the time away,
Come my sweet heart we'l kiss and part,
for now we can no longer stay.

So they parted for that instant,
they both then were firm and true,
If all young people were so constant,
what need there be so much ado,
There needs no weeping, nor lost sleeping
if they did in love agree,
Nor no shaking, nor heart breaking,
pray observe this thing from me.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.

The Down-right *Country-Man*; OR, The Faithful Dairy-Maid.

utmind how Country Lads do boaſt,
whilſt *Londoners* are blam'd,
And Country Laſſes praiſed moſt,
while ours are Wags proclaim'd.
The Tune is, *Hey Boys up go we*: Or, *Buſie Fame.*

I Am a down-right Country-man,
both faithful I and true,
I'le live and dye ſo if I can,
this I declare to you:
I ſtudy as I am at Plow,
to ſhun all falſe deceit,
And you may plain diſcover now,
I am no *London* Cheat.

Your London Cheats do go moſt fine,
like Lords in their attire,
To ſwill their guts with Spaniſh Wine,
it is their hearts deſire:
But it is very common, they
do with the Vintners meet,
They'l get o'th ſcore then run away,
juſt like a *London* Cheat.

They oft pretend to be in Love,
and ready for to dye,
Yea, vow to be juſt like the Dove,
but know no Conſtancy;
Like Villains they, the wag do play,
with every Laſs they meet,
They plump them up then run away,
this is a *London* Cheat.

There is not one in Twenty but
he wears his Sword by his ſide,
But walks with many an empty Gut,
and ne'r will leave his Pride:
But when his brain is full of Wine
he'l ſtagger in the ſtreet,
And then picks up a Concubine,
to pox the *London* Cheat.

Then he for half a Crown will have,
that which may make him rue,
A painted Whore both fine and brave,
perhaps the French-man too:
Thus he with his unwholſome fleſh,
will be moſt briſk and ſweet,
But ſee him once out of his dreſs,
he's like a *London* Cheat.

BUt London City oft affords,
Females as bad as Men,
Who though they Hector with their Swords
there is not one in ten.
But has some pretty little Wils,
to serve him at his need,
And every minute lends a Kiss,
this is a Whore indeed.

They'l vow for ever to be true,
to them they do affect,
When Honesty is bid adieu,
what can you then expect?
No faith nor truth is minded, when
fools take so little heed,
For Whores do often clap their Men,
O these are Whores indeed.

Let honest men take so much care,
that do inhabit London,
Of such false Girls to have a care,
for fear they may be undone:
How many hundreds may be spoyl'd,
if they do not take heed,
They who are so by Girls beguil'd,
do meet with Whores indeed.

Why then give me the Country Lass;
who honest is and true,
And yet may kiss upon the Grass,
but nothing farther do:
She scorneth that her deed,
should any mischief breed,
She takes delight in what is right,
and honest is indeed.

See by the colours of their Cheeks,
they well and wholsome are,
While London Girls look green as Leeks,
The Country Girls look fair:
Then old and young I pray be wave,
in Marrying take good heed,
Least you are brought into a snare
by cursed Jades indeed.

See how the Rose and Lilly fair,
upon their Cheeks do grow,
Mind how their breath perfume the ayr,
where ever they do go:
And what they touch imediately,
fresh Odours on them breed,
They patterns are of constancy,
rare Country Girls indeed.

Mind but the Girl that Milks the Cow,
how sweetly she doth sing,
She never knits an angry Brow,
but welcomes in the Spring,
And then among the Butter flowers,
she trips along the Mead,
To pass away the tedious hours,
she's fair and Chaste indeed.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, near the *Hospital-gate*, in *West-Smithfield*.

The Down-right VVOOING OF Honeſt JOHN & BETTY.

To the Tune of, *Cold and Raw.* *This may be Printed*, R. P.

VVEll met my pitty Betty
happy be our Meeting,
I prethee on me take pitty,
and thus he fell a Greeting:
Thou art the whom I love ſo dear,
above all worldly Treaſure,
There's no Love with mine can compare,
I love thee beyond all meaſure.

Bettys Reply to *John.*

I wonder John, how it came about,
that you ſhould love ſo dearly,
I fear you do but jeer and flout,
I prethee don't come near me;
And don't ſtand prating at this rate,
but I prethee now be going,
Or with my Ladle I'le break thy Pate,
for I like no deceitful Wooing.

I prethee Betty be not Coy,
but let's enjoy the Bleſſing,
I'le tell thee what thouſt enjoy,
of Goods I have poſſeſſing:
I have got a Yow and Lamb,
with a Cow and Calf together,
have that will bravely ſtand,
will make thee a glad Mother.

I have a Cupboard and three Chairs,
with Dishes and a Ladle,
Beside a Barrel to hold good Beer,
also a Nursing Cradle:
I have Spindles, Whirls and Reels,
with Feather-Bed and Bedding,
And a new Spinning-Wheel,
which thou shalt have at our Wedding.

I have a little Dog to Bark,
if any come to fright thee,
My House is as safe as Noahs Ark,
in which I will delight thee:
The pritty Crickets they do sing,
whilst I am in the Barn a Thrashing,
They'l be pleasing when thou dost Spin,
or Bake, Brew, or Washing.

My Mother left me twenty hives of Bees
which will yield good store of Honey,
We'l gather up all and none we'l leese,
it will bring us good store of Money:
I have eight Pigs and a Sow,
with Hens and Chickens plenty,
I have beside all this, I vow,
two Brood-Geese and Goslins twenty.

I have got a gay Gold Ring,
for my pritty Betty,
And I'le please thee in every thing,
then I prethee on me take pitty:

A black Scarf spick and span New,
Gloves and Ribbons, newest Fashion,
If thou wilt have me tell me now,
and don't put me into a passion.

The Maid began to smile at this,
and was pleas'd at his Fancy,
The Bargain she Seal'd with a Kiss,
and said, John's the Man I fancy:
Thou shalt be my hearts delight,
and I will be thy Honey,
We'l work together day and night,
and I hope we shall ne'r want Money.

The day appointed was with speed,
when they was to be Marry'd,
Their Friends likewise did agree,
that nothing sho'uld be miscarry'd:
There was both Wine, Ale and Beer,
all sorts of Provision plenty,
A Noise of Musick their hearts to chear,
Strawberries and Cream most dainty.

Then they to Dancing went,
each Lad then with their Lasses,
They kiss'd each Lass with their consent,
so the time away they passes:
The Fidler sung them a Merry Song,
which caused much Laughter,
And John began for to think long,
for the Pastime he should have after.

Printed for *T. Dezon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-Street*. By *E. W.*

The Dub'd Knight

Of the Forked Order.

OR,

The old wanton Lady as I will recite,
And Sen John the Serving-Man her hearts delight,
Their doings and actions, if you will attend,
In Meeter, they are by a Poet Pen'd.
The subtilty of women either old or young,
And what cunning excuses they have with their tongue,
That will play with their Husbands and laugh them to scorn,
Stroke up there brows, and there place a horn.
The Tune is, I am fall'en away.

TWas a Lady born
of high degree,
In her aged days
was youthful, yet she,
So youthful was
at threescore years old,
A young Man she esteemed
more precious then Gold:
So old, so old,
so wondrous old,
Till threescore years and ten
Old women are willing
to play with young Men.

This Lady one day
in her Parlor did walk,
Unto her head-serving-man
she began to talk,
She told him his feature
was comely and rare,
Few men that she lookt on
might with him compare,
So old, &c.

A Lilly-white hand
fair face and a nose,
Hair crisping and curled
his breath like a Rose,
Streight leg and a foot
and his body tall,
But that in the middle
is the rarest of all,
So old &c.

Madam he said,
as I am alive,
Unto an antient Lady
'tis a present revive:
It will make them merry
either at night or by day,
And clear every Main
like the dew of May.
So old, so old,
so wondrous old,
Till threescore years and ten,
Old women are willing
to play with young Men.

Then note wha
and obey my
For I'le make us
now straight ou
The bargain was
unto their own
The Serving-ma
and the Lady h
So old, &c.

When the Jig w
the Lady threw
Unto her good Ser
sevenscore pour
She gave this Go
his courage to
That he will but
in the Saddle a
So old, &c.

Then the wanton
to her Knight s
And like to Amer
she did reply,
That she was muc
and she had cau
Why then quoth t
Lady keep thy
So old, &c.

I'le send for a Do
the grief for to
For to ease thy h
and troubled m
I will have no Do
my grief for to
But only one Ma
sweet-heart if
So old, &c.

te what I ſay
ey my command,
ake uſe of thée,
ght out of hand,
n was made
own Will,
ng-man had
Lady her fill:

Jig was ended,
threw down,
od Serving-man,
e pound:
is Gold freely,
ge to maintain,
ll but Ride
ddle again:

wanton Lady
ight ſhe did hye,
Ameretrix
ply,
as much alter'd,
had caught harm,
quoth the Knight;
p thy ſelf warm;

a Doctor
for to find,
e thy body,
bled mind;
no Doctor
for to eaſe,
ne Man
art if you pleaſe:

Let me ſee this Artiſt,
the Knight did reply,
O quoth the Lady,
loe here he ſtands by;
That can give me cure
with a Syrup that he,
Brought from the Venetian
and from Italy;
So old, &c.

How came you acquainted
with your Mans rarity?
Sir, in a ſad paſſion,
being ready to dye,
I dream'd that his judgement
was right I do find,
And his phyſick was healthful
to old Women kind.
So old, &c.

And if by the vertue
thou pleaſure do find,
I doubt then by Venus
that I am made blind;
I dream'd I was hunting
and pleaſure did ſee,
But a viſion mine eyes
much troubleth me,
So old, &c.

The Déer did run ſwiftly,
and Hounds after rang'd
And I like Actoon
moſt ſtrangely was chang'd
I though that my lower part
ſeem'd like a Man,
My head like a Buck,
and Horns like a Ram,
So old, &c.

And riding on ſwiftly,
ſweet pleaſure to find,
An Oke burſt my horns
& his blood made me blind,
The Huntſman did hollow,
and great ſhouts did make,
And forth of my dream,
I ſtrait did awake:
So old, &c.

I told my fair Lady
of my dream ſo ſtrange,
Quoth ſhe 'tis the better
when thy Life doth change;
For the Forked Order
the evil doth expel,
And being a dub'd Knight,
thou need'ſt not fear Hell.
So old, &c.

From the Poor to the Rich,
even to the Ladies Gay,
Young Women are wanton
old Women will play:
And mumble their Husbands
and jéer them to ſcorn,
And point them a Feaker
and give them a Horn:
So old, ſo old,
ſo wondrous old,
Till threeſcore years and ten,
Old Women are willing
to play with young Men.

By Abraham Miles.

Printed for W. Whitwood at the Golden Bell at Duck-Lane end in Weſt-ſmith-field.

The Dumb Lady; Or,

NO, no, not I; I'le Anſwer.

To the Tune of, the *Doubtful Virgin*, or the new *Borey*, or *Will you be a Man of Faſhion.*

UNderneath a little Mountain
where I us'd my ſelf to walk,
By a pretty pleaſant Fountain
there I heard two Lovers talk
Ah! ſaid he my only Jewel,
would you have your Lover dye,
Can you be ſo fare and cruel
no indeed quoth ſhe not I,

Why my dear my pretty Nancy,
will you then torment my mind?
If you Willy you can fancy
theis your ſelf to him more kind.
Or if you deſign my Ruine,
I am willing for to dye
But be ſhort in my undoing
Still ſhe anſwered no not I.

Why then pray will you torment me
and take pleaſure in my ſmart,
When a kind look will content me
will you frown to break my Heart,
If it be my Nanny's Pleaſure
on my Sword I'le freely die,
Give the word my only Treaſure
Still ſhe anſwered no not I.

Bid me live and i'le endeavour,
every way to gain your Love
If this be to great a Favor,
bid me from your eyes remove
Deal with me as with a Creature
as you pleale ſhall live or die
Are you Miſtreſs of ill Nature,
Still ſhe anſwered no not I.

This indeed was more contenting,
than what e're before ſhe gave
Tho it was not full conſenting
it encourag'd her Flame.
Should I tempt to kiſs my fair one
would you ſay diſpair and die,
Say my Love my only dear one
Still ſhe anſwered no not I.

Then he laid his Arms, about her
ſhe the Poſture did Approve,
He reſolv'd no more to doubt her
and by progreſs of his Love
Gain'd ſuch conqueſt ſtreight upon her
that at laſt they ſwain cry
Will you yield the Fort of Honour
Still ſhe anſwered no not I.

But their was ſo little diſtance
and ſo yielding a defence
That he found all her reſiſtance
was but only complelence,
Now ſaid he you muſt ſurrender
if I force you will cry?
All ſhe ſaid ſo: to defend her
Was indeed my dear not I.

Hard it was at the firſt Sally
for to ſay which ſide would beat,
Tho poor Willey oft did Rally
he as often did retreat:
But what moſt deſerv'd my wonder
Willey he for all his Art,
Tho he kept poor Nanny under
was the firſt deſir'd to part.

Printed for P. Brooksy at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.

The DYERS D

OR, The Loving Wife's Help in time of Nee

{ Two Trades is better far than one, } { Then if thou wilt let m
{ ſweet Husband, then, ſaid ſhe; } { I'll be a help to thee,

To the Tune of, **Why are my Eyes ſtill flowing**, &c. This n

A Dyers Wife ſhe was a dainty curious Doe,
But with her Friend ſhe a Gadding would go,
Alas he could not keep his handſome wife at home,
For with her Gallant abroad ſhe would roam.
And when ſhe came to her Husband each night,
Then like two Tygers together they'd fight,
And at each blow ſhe would often reply,
Thou art a Cuckold and ſo thou ſhalt dye.

You know full well I take the greateſt care of all,
Or elſe your ſubſtance would ſoon be but ſmall,
For why ſhould I depend upon your Trade alone,
Is not two Callings far better than one;

Therefore I'de have thee be cont
For I protеſt I will have my o
'Tis but a folly the ſame to deny
Thou art a Cuckold and ſo thou

Huswife, ſaid he, and have you
So that your Husband is a Cu
What flesh and blood is able to
You ſhall, quoth ſhe, though you
For I declare it is not
Which I have ſtentimes hinted
May I do hate to be found in a
thou art a Cuckold and ſo thou ſ

Deſtiny:

Need.

let me alone,
thee.

This may be Printed, R. P.

e contented ſtill,
my own will,
o deny,
o thou ſhallt dye.

e you now the wanton plaid,
s a Cuckold made,
bie for to bear with this?
ugh you take it amiſs:
g but true.
hinted to you,
d in a lye.
thou ſhalt dye.

A Shooe-maker I own to be my chiefeſt friend,
There does the moſt of my hopes ſtill depend,
Againſt we meet he is a Man that does provide,
Not only Money, but ſomething beſide:
Therefore you have no great cauſe to complain,
Becauſe to you I ſtill bring home the gain,
As for your Anger, I ſtill do deſie,
Being a Cuckold and ſo thou ſhalt dye.

The Dyer then, alas was in a cruel rage,
That nothing ſcarce could his Anger aſſwage,
Do not I bring to you my Wages e'ry week,
What need have you any Gallants to ſeek;
At this his Wife ſhe was ſtraight in a huff,
Saying your Wages is not half enough,
Therefore be patient, ſaid ſhe, do not cry,
For thou'rt a Cuckold and ſo thou ſhalt dye.

It is well known our Cloaths were all at pawn of late,
And we reduc'd to a very mean ſtate,
But now you ſee we make a very handſome ſhift,
Thus I was forc'd to help at a dead lift;
I brought home Coyn by my induſtry,
The which I gave you all pawns to ſet free,
The truth of this ſure you cannot deny,
As you are a Cuckold, and ſo you ſhall dye.

Nay now did you e're flouriſh ſo in all your Life,
As now you do by the help of your Wife,
Therefore my Crime you may very well here excuſe,
Tell me I pray, do you ever want Shooes?
Yet know you not the price of thoſe you wear,
I get them by my induſtrious care,
The truth of this ſure you cannot deny,
As you are a Cuckold and ſo you ſhall dye.

A Country-Man of mine you ſent me with one day,
Who in Appare. was gallant and gay,
To me he gave a Golden Guinea and no leſs,
But yet for what I will leave you to gueſs:
But for your comfort take this by the way,
You ſhall dig Gravel the next Horn-Fair-day,
Basket and Pit-Axe I reckon to buy,
For you are a Cuckold, and ſo you ſhall dye,

Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking-Glaſs on London-Bridge.

The Dying Lovers Reprieve.

OR,

The Reward of True Love.

With ſighs and tears her love he doth deſire,
Since Cupid hath his ſenſes ſet on fire;
His torment and his pain to her he ſhews,
With all his proteſtations and his vows:
At laſt ſhe yields to grant him ſome relief,
And make him joyful after all his grief.

Tune of, *Digby's Farewel*; Or, *Give me the Laſs, &c.* With Allowance. Ro. L'Eſtrange.

FAireſt and deareſt to thee I am bound,
For love and affection thy ſervant to be,
Your ſkill I deſire to heal up my wound,
There's none in the world that can cure it but thee:
Then deareſt be pleaſed to do your endeavour,
And i'le be your ſervant to wait on you ever;
And thus you compel me unto you to cry,
Grant me thy affection, or elſe I ſhall dye.

The ground of my torment to thee i'le impart,
'Twas Cupid with's Arrow that wounded my heart,
Which pains me and grieves me that I cannot reſt,
Which makes me go mourning to think on my grief,
My heart lies a burning for want of relief;
No hopes I have left to be eaſed of pain,
Unleſs you requite me with true love again.

Then deareſt be pleaſed to hear my requeſt,
And eaſe a poor patient and ſet me at reſt;
For you'r the Phiſitian which can by your art,
In this ſad condition give eaſe to my heart:
'Tis onely your love that ſo much I deſire,
Since thy charming my ſenſes doth fire:
Then deareſt releaſe me out of all my pain,
And ſtrive to requite me with true love again.

Brings tears from my eyes, & deep ſighs from my breaſt,

LEt me be ſo happy your love to imbrace,
Or why did you ſhew me your beautiful face?
Why did you not cover your features ſo rare?
Which cauſed my heart to be caught in a ſnare:
Then might I have lived in peace and content,
& never have known what loves torments had ment;
But now you compel me unto you to cry,
I prithee love tell me, ſhall I live or dye?

Your love then reſtore me, and grant what I crave,
Or elſe to remove me from hence to the Grave;
Except you releaſe me, no joy I can find,
Whereby it may eaſe me and ſettle my mind:
For I am inthralled by your rowling eyes,
And you are the object wherein the fault lies:
Which makes me go mourning to think on my pain,
My heart lies a burning for cruel diſdain.

Although for my love you do prove ſo unkind,
I cannot refrain but muſt utter my mind;
I have been your ſervant a long time in vain,
My love it was fervent, and doth ſtill remain;
No hopes to remove it I find to my grief,
Unleſs you in pitty do grant me relief;
Then do not deny me when as I do cry,
O grant me your favour, or elſe I ſhall dye,

Therefore I beſeech you to hear my complaint,
And take ſome pitty before I do faint:
For I am caſt down with one glance of your eye,
And when you do frown, 'tis O then I could dye.

A ſmile from your beauty doth raviſh my mind,
Becauſe I am pleaſed when as you ſeem kind;
For then I do hope to find ſome relief,
At the hand of my dear, who hath cauſed my grief.

But when I conſider you caſt me aſide,
O then I do fear you will not be my Bride;
But this I deſire, and this I do crave,
To have ſome requital for being your Slave:
And ſo preſume for to venture my Dove,
To ſeal with a kiſs the Indenture of love:
Then make me no longer in vain for to cry,
But now tell me whether I ſhall live or dye.

Kind Sir then (ſhe ſaid) ſince your love it is true,
I will heal your wound, and be kind unto you;
For well I have minded your ſorrow and pain,
Which you have endured by my cruel diſdain:
But your fancy to pleaſe, I grant what you crave,
And your grief for to eaſe, my body you have;
Then wipe off your tears and caſt ſorrows away,
For now I will pleaſe you by night and by day,

Theſe words ſo revived his ſorrowful mind,
He was overjoy'd for to ſee her ſo kind;
He ſtraightway imbrac'd her, and gave her a kiſs,
To ſeal as a pledge of a true lovers bliſs:
And ſo from that inſtant united in love,
With conſtant affection that ne'r ſhall remove:
And now they live happy in joy and content,
And for what is paſt have no cauſe to repent.

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*.

The dying tears of a true Lover forsaken,

Made on his Death-bed; the hour before his Death.

The Tune is, *Come live with me.*

THose gentle hearts that true love crave,
Where true love can no harbour have,
From shedding tears cannot refrain,
But mourn with me that lov'd in vain
Sore sick in love, sore sick in mind,
Come gentle death my life unwind,
For Cupids shaft and golden Bow,
Now seeks my joys to overthrow.

Upon my Death-bed I have pen'd,
The Story of my woful end;
Fain would behold I dye, I dye,
Here murthered by loves cruelty:
O Sarah Hill thou art the Wight,
That turn'd my joy to sharp delight,
Thou art the causer of my death,
Farewel false love, farewel my breath.

Be warn'd you wantons by my fall,
In love there is no truth at all;
Although in love you live untrue,
There is some Maids as false as you:
Her beauty dazled so mine eyes,
That in her breast my heart still lies,
I lov'd her, but she lov'd not me,
Wherefore behold, I dye, I dye.

O cursed eyes, why did you gaze,
Upon her fair and flattering face?
O wherefore did my eyes unfold,
One fram'd of such unconstant mould:
Come wrap me in my winding-sheet,
And bear me sadly through the street,
That from her eyes salt tears may shed,
When for her sake she sees me dead.

In outward shew she joyned hands,
And vow'd to live in wedlock bands,
But she unkind hath me dispis'd,
And broke my heart so highly priz'd:
O Lord what grief do I sustain,
Which liv'd dispis'd, and lov'd in vain,
But Lord how well are they apaid,
Which hap to chuse a constant Maid.

There is no living wight that knows,
The pineing pain and endless woes,
That we forsaken Lovers hide,
But such as have the torments try'd:
I needs must yield now death doth fade,
Deaths comming cannot be delay'd:
O reach the Bible, pray to me,
For that my souls true love shall be.

Go tole my Passing-bell, dear friends,
For here a Lovers journey ends:
But mark what fortune she shall have,
When she hath clos'd me in the Grave,
I do not doubt but you shall see,
Her body paid in misery:
And made a laughing-stock to those,
Who now her great unkindness knows.

You of the Gentle-craft that be,
Shew this kind favour unto me,
That to the world this mournful Song,
Be chanted sweetly you among:
And some of you I do request,
To bear me to my longing rest.
And lay my carkass in the ground,
With ringing Bells melodious sound.

To my dear love then go and say,
Her change of mind cast me away,
Bid her hard heart so constant prove,
To him that next shall be her love:
With that he yielded up his life,
Where death gave end to further strife:
Desiring God that sits in Heaven,
His lovers sins might be forgiven.

Thus have you heard Hugh Hills good mind
Who never proved in love unkind:
But to his end continued true,
Not changing old friend for a new.

FINIS.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

COme young Laſſes and liſten well,
Unto the tale that I ſhall tell,
For unto you I will unfold
A matter worthy to be told:
There was a young man lov'd me well,
A Shoomaker his name Hugh Hill,
His heart with love did burn amain,
And I ſeem'd to love him again.

Then were we made ſure together,
But I unconſtant as the weather,
Did him forſake, I was ſo nice,
When in the Church were asked thrice,
When that he ſaw I was unkind,
And that I had a cruel mind,
For love of me he left his life,
Becauſe I would not be his wife.

I never car'd what he did ſay,
But ſuffered him to pine away:
And when he yielded up his breath,
I quickly had forgot his death,
But in my Bed upon a time,
As many things came in my mind,
There ſmiling to my ſelf I ſaid,
I think that I ſhall dye a maid.

Then many a Youth I thought upon,
I lov'd and fancy'd many a one:
I hated ſome, and ſome reſerv'd,
To like and love as they deſerv'd:
But in the midſt of all my choice,
I heard a lamentable voice,
With Muſick ſounding to the ear,
But not to me as did appear.

For when I heard what it might be
And what was cauſe of this Melody,
And at my window a voice did cry,
Hugh Hill is dead, fie Sarah fie,
My conſcience then tormented me,
Of my falſe heart and treachery,
And evermore the voice would cry,
To pine thy ſelf repent and dye,

Methought it was the voice of Hugh,
Of good Hugh Hill that was ſo true,
That was ſo faithful unto me,
Yet uſed him moſt wickedly:
O there he did my faults expreſs,
And I the ſame muſt needs confeſs,
For I kill'd him with cruelty,
For which I would but cannot dye

And ſince that time my heart is light,
And all my body altred quite,
My eyes are ſunk into my head,
Which makes me look like one that's dead
My face that was ſo freſh and fine,
As clear as is the Claret wine,
Is now transform'd to another hue,
Both grim and loathſome to the view.

My skin is whither'd, my fleſh is gone,
And nothing left but skin and bone,
And now I pine moſt dolefully,
Wiſhing for death but cannot dye,
Therefore ſweet Maids that ſuitors have
Yeild unto them that true love crave,
O do not caſt a man away,
Leſt you your ſelves go to decay.

If unto you a young man come,
You are ſo fine you'l ne'r have none,
Until your beauty fade away,
You ſcorn moſt men you are ſo coy:
Fie, fie, remember what you are,
Do not refuſe while you are fair,
Unto your true loves be not coy,
'Tis good to take them while you may.

As you be coy, ſo I have been,
But ſee the miſery I live in,
That was it not for my ſouls health,
I would be willing to kill my ſelf:
Therefore fair Maids amend in time,
Leſt that your woes be like to mine,
And pray to God to end my grief,
Or elſe to rid me of my life.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,* and *T. Paſſinger.*

An ĕaſie way to Tame a SHREW.

OR THE

Young Plow-man's Frollick.

He that a Shrew would gladly Tame,
Example take here by the ſame;
As in this Ditty you may find,
Fair words doth pleaſe a Womans mind:
And all good Wives where e're you be,
Pray liſten well to this Ditty;
To pleaſe you all I know not how,
But yet I ſay, *God ſpeed the Plow.*

To a Delightful New Tune; Or, *The Collier of Croydon had Coles to ſell.*

BE merry all you that be here,
here preſent in this place,
And with a Song I will you pleaſe,
as God ſhall give me Grace;
Then give ear a little ſpace.

A Young-man lived in our Country,
which of late did ſet up Plow,
He wanted ſtrength to Till his ground,
he had but Horſes two:
Alack what could he do?

He got up early in the morning,
becauſe he fain would thrive,
He went but fairly with his Draught,
and he hir'd a Boy to drive;
You ſhall hear more believe.

Then an aged man came riding by,
of him he did not dream,
He did commend his Plowing well,
with ſuch a ſlender Team;
For he wanted but a Beam.

I have a Horſe, the old man ſaid,
ſo furious and void of fear,
No work nor beating can him tame,
for he breaks all our Gears,
Attend all you that hear.

I can him tame, the young man ſaid,
if you will ſell him me,
The old man reply'd, the grief is ſmall,
then ſoon they did agree;
His proof I fain would ſee.

He tyed this Horſe up two or three days,
to tame his ſturdy fit,
He gave him gentle words enough,
but meat never a bit;
Thus he did try his wit.

And then he brings him forth to work,
and in the midſt he goes,
He takes a bottle of his beſt Hay,
and he hangs it before his Noſe;
He drew then you may ſuppoſe.

And as he drew he gave him ſome,
ſo brought him to good frame,
The aged man within few days,
did come to ſee the ſame;
What ſaid he when he came?

Thou ſure haſt done a mighty feat,
for I could never bring
Him to Saddle nor to Draw,
thou haſt conquer'd like a King;
I but hunger did the thing.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

SHEWING,

How the Old Man married his Daughter to this Young-man.
And how the Young-man dealt with his Croſs-grain'd Wife,
Yet after liv'd a ſweet Contented Life.

I have a daughter, the old man ſaid,
my Heir and only child,
But in condition ſhe is a Shrew,
both ſturdy, ſtout, and wild;
Her nature is not mild.

If thou'lt but pleaſe to marry her,
her Portion is not ſmall,
Five hundred pound I thee will give,
and when I dye ſhe ſhall have all;
What ever doth befall.

I'le ſee your daughter, the young-man ſaid,
if I can but favour find,
I make no doubt to bring it about,
to win her to my mind;
And t'le to her prove kind.

But when he to this Damoſel came,
as plainly doth appear,
She liked him, and lov'd him ſo,
they quickly married were;
What followed you ſhall hear.

Next morning early he got up,
and for to go to the Plow,
Then with ſpeeches fair, he did prepare,
to tell her what to do;
Then he came his Wife unto.

Then he brought unto her Chamber door
a Wheel, and Flax to Spin,
And ſaid, good Wife, with our own hands
our living we muſt win;
Oh in time he did begin.

I will not work at all, quoth ſhe,
my portion is ſo great,
Nay, you muſt work good wife, he ſaid,
or nothing you muſt eat;
This was his ſubtile feat.

No meat at all ſhe had that day,
for out ſhe could not get,
He lock'd the door and went to Plow,
and left her there to fret;
But ſhe did not dye o'th Pet.

At night when he came home from Plow,
he proffered her a Kiſs,
Nay Churl ſaid ſhe, away be gone,
I will tell my Parents this;
Then he thought all was amiſs.

Next morning her Wheel ſhe took in hand
and ſpun up eight good Leaſe,
And ſaid, kind Husband, by all means,
I will ſeek your mind to pleaſe;
Oh then ſhe found better eaſe.

But when her Parents they did come,
to ſee how they did agree,
They found her buſie at her work,
and ſinging merrily;
They wondred that to ſee.

My Husband loves me well, ſaid ſhe,
I have any thing I crave,
But I muſt work as well as he,
or nothing I muſt have;
I muſt either gain or ſave.

We be hungry daughter, they ſaid,
will you give us ſome meat?
Nay you muſt work before, ſaid ſhe,
or nothing you muſt eat;
She had learn'd the ſubtile feat.

But when her husband he came home,
and found her Parents there,
He made them welcome heartily,
he laugh'd and made good Cheer;
Oh then they merry were.

thus you have heard the taming of a ſhrew
by gentle means, and how
Then all good wives, while you have lives
help to maintain the Plow;
And it will you means allow.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-Ball near the *Hoſpital-gate*, in *Weſt-Smithfield*.

Englands Darling, OR

Great Brittains Joy and hope on that Noble PRINCE

JAMES Duke of *MONMOUTH.*

Brave *Monmouth*, *Englands* Glory,
Hated of none but Papiſt and Tory,
Mayſt thou in thy Noble Fathers love remain,
who happily over this Land doth Reign.

Tune of, *Young Jemmy*, or *Pnilanaer.*

YOung Jemmy is a Lad
that's Royally deſcended;
With every Virtue clad,
by every Tongue commended:
A true and faithful Engliſh heart,
Great Britains joy and hope,
And bravely will maintain their part
in ſpight of Turk and Pope.

Young Jemmy is a Lad
that hates all baſe pretences;
No Tory, Maſquerade,
with Popiſh ſham-pretences:
A Heart and Soul ſo great and juſt,
ſuch Conduct and Command,
A Champion in his Countries truſt
young Jemmy ſtill will ſtand.

Young Jemmy is a youth
who thinks it no tranſgreſſion
To ſtand up for the Truth,
and Proteſtant Profeſſion:
But Oh! he fights with ſuch ſucceſs,
all mortal powers obey,
No god of war but muſt confeſs
young Jemmy bears the bay.

At Jemmy's powerful voice
the Drums & Trumpets sounded;
And England did rejoyce
when Jemmy's fame abounded.
Of Jemmy the victorious name
did through all Europe flie,
And all the nations did proclaim
his matchless Gallantry.

In Maestricht, and in France,
in Germany, and Flanders,
Young Jemmy did advance
amongst the cheif Commanders:
By Sea and Land his fame did fly,
and all the Nations round,
Of Jemmy's constant victory
and valour did resound.

In Scotland Jemmy's hand
dispers'd the Whigg and Tory,
And Bothwel Bridge will stand
to his eternal glory.
There he the Rebels force withstood,
and did their Might oppose,
Both for the King and Countries good,
in spight of all his foes.

But oh! unhappy fates!
a curse on Pride and Malice;
The Popish plotting States
have banish'd him the Palace.

They turn'd him out of grace of late,
of dignity and fame,
And every mighty place of State,
yet Jemmy's still the same.

Maliciously they plot
(against all sence and reason)
'Gainst Shaftsbury and Scot,
to Cloak their Popish Treason:
Tories and Papists all agree
to blast his spotless fame,
But 'spight of all their policy,
young Jemmy's still the same.

For still to lose his blood
young Jemmy does importune,
And for his Countries good,
to spend his Life and Fortune
For to support the Church and State,
our Liberties and Laws,
Against their Malice, Plots, and Hate,
that wou'd our rights oppose.

Let all good men implore
for Jemmy's Restauration,
Whose conduct must restore
the ruines of our Nation:
That he to Charles's praise may live,
our freedome to maintain,
When Jemmy shall his fame retrieve
and be in grace again.

Printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery and T. Passenger.

England's New Bell-Man.

Ringing into all Peoples Ears, God's Dreadful Judgment to this Land and Kingdom, Prognosticated by the great Eclipse of the Sun, *March* 29. 1652. the strange Effects to continue, 1654, 1655, 1656. to the Amazement of the whole World. To the Tune of, *O Man in Disperation.*

AWake, awake, O England,
Sweet England now awake
And to thy Prayers speedily,
do thou thy self betake;
The Lord thy God is coming
within the Sky so clear,
Repent therefore O England,
the day that draweth near.
The dreadful day of vengeance,
is shortly now at hand,
When fearful burning fire,
shall waste both Sea and Land;
And all means hearts shall fail them
to see such things appear, Repent, &c.
The worldly wise and prudent,
shall fall besides their wits,
And wish the Hills to fall on them,
in these their frantick fits:
No succour, help nor comfort,
for them shall then appear, Repent, &c.
The Seas and Rivers running,
shall roar in grievous wise,
The Beasts in Pastures feeding,
still strain forth grevious cries.
The Skies shall flame with fire,
the Earth shall burn so clear,
Repent therefore O England.
the day it draweth near.
The glorious holy Angels,
shall then their Trumpees sound
The dead shall hear their voices,
as they lye in the ground;
Then all the Graves shall open,
and dead men shall appear, Repent, &c.
The Devil will be ready then,
each Creature to accuse;
And shew how in their life time,
they did themselves abuse;
And every mans own Conscience,
for witness shall appear, Repent, &c.
The works of every creature,
their thoughts and deeds I say,
Shall follow them together,
in that most dreadful day:
And no respect of persons,
shall at that day appear,
Repent therefore O England
the day it draweth near.

BUt ſuch as have done juſtly,
ſhall wear the Crown of Life;
The wicked ſhall be Damned,
to ſorrow, pain and grief:
Inſteyling hyms of Hymſtone,
with doleful heavy chær,
Repent therefore O England,
the day it draweth near.
But woe unto that woman,
which then with Child ſhall go,
And to the ſilly Nurſes,
which do give Suck alſo;
When as the day of Judgment
ſo grevous ſhall appear, Repent, &c.
And pray with tears moſt conſtant,
unto the Lord of might,
That in the frozen winter
you do not take your flight:
Nor that upon the Sabbath,
that peril do appear,
Repent, &c.
Let all good Chriſtian people,
repent therefore in time;
And from their hearts lamenting,
each former grievous crime:
Prepare themſelves with gladneſs,
to watch when Chriſt ſhall come;
The trump ſhall ſound, and ſuddain,
and no man knows how ſoon:
Repent, &c.
For all things are fulfilled,
which Chriſt before had told,
Small Faith is now remaining,
and Charity's grown cold;
Great ſigns & wonders we have ſeen
within the Earth and Sky,
Repent, &c.
Why doſt thou put thy confidence
in ſtrong and ſtately Towers,
Why takeſt thou ſuch pleaſure,
in building ſumptuous Bowers:
Rejoycing in thy Paſtures,
and Park of fallow Dear;
Repent, &c.
Why ſeekeſt thou deceitfully
to purchaſe treaſure great,
Or why does thou through Uſury,
the bread of poor Men eat?
Why doth the life and living,
ſo filthily appear;
Repent, &c.
Wherefore let all good people
upon their knees proceed,
In making earneſt Prayer
for never was more need;
That God may ſpare the puniſhment
even for his mercy mær,
And give Grace to bear in mind,
the Judgment day is near.

FINIS.

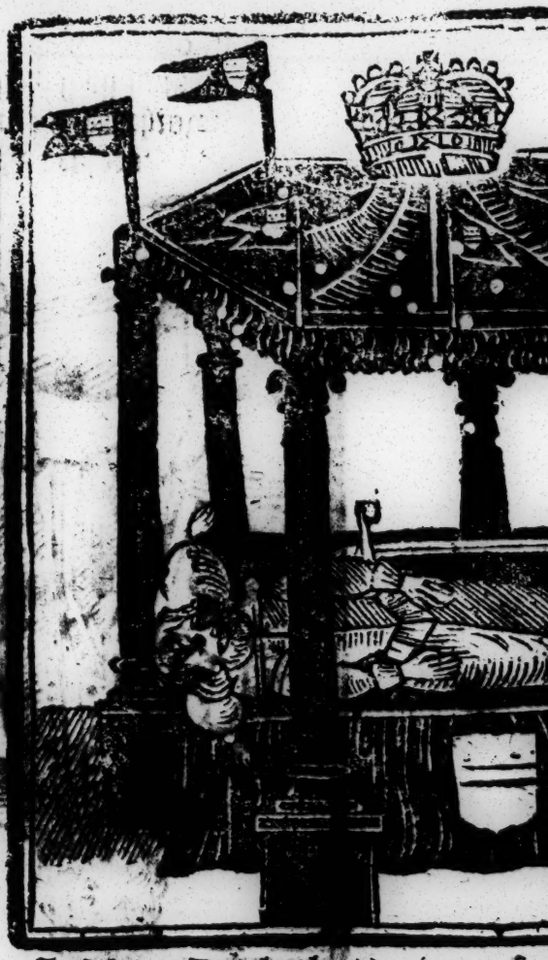
Printed for *A. M. W. D. and* Tho. Thackeray at the Angel in Duck-lane.

Englands Tribute of Tea

On the Death of his Grace the DUKE of *GRAF*

Who received his Mortal Wound at the Siege of the City of *Cork* in
on the 9th. of *October*, 1690.

Tune is, *The Watch for a Wise Man's Observation:* Or, *Aim not too high.*



UNwelcome Tydings over-spreads the Land,
The Great, the Wise, the Just do weeping stand;
What is the cause of Loyal Subjects Tears,
Those Crys and Sorrows which invade our Ears.

What Castles, Towns or Cities have we lost,
Or hath the Rebels our good purpose trost?
Or hath our Valiant Warlike-Troops misled
Oh! no, the grief is that Great Grafton's dead.

Renowned Hero, whose unhappy Fate
Untimely Death his Days did terminate;
Whose boyling Blood, like to the early Spring,
Ambitious was to serve his Royal King.

Insulting Death, thus daring to sur
So great a Soul, could nothing less
Thy famish'd Jaws, but such a Her
Who scorn'd by Rebells for to be co

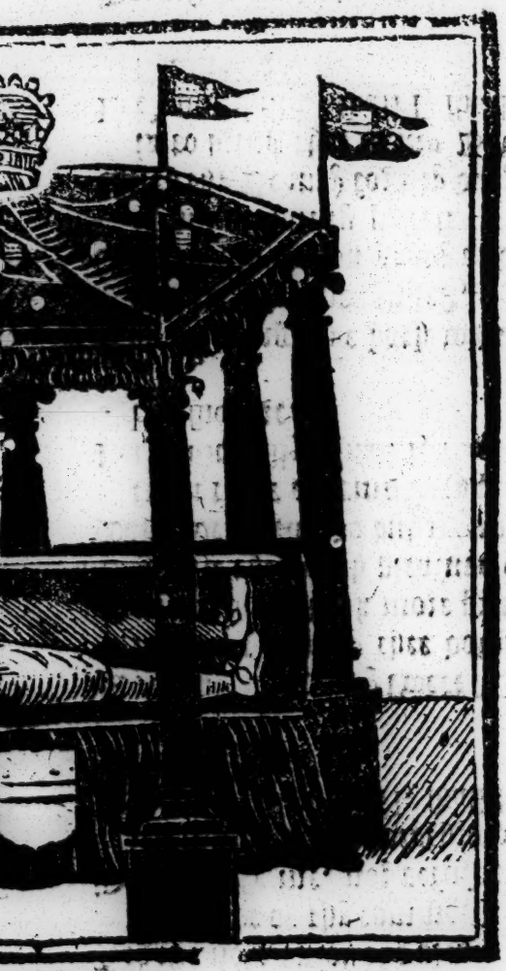
And did the greatest hazzards freely
And by his mighty Arm great thing
The Monuments and Rolls of lasti
Shall Crown his Courage, Condu

The warlike Grafton did no labour
A Loyal Heart he in his Breast did
Resolving still King William's Ce
'Gainst France and Rome that wou

ears,

AFTON,

k in *Ireland*,



to surprize
ng less suffice
a Hero bold,
he controul'd:

Freely run,
t things has done;
of lasting Fame,
Conduct, and his Name.

labour spare,
ult did bear;
n's Cause to fight
t wou'd oppose his right.

The Dutch and French when they were both Engag'd,
He see the odds, which made him soon Enrag'd;
And coming up, he did the French destroy,
Thus kill'd the Monsieur and the poor Dear-Joy.

And thus the Fleet of France was forc'd to fly,
While Dutch and English, Crown'd with Victory,
Did all the Enemy with dread and fear,
His true Heroick Courage did appear.

And thus his Loyal Soul still prompt'd him too
The Irish Rebells, them for to pursue;
And to Chastize them for their Villany,
Against King Williams Crown and Dignity.

Unto the Siege of Cork he March'd with speed,
Thus while he did his Warlike Forces lead,
The Fates upon our Valiant Hero frown'd,
For in this Battel he receiv'd a Wound,

Whereof he Dy'd, well may the Nation Mourn,
And all in tears pay Tribute to his Urn.
His Life he lost, Religion to maintain,
And we shall ne'r behold him here again.

In a Religious Cause it was he fell,
Therefore we hope his Loyal Soul will dwell
Amongst blest Saints and Angels, to enjoy
True Bliss, where Mortal Cares can't him annoy.

All State and Glory of this present Life,
Incumber'd is with trouble, care and strife;
On Fortunes restless Waves we often steer,
Meeting with many Disappointments here.

But happy is the Man that here can make
His Peace before the world he does forsake,
As this most Noble Duke we know has done,
His Eyes with true Repenting tears did run.

We must acknowledge Trouble he went through,
Yet like a Lamb he bid the world adieu;
And Angel did Conduct him on their Wings,
As a Rich Present to the King of Kings.

FINIS.

Printed for *J. Millet*, at the *Angel* in *Little-brittain*.

Kind WILLIAM,

Or, Conſtant *BETTY.*

Let Maids beware, and ſhun the ſnare,
I ſay berul'd by me;
Though you embrace, be perfect Chaſte,
from ſtains of infamy.

To the Tune of The Doubting Virgin.

COnſtant Betty that ſweet Creature,
ſhe was William's hearts delight;
In the Shades he chanc'd to meet her,
when Fair Phœbus ſhined bright:
In concluſion his deluſion
was to bring her to his Bow,
Let's not dally, ſhall I, ſhall I,
but ſhe anſwer'd, no, no, no.

Then his Betty he Embraced,
hoping for to win the Field,
She with modeſty was graced,
and reſolved not to yield:
She denyed, he replyed,
do no ſeek my Overthrow,
Let's not dally, ſhall I, ſhall I,
but ſhe anſwer'd no, no, no.

Thou haſt ſet mine heart on fire,
ſweeteſt Creature be not coy,
Grant me what I do deſire,
thou ſhalt be my only joy:
Thus he Woo'd her to deſude her,
and to bring her to his Bow,
Let's not dally, ſhall I, ſhall I,
but ſhe anſwer'd no, no, no.

Love thou art my only treasure,
then he took her by the hand,
Let me now enjoy the pleasure,
I will be at thy command:
Don't abuse me, nor refuse me,
lest it proves my overthrow,
Let's not dally, shall I, shall I,
but she, &c.

Now admit me, my sweet Betty,
to salute and lay thee down,
None alive I think more pity,
I will thee with pleasure Crown:
Don't deny me, do but try me,
from those charms such pleasures flow,
Let's not dally, shall I, shall I,
but she, &c.

Thy obliging Eye hath won me,
dearest I am not in jest,
Why should'st thou be coy and shun me,
I am certainly possest
With thy Beauty for my duty
is to bring thee to my Bow.
Let's not dally, shall I, shall I,
but she, &c.

Dearest Betty sit down by me,
let us lovingly agree,
Sweetest Creature don't deny me,
Cupid's Dart hath wounded me:
Then come near me, Love and chear me
for my heart is sinking low,
Let's not dally, shall I, shall I,
but she, &c.

Betty's Answer to William's Request.

William you are much mistaken,
you shall never me ensnare,
In your Net I'll not be taken,
therefore now your Suit forbear:
I'll deny it, and defie it,
for I vow it shan't be so,
While I marry, I will tarry,
and will answer no, no, no.

From Love will be excluded,
e'er I'll hear an idle Tale,
I will never be deluded,
no, nor shall you e'er prevail,
To embrace me, and disgrace me,
thus to sink my heart full low,
While I marry, I will tarry,
and will, &c.

WILLIAM.

Now my loving constant Betty,
I will ever thee adore,
For thy Answer has been witty,
I will never tempt thee more:
When I try'd thee, thou deny'd me,
all thy answer still was No,
We'll not tarry, but will Marry,
then it must and shall be so.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Deacon in Gilt-spur-street.

Englands Triumph : Or,

The Subjects joy.

All you that troubled are with Melancholly,
The *Spaniards* have a Juyce will make you jolly:
Good Wine, good Wine, I say's the only thing,
That can for such distemper comfort bring:
It comforts the heart, and quickens each vein,
If a man be half dead, it will fetch him again.
To a pleasant new Tune, Or, *come let us drink all day and night.*

The Kings most faithful Subjects we,
indeed we are not dull.
We drink to shew our Loyalty,
and to fill his Coffers full:
If all his Subjects drank like us,
he would be richer far,
More powerful and more prosperous
then all the Eastern Monarchs are,
then all the Eastern Monarchs are.

Then let us drink all day and night,
give each a lusty bowl,
This is the ravishing Delight
of every generous Soul:
Whilst others lye and soak in bed,
and Live but half their time;
This Wine that lies within our head,
shall still preserve us in our prime, &c.

Instead of sleep we'l spend the Night,
in singing of the praise,
Of Wine that makes the Souldier fight,
and gives the Poet bays.
That fills the veins with noble blood
though we be ne'r so mean,
Inspires what's either great or good,
and turns rank Clowns to Gentlemen, &c.

Let Souldiers fight, and Parsons preach,
and scholars break their brains,
Fanaticks sweat and bawl to teach,
sedition for their gains.
Whilst others there do waste and pine,
we still are sound at heart,
And if we have but spritely Wine,
we'l drink and roar, and never part,
we'l drink and roar, and never part.

LEt Merchants ſtill for treaſures run,
and croſs the burning Line,
We have our Engins here at home,
in every glaſs of Wine.
Each Carbuncle upon my Noſe,
better then Jems doth ſhine,
My cheeks are freſh like to a Roſe,
my heart is merry with brisk Wine,
my heart is merry with brisk Wine.

Let Doctors cure themſelves of grief,
and each Apothecary,
We are ſure to give our ſelves relief,
by drinking of Canary,
If melancholly diſturbs the mind,
and makes our hearts full ſad,
We know where we good Sack can find
and that will make us brisk and glad,
and that will make us brisk and glad.

Our Wives the benefit will find
when we come home at night,
Good Wine does always make us kind,
and give them their delight.
Whilſt that the ſober ſot is dull,
in counting of his coyn,
And filling of his Coffers full,
our brains ſhall ſwim in Spaniſh Wine,
our brains ſhall ſwim in Spaniſh Wine.

If that a forraign Foe ſhould ſtrive,
our Country to invade,
One bowl of Sack would conquer five,
drunk by an Engliſh blade,
It makes e'm fight couragiouſly,
their country to defend,
They never ſhrink nor fear to dye,
but hold out ſtoutly to the end,
but hold out ſtoutly to the end.

If that Conſumption ſhould us waſte,
and make our bodies poor,
Then every morning Sack we taſte,
which doth our health reſtore,
Around, around, let's drink about,
the firſt Glaſs ſhall be mine,
Fill it up to th brim i'le drink it out,
and ſit and ſing the praiſe of Wine,
and ſit and ſing the praiſe of Wine.

Here's a health, here's a health to Englands King,
whom God grant long to Raign,
Our drinking ſhall him tribute bring,
let ſectaries complain.
Wealth, honour, and renown attend
his Royal Name always,
His Joys I wiſh may ne'r have end,
but gain his ſubjects love and praiſe,
but gain his Subjects love and praiſe

Printed for J. Hoſe, over against Staples-Inn in Houlbourn, neer Grays-Inn-Lane.

The Engliſh Fortune-Teller.

Being a brief direction how to ſhun all ſtrife,
A brief inſtruction how to chuſe a wife;
Whereby a man may lead a happy life:
It ſhews difference in womens qualities,
By colour of their hair, both face and eyes,
The Tune is, Ragged and Torn, &c.

YOu young-men that want skill in wooing
and if you deſire to be wed,
Take counſell of me in your doing
for fear that you ſhould be miſled,
Do not my kind proffer refuſe,
for it will never you deceive:
I will ſhew what women to chuſe,
and what creature you'd beſt for to leave,
But chiefly i'd wiſh you beware,
of a wench with a rowling eye:
For ſhe that will cozen and ſwear,
will alſo diſſemble and lie.
I'th firſt place I do you adviſe,
take one not too high nor too low,
But according to your own ſize,
that you may her qualities know,
Take one not too young nor too old,
nor one that's too fat nor too lean;
'Tis a bad thing to meet with a ſcold,
'tis a worſe thing to meet with a Quean.
But chiefly, &c.
Take one that is not too proud,
nor one that's a dirty ſoul ſlut,
The one may babble too loud,
the other may poyſon the gut,
'Tis better to wed an honeſt maid.
although ſhe be never ſo poor,
Then to wed a rich Goſſip 'tis ſaid,
if afterwards ſhe ſhould turn whore.
But if chiefly, &c.
A widdow whoſe wealth doth ſurmount,
if that you do marry for gain,
Shee'l call you to double account,
and your pleaſures will turn to your pain:
Beſides ſhe is apt to be jealous,
which is the fore-runner of ſtrife:
As good to be hang'd at the Gallows,
as marry with ſuch a croſs wife.
But chiefly, &c.
And now in the ſecond place I
am purpoſed for to recite,
My skill in Phyſiognomy,
wherein I will ſhew you a light:
By'th colour of hair on the head,
or elſe by the favor or face,
You may know with whom for to wed;
and who you were beſt to imbrace.
But chiefly, &c.
The man that will chuſe him a mate,
by color of Hair or complexion,
Muſt chuſe many ways intricate,
leſt he be brought under ſubjection,
He muſt view both her fore-head and brow,
her Cheeks, Eyes, Noſe, and her Chin.

GOod Cupid those things doth allow,
when you first to woo her begin.
But chiefly, &c.
All is not gold which Glisters,
nor is it all lead that looks dull.
Fair Venus the chief of the Sisters,
made Vulcan her husband a Gull,
So many times beautifull Lasses,
will jeer their poor husbands in scorn,
And cunningly break all their Glasses,
and make them drink out of the Horn.
But chiefly, &c.
She that hath her hair of bright yellow,
and traces the wyers of Gold,
If she meet with some pretty fellow,
her husband may chance to be Cuckold;
And she that by nature's compos'd,
of round Cherry Cheeks and red hair,
If she be pink-ey'd and long nos'd,
believe me tis dangerous ware.
But chiefly, &c.
The brown hair with witty discourse,
but commonly for her own ends;
I like her a great deal the worse,
because shee'l dissemble with her friends.
A Wench with an ash coloured face,
her actions are often uncivil;
Her tongue will her husband disgrace,
just like the second She-devil.
But chiefly, &c.
The bonny Wench with the black-brow,
oh she is a good one indeed:
For she will be true to her vow:
I would we had more of her breed:
And thus I have told you my mind,
concerning Physognomy,
I mean no wrong to women kind,
I swear by my honesty.
Lest I should some female offend,
I'le lay by my pen and rest,
What ever in this Ditty is pen'd,
let young men take where they love best.
Yet thus much I'le speak, in regard,
and I'le maintain my words in a trice,
Some women may well be compar'd,
to the best chance or worst of the Dice,
Suppose a young-man goes to Dice,
and do venture his goods and his store,
If he can throw Cinque or a Size,
the games his own for evermore:
But if that his fortune be crost,
that he throws but a Deuce or an Ace,
His goods and his substance is lost,
and hee's left in a pitiful case.
Suppose in like case, if a Lad,
can get him a provident wife,
His fortune can never be bad,
he's made all the dayes of his life:
But if that dame-fortune do frown,
that his wife and he cannot agree,
He is quite for ever cast down,
by woefull experience we see.
And now noble Young men adieu,
remember the words which I say:
This songs like to prove to be true,
then buy it and bear it away.

London Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

An Excellent Medley,

Which you may admire at (without offence)
For every line ſpeaks a contrary ſenſe.
The Tune is, *Tarletons Medley*.

IN Summer time when folks make Hay,
All is not true that people ſay,
The Fool's the wiſeſt in the Play,
tuſh take away your hand.
The Fidlers Boy hath broke his Baſe,
Sirs is not this a pitious caſe,
Moſt gallants loath to ſmell the Mace
of Wood-ſtreet.

The City follows Courtly pride,
Jone ſwears ſhe cannot John abide,
Dick wears a Dagger by his ſide,
come tell us what's to pay.
The Lawyers thrives by others fall,
The weakeſt always goes to th'wall,
The Shoo-maker commandeth all
at's pleaſure.

The Weaver prays for Huswives ſtore,
A pretty woman was Jane Shore,
Kick the baſe Raſcal out o'th doore,
peace, peace, you brawling Curres.
A Cuckold's hand wears out behind,
'Tis eaſie to beguile the blind,
All people are not of one mind,
hold Carman.

Our women cut their hair like men,
The Cock's o'ze-maſtered by the Hen,
There's hardly one good friend in ten,
turn there on the right hand:
But few regard the cries o'th poor,
Will ſpendeth all upon a Whore,
The Souldier longeth to go o'ze
brave knocking.

What ſhall we do in theſe ſad days?
Will not the wicked mend their waies,
Some loſe their lives in drunken frays,
the pudding burns to'th pot:
The Cooper ſays the Tub's be-pift,
The Cobler preaches what he liſt,
Their knavery now is manifeſt,
hold Halter.

When the fifth Henry ſail'd to France,
Let me alone for a Country dance,
Nell doth bewail her luckleſs chance,
fie on falſe-hearted men:
Dick Tarleton was a merry wag,
Hark how that prating Aſs doth brag,
John Dory ſold his ambling Nag,
for Kick-ſhaws.

The Saylor counts the Ship his house,
I'le say no more but Dun's the Mouse,
He is no man that scorns a Louse,
vain pride undoes the Land:
Hard-hearted-men makes corn so dear,
Few French-men lode well English Bear,
I hope e're long good news to hear,
hey Lustick.

Now hides are cheap the Tanner thrives,
Hang those base knaves that beat their wives,
He needs must go that the Devil drives,
God bless us from a Gun:
The Beadles make the lame to run,
Vaunt not before the battel's won,
A cloud sometimes may hide the Sun,
chance medley.

The Surgeon thrives by fencing schools
Some for strong liquor pawn their tools,
For one wise-man there's twenty fools,
oh when shall we be married?
In time of youth when I was wild,
Who toucheth pitch shall be defil'd,
Mol is afraid she is with child,
peace Peter.

The poor still hopes for better days,
I do not lode these long delays,
All love and charity decays,
in the dales of old:
I'm very loath to pawn my Cloak,
Meer poverty doth me provoke,
They say a scald head is soon broke;
poor trading.

Hark, mother hark, there's news in town,
What tell you me of half a Crown,
Now the Crise is going down,
thou prattest like an Ass:
I scorn the Coyn give me the man,
Pray pledge the health Sir I began,
I love King Charles say what you can,
God save him.

The Dutch-men thrive by Sea and Land,
Women are Ships and must be man'd,
Let's bravely to our colours stand,
Courage my hearts of Gold:
I read in modern Histories,
The King of Swedens victories,
At Islington there's Pudding Pies,
hot Custards.

The Taster is undone by Chalk,
Tush 'tis in vain to prate and talk,
The Parrat prattles, walk knaves walk,
Duke Humphrey lies in Pauls:
The souldiers hath but small regard, (Yard
There's weekly news in Pauls-Church
The poor man crys the world grows hard,
cold winter.

Heigh for New England hoyse up sail,
The truth is strong and will prevail,
Fill me a cup of nappy Ale,
hang care the Kings a comming.
This Egg hath long a hatching been,
When you have done then we'l begin,
Oh what an age do we live in,
hang pinching.

From Long-lane cloath, & Turn-stile boots,
O fie upon these scabbed Coots,
The cheapest meat is Reddish roots,
come all for a penny.
Light my Tobacco quickly here,
There lies a pretty woman near,
This Boy will come to naught I fear,
proud Corcombe.

The world is full of odious sins,
'Tis ten to one but this horse wins,
Fools set stools to break wise mens shins,
This man's more knave then fool,
Jane oft in private meets with Tom,
Husband thou art kindly welcome home,
Hast any mony; lend me some,
I'me broken.

In antient times all things were cheap,
'Tis good to look before you leap,
When Corn is ripe, 'tis time to reap,
once walking by the way,
A jealous man the Cuckow loaths,
The Gallant Complements with Oaths,
A wench will make you sell your cloaths,
run Broker.

The Courtiers and the Country man
Let's live as honest as we can:
When Arthur first in Court began
his men wore hanging sleeves.
In May when Grass and Flowers green,
The strangest sight that ere was seen,
God send our gracious King and Queen,
to London. FINIS.

London, Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*.

An Excellent new SONG; OR,

A true Touch of the TIM

Giving you a full and true Account of the Transactions from King James the First, to the preſent R
Lord King William the Third. To the Tune of The Loyal Health; or, Why are my Eyes

KIng James the Firſt was a Gallant King,
No Edward, no Richard, nor Henry like him,
He preſerv'd his Kingdoms in Peace all his days,
He was pious, religious and vertuous always :
He had love to his Subjects, and they love to him,
And in all things he was fit for a King,
When as he went to Heaven, he left Peace and Wealth,
And he left Poſterity like to himſelf.

Charles his Son, which was murdered by harms,
Deſpis'd by ſome Subjects, who ſoon took up Arms,
And then in the Rebellion a great many roſe,
And would take upon them their King to oppoſe :
Some malignant humours would needs fight the Crown,
And murdered King Charles to keep Monarchy down ;
The Subjects Perſecution in this it was ſhown,
For what it coſt England is very well known.

If I his Tranſactions to you ſhould repe
It would be a Volume too large and too g
What diſmal diſtractions this Prince wad
By Rebellious actions was more than an
Yet he for his Foes moſt heartily pray
And told them to dye that he was not afr
His Blood cryes like Abel's from the grou
Againſt all thoſe Rebels that took it aw

Then Charles the Second was King in h
But they took Crown in poſſeſſion, and th
They a new Power would needs have ſet
They ſtil'd Oliver Cromwel, but he laſte
The Crown then lay uſeleſs, which was
Some would fain have a worn it, but dur
The King then was abſent, though here
And the Crown it lay lurking till Charle

MES.

ſent Reign of our Sovera gn
y Eyes ſtill flowing.

d repeat,
nd to great,
ce waded through,
han anow,
y pray'd,
ıet afraid:
he ground to this day,
it away.

ng in his place,
and thought him too baſe,
ave ſet up,
he laſted not:
h was worn ſo long,
ut durſt not put it on;
h here he did Reign,
Charles came again.

Young Charles brought the Banner of Peace in his Arms,
His ſight caus'd a whole Army to lay down their Arms.
He brought joy and freedom to each true Cavalier,
Brought that i'th' front which had long been i'th' rear,
This Nation diſtracted, again he did cure,
The Laws bravely acted and rul'd by his power,
His griefs was our trouble, though we durſt not complain,
But our joys they did double when Charles came again.

For paſſing of wrongs he a David might be,
For meekneſs a Moſes at all times was he,
Like Job for his Patience was he all along,
For Wit and for Wiſdom a King Solomon:
But he's gone to Heaven, with Saints for to Reign,
And there to be Crown'd with a new Diadem,
His obliging Preſence I cannot forget,
There's thouſands in the Nation that mourn for him yet.

Now gracious King VVilliam Rule thou in his place,
Since thou art to the Crown and the Kingdom a grace,
Thou art one of the Line, and I greatly conceit,
Thou wilt never decline, nor degenerate:
Thou art garniſht with faculties fit for a Prince,
With wit, learning, valour, the ſame to advance;
God bleſs thee from foes, and increaſe thee in wealth,
And let Angels attend and bleſs thee in health.

Let's pay our Allegiance to VVILLIAM our King,
Then we ſhall have friendſhip and favour from him;
When the Head and Body unites it is brave,
I hope that great mercy amongſt us we'll have.
I hope that brave England will flouriſh again,
For the King has granted Liberty our peace to maintain,
And we will ſerve him as long as we can,
To wait on our Prince we'll be free e'ery man.

But when Subjects like Abſalom would be in Rule,
And are ſo audacious their King to controul;
Diviſions break Unity, and ſpoils it quite,
A Kingdom that's Divided to ſtand is not like:
Then let e'ery man be content with his place,
For that's the beſt way for a Man to keep ſafe;
But when Servants turn Maſters, I like no ſuch thing,
We ſhould ſoon have no Subjects, but all would be King.

FINIS.

This may be Printed, R. P.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

The Extravagant YO

OR,

An Emblem of PRODIGALI

Tho' he was ſtout, he can't get out,
in Trouble he'l remain

Young-Men be wiſe, your F
bad Company refrain.

To the Tune of, King James's Jigg; Or, The Country Farme

COme liſten a while and I will relate
My ſad and moſt diſmal deploxable ſtate,
For now I am in a moſt woful caſe,
By running this wild and extravagent race:
When Silks and Sattins did me adorn,
I ſaid that I was moſt Nobly Born,
Good Counſel I ſlighted, and held it in ſcorn;
But now here behold how I ſtick in the Horn.

I gave my ſelf over to ev'ry Vice,
As Courting, and ſporting with Cards and Dice
I thought in my heart it would never be day,
While I was attired in rich array:

With Boon Companions
They counted me a Jocu
But now all my Glory is
And into the Horn my ſelf

I once kept my Gelding a
My Hat and my feather, a
As long as my Pocket wa
In pleaſure I ſtram, and
But now no longer can I
In ſorrowful note I here
And ſtick in the Horn whe
And cannot get out if I do

DUTH.

LITY.

your Freedom prize,
ain.
Farmer.

nions I did Trade,
locular Blads,
ory is clearly decay'd,
y self have betray'd.

eing abroad to Ride,
her, and Sword by my side,
ket was lined with Gold,
n, and abroad I roul'd:
can I reign,
here do complain,
n where I still must remain,
ll I'de never so fain.

My Father he went in a Thread-bare Coat,
And on his old Angels was wont to dote;
Which he had obtain'd by Usury,
And now I have spent it as merrily:
I called for Wine like a Hector stout,
My Golden Guinnies did flye about,
I'de Revel and Rant, and I'de keep a fine rout,
But now I am in where I cannot get out.

I never would take any thought or care,
I said that I was my old Fathers Heir,
My Festival Fellows was Roisterous Boys,
We liv'd in delights with a thousand joys:
While we in Splendor did abound,
Methoughts the world went merrily round,
But since friends & fortune together hath frown'd
I stick in the Horn, where I still may be found.

My Father gave me all his free-hold Land,
And then at my Courtesie he would stand,
O then thought I, thy Silver shan't rust,
I'le make it to flye like the Summers Dust:
Then did I keep my Prancing Naggs,
Till I had emptied his Golden Bags,
My Silks flourisht like to a Navy of Flags,
But now they are worn and torn to Rags.

I Mortgag'd and sold, and I spent so fast,
The Miser my father was vext at last,
To think that I squander'd away such summs,
He scratcht his ears, and he knawed his thumbs,
His whole Estate was quite decay'd,
By those vile Projects which I have play'd,
Thus I have quite ruin'd the Usurers trade,
And I in the Horn am a sorrowful Blade.

Now here an Example I must remain,
My freedom I never expect again,
Young Gallants be warned, such ruine shun,
Which has both my father and I undone:
All comforts now from us are flown,
My Father in Bedlam makes his moan,
And I in the Counter a Prisoner thrown,
This Horn is a Figure by which it is known.

FINIS.

This may be Printed, R. L. S.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt-spur-street.

Fair LUCINA Conquerd

By Prevailing *Cupid*.

She that triumphed in diſdain, at laſt was forc'd to yield,
And of her ſelf ſhe thus complain'd when *Cupid* wonn the Field:
Though at the firſt I was unkind, yet now I'le loving be,
And that my *Coridon* ſhall find if he'l return to me.
When *Coridon* did hear theſe words, he did moſt joyfully
Embrace his kind, and deareſt Love; and they did both agree.

To the Tune of, *Jenny Gin.* or, the fair one let me in.

LUcina ſitting in her Bower
was wounded with a dart,
Aſcending from the ſecret power
which ſmote her to the heart:
Immediately ſhe thus did cry,
who can my comforts ſpill?
Who can compell me for to love
contrary to my will?

Quoth Cupid I will humble thee,
and will ſubdue thy pride,
I'le make thee now ſubmit to me,
it ſhall not be deny'd:
I'le ſend ſuch Arrows to thy heart,
proceeding from my bow,
Shall make thee feele love's fatal ſmart
whether thou wilt or no.

Quoth she, I did design to live
a Maiden untill Death,
But now thou hast so wounded me,
alas! I pant for breath?
Thou pretty Nymph be not unkind
to cast love quite away,
I will be loyal thou shalt find
unto my dying day.

Sweet Coridon's deluding tongue
hath so insnar'd my mind,
That in Loves-firy flames I burn,
and can no comfort find:
I slighted him who was my Love,
and held him in disdain,
But now my ruine it doth prove,
in vain I may complain.

What sweet expressions did he use
my favour to obtain;
But I his kindness did abuse,
by foule and grosse disdain,
For now I languish here in grief,
and can no comfort see,
Kind Death afford me some relief,
make haste and set me free.

O proud ambition, why did I
his kindness thus reject,
Who loved me so tenderly,
and show'd me such respect:
A Princely presence, grac'd with Fame,
which did adorn him so,
Which renders me indeed to blame
for often saying no.

These words had scarcely pierc'd the air,
e're her sweet Coridon
Did to his dearest Love repair,
whose heart with Love was wonn:
All sorrow seem'd to vanish quite,
each Lover had their bliss;
They both enjoy'd their Hearts delight,
and seal'd it with a kiss.

The pretty Birds with pleasant notes
most sweetly they did sing,
With melody from their sweet Throats,
which made the Groves to ring:
Thus they proclaim'd their mutuall joy
when Lovers did agree;
Nothing seemed to annoy
that gracious Harmony.

Printed for Josh. Coniers at the Black Raven in Duck-Lane.

A FAIRING

For Young-Men and Maids:

If you'l take my advice, this I would have you do, { } Then every Young-man take his Lass, and drink one Pot or two.

To the Tune of, *The Winchester Wedding.*

This may be Printed, *R. P.*

By Tobias Bowne.

AS Thomas and Mary did meet,
it was on a Summers day,
With words they began to greet
each other upon the way:
Pray what are you bound for the Fair
this Young-man unto her did say,
And if that you be going there,
I'le be glad of your Company;
He said that he did love her,
as a young-man a Maid should do,
And every Stile they went over,
he gave her a kiss or two.

But when they came to the Fair,
they merrily spent the day,
But meeting with William and Betty,
thus Thomas to them did say,
We'l drink before we part,
come give us a Bottle of Wine,
Since thou art with thy Sweet-heart,
and I am come here with mine:
The Maids were not unwilling,
as far as I understand,
But Will was for kissing and feeling
a Maid upon every hand.

And when they were full of Canary,
their stomachs began for to rise
Then Thomas began to court Mary,
with hand upon one of her thighs:
Said he art thou willing to Wed,
for I have some goods before hand,
Besides when my Father is dead,
he promis'd me all his Land,
And this is a good beginning,
besides I have more at home,
You may get a little by spinning,
and I can both Weave and Comb.

My Mother will give me a little,
if I get an honest Young-man,
She saith I shall have the Kettle,
and likewise the Warming-pan:
My Granum will give me a Cradle,
which is both firm and strong,
Sister Margery will give me a Ladle,
these Goods comes in ding dong:
And this is a good beginning,
besides I have more at home,
I may get a little by spinning,
and you can both Weave and Comb.

Then William struck up to Betty,
and thus unto her did say,
Since thou art a Girl that's pritty,
i'le give thee a Fairing this day,
Why sit you so melancholly,
my pretty sweet Betty my Dove,
Though Thomas be all for Molly,
it's thou art the Maid that I love,
And this unto thee I will promise,
then hang Sorrow cast away care,
We'l be as far forth as Thomas,
before we get out of the Fair.

If that you will change your condition,
and that you do fancy a Man,
I pray Bet[illegible] have no suspicion,
that you I do seek to trappan,
My tongue and my heart is united,
I scorn for to tell thee a lye,
Sure I have no cause to be slighted,
then prethee love do not deny,
Though we have a small beginning,
as little as nothing I know,
You may get a little by spinning,
and I can both Reap and Mow.

And thus we may live in content,
as they that had a great deal more,
Then out of the door they went,
and walked the Fair all o're,
To buy each other a Fairing,
as young-men and Maids should do,
And when they were home repairing,
they walked away two and two,
It was Thomas and Mary together,
with William and Betty so rare,
Pray what Man can say any other,
but that they had made a good Fair.

What Maid can there be so hard hearted,
an honest Young man to deny,
That is the cause many are parted,
without any reason why,
I would have you strive to prevent it,
or else it may be to your loss,
I know that you are not contented,
when you one the other do cross,
And now my new Song it is over,
for I have no more to say,
But wish every Maid a true lover,
that I have seen here to day.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball in Pye-Corner.

Faithful DAMON;

OR,

Fair CELIA Obtained.

Though Virgins they, may ſay you nay,
Yet make a new Reply.
And you will find, they will be kind,
They cannot you deny.

To the Tune of, *The Doubting Virgin.*

LAtely in a Shady Bower,
Celia with her Love converſt,
Fairer then the Lilly Flower,
with all vertues ſhe was bleſt:
Damon loving, often moving
her to yield unto his will,
Celia cryed, and replyed,
will Live a Maiden ſtill.

Then ſaid Damon, my ſweet jewel,
do not frown nor yet revile,
Ceaſe to be to me ſo cruel,
ſend me now a gentle ſmile:
Such a bleſſing, if poſſeſſing,
of thy Love and kind good will,
Do not vex me, nor perplex me,
I will Live a Maiden ſtill.

Celia here's my hand, I love thee,
do not seem to be so coy,
I esteem no one above thee,
thou shalt be my onely joy:
Be not froward, nor untoward,
do not seek my heart to kill,
O forbear me, Damon spare me,
I will live a Maiden still.

O my Celia's frowns are killing,
nothing but a smile can cure,
Now my heart with grief is filling,
how shall I these pains endure:
Then come near me, Love and cheer me
grant me now thy kind good will,
She replyed, it's denyed,
for I'le Live a Maiden still.

While a maid remains unmarry'd,
then we do enjoy our peace,
For this cause I do defer it,
least our troubles should increase,
For my treasure, is my pleasure,
nothing can my comforts spill,
But when double, then comes trouble
thus I live a Maiden still.

Celia I do highly prize thee,
for my heart is in thy breast,
Should my Celia now despise me,
I should never be at rest:
My dear Creature, none more sweeter,
do not pou my suit deny,
I'le respect thee, and protect thee,
till the very day I dye.

O my Love is most intire,
nothing shall thee now annoy,
Grant me what I do desire,
I will crown thy days with joy:
Ne'r was creature more compleater,
in a Loyal Lovers eye,
Celia pitty, hear my ditty,
grant me Love or else I dye.

The Maids Reply.

WWas I sure thou wouldst be Loyal
then i'de grant thee thy request,
I would make no more denial,
thou shouldst set thy heart at rest:
Then he kist her, and he blest her,
and imbrac'd her in his arms,
No disputing, but saluting,
thus began their pleasant charms.

while their joys they were compleated
nothing could their Love annoy,
Sweet imbraces kindly greeting,
sounding forth their mutual joy:
Thus inviting, and delighting,
nothing could their comforts spill,
They commending, and extending,
both their Love, and kind good will.

FINIS.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the Angel in Guilt-spur-street, without *Newgate*.

The Faithful FARMER,

OR,

The Down-right Vvooing betwixt

ROBIN and NANCY.

When he had told her of his ſtore,
ſhe could not him deny;
To the Tune of, O Mother, Roger, &c.

Alas, what could ſhe wiſh for more,
then Goods and Loyalty.
This may be Printed, R. P.

My own pritty youthful Nancy,
pr'ythee ſit down by my ſide,
There is none but thee I fancy,
for to make my Lawful Bride:
I will make it well appear,
There's no Farmer far or near,
Has ſuch dainty curious Geer,
As I have for thee my Dear:
Then pr'ythee Nancy be not Coy,
Thou alone ſhalt be my joy.

Give me thy Love, or elſe an Anſwer,
thou art ſhe whom I adore.
Did not you know my good old Grandſir,
he has left me all his ſtore:
Love, I do proteſt and vow,
I have got a Cart and Plow,
Seven Pigs, beſides a Sow,
Deareſt, can you love me now?
Then pr'ythee make no more ado,
If thou canſt love me tell me true.

I have not told you half my treasure,
love, my portion is not small,
I have riches out of measure,
thou shalt be the Dame of all:
There's a Coffer cram'd with Gold,
Besides Silver still untold,
Also Sheep and Lambs in fold,
Most delightful to behold;
If thou to love art now inclind,
I prithee let me know thy mind.

He loved me his darling Robin,
making me his only heir,
Likewise left me Roan and Dobbin,
with his little bob-tail Mare,
When my Grandsir dy'd in peace,
Here he left me ten years lease,
With a flock of Ducks and Geese,
Which does daily still increase,
And therefore now before you go,
If thou canst love me tell me so.

Besides, this is not all my Riches,
there's his good old Coat of Buff,
Mounteer Cap, and Buff-skin Breeches
besides all his Houshold-stuff:
Pot and Pans, with Piggans too,
All I have I'le give to you,
Let us make no more ado,
For I han't much time to woo:
And therefore now before I go,
If thou canst love me tell me so.

But Robin, wherefore should you settle,
love upon so mean a Bride?
Here you talk of Corn and Cattle,
and of twenty things beside:
Therefore when your friends shall know
That you do your self bestow,
On a fortune mean and low,
They will seek my overthrow,
I'de rather be a poor mans wife,
Then live a discontented life.

Sweet love, my Father and my Mother,
they to this will now agree,
For they say above all other,
thou wilt make a Wife for me:
Therefore dearest be not coy,

Let me now thy love enjoy,
As I am an honest Boy,
There is none shall thee annoy,
I'le tender thee both day and night,
And thou shalt have thy hearts delight.

I prithee Nancy don't deny me,
why are you so mild and mute,
If you are resolv'd to try me,
let us make no more dispute;
Love though I have this Estate,
As I freely do relate,
If thou wilt but be my Mate,
I'le forsake both Jone and Kate;
though they have House & Land withal,
Yet thou art more to me then all.

The Damsel then that very hour,
her dear Robin did adore,
For she then had not the power,
to deny him any more:
Then his Nancy he did lead
To his Fathers house with speed,
Then their Parents all agreed,
That they should in Love proceed:
Now they no more disputing stand,
Resolve to Marry out of hand.

FINIS.

Printed for J Blare, at the Sign of the Looking-Glass on London-Bridge.

THE

Faithful Lovers of the Weſt.

Come joyn with me all you that Love,
And faithful to each other prove:
Example take by this my Song,
All you that ſtand within this Throng.

To the Tune of, *As I walkt forth to take the Air.* By William Blunten.

Why ſhould I thus complain, on thee
So cruelly thou murdereſt me,
For unto thee it is well known,
Thou art the Maid I love alone,

In none but thee I take delight,
I think on thee both day and night;
I give to thee my heart away,
Do not with hatred me repay,

When firſt thy ſweet face I did ſee,
I thought that none was like to thee;
I wiſh I had not ſeen the day,
When firſt thou ſtol'ſt my heart away.

Hard is thy heart, harder then ſteel,
Colder then Ice, that froſt congeal;
How many thouſand times doth make,
My heart to bleed for thy ſweet ſake.

I was forewarned by thine eyes,
Of thy moſt killing Cruelties,
But Cupid hath ſo blinded me,
Now I ſhall dye for love of thee;

But O how good had been my caſe,
That I had never ſeen thy face,
My captive heart had then been free,
But now I can love none but thee.

When I am dead, this thou wilt ſay,
That I have caſt my love away;
Too late 'twill be then to complain,
If that you do, it's all in vain.

Therefore my deareſt Love comply,
And eaſe me of this cruelty;
Let not me dye in this diſpair,
But grant thy love to me my dear.

The Maids Anſwer.

DOubt not my Love, nor do not fear,
Thou art the man that I love dear,
I did but try thy conſtancy,
For I do love no man but thee.

Then grieve no more, nor yet complain,
Thy love to me is not in vain:
For conſtant I will ever be,
And I do lovt no man but thee.

Why ſhouldſt thou ſay thy hart will break
And all for love of my ſweet ſake,
I conſtant to thee ſtill will prove,
As ever was the Turtle-Dove.

Nothing ſhall part my Love and I,
Until the very day we dye:
We'l live in love, and ſo agree,
As man and wife they ought to be.

The Young-Mans Anſwer.

O thanks be to the Heaven above,
Now I have gain'd my deareſt Love,
Thy words doth me ſo much revive,
I am the happieſt man alive.

Come let us to the Church away,
And married be without delay:
Although our Portions be but ſmall,
True love is better worth then all.

So hand in hand away they went,
And had their parents free conſent:
The muſick then moſt ſweet did play,
And thus ended their Wedding day.

Young-men and maids in love agree,
And let theſe ſong a pattern be:
The price you know it is but ſmall,
A penny a piece, and take them all.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball, in Pye-Corner.

The faithfull woings of two Conntry Lovers.

The Young-man he with carriage bold,
did oft ſalute the Maiden,
And unto her theſe words he told,
his heart with love was laden;
And if to him her love ſhe'd grant
he'd do his beſt indeavour.
To maintain her ſhe ſhould not want,
and he'd forſake her never.
Becauſe he was poor the maid was coy,
and would not have him entertain'd
But at laſt he became her love and joy,
and much wealth with her he gain'd.

AS I was walking forth of late
in the prime of the weather,
I ſpide a young man and a maid
both walking cloſe together.
The man begun, and thus he ſung,
ſweet heart do not forgo me,
Love me little and love me long,
for I do come to woo thee.

Maid.

Wo me good ſir for what intent:
you ſurely do but jear me;
I ne're knew yet what Love meant,
how then ſhould I love you dearly?
I am too young to be a wife
and no love I can afford ye,
I hold ſtill beſt a ſingle life
my Maiden head will not load me.

Man.

Ye do but jeſt ſweet heart, quoth he,
my honour ſo to ſtain love.
My heart is Royal unto thée
and ſo it ſhall remain love.
My love is ſet on none but thée ſweet heart
meaning no harm to do thée
Then let all ſorrows from thée part,
for I do come to woo thee.

Maid.

It is but in vain young man, quoth ſhe
to talk of ſuch a matter,
Then ſpeak no more of Love to me,
I know you do but flatter;
For young men they will cog and lye
and make much to abode yée,
But I am reſolved a maid to dy,
my Maiden head will not load me.

Man.

'Tis true my dear, I muſt confeſs,
that is but a light carriage,
Yet I wiſh I had the happineſs
to joyn with you in marriage
Though I cant court and complement
with fine ſpéches to thée,
My heart is good and fully bent
at this time for to woo thee.

Maid.

Alas! good ſir your time you waſte
it ſo ſéems by your talking
If that you be in ſuch haſte,
I pray you now be walking;
The doꝛ is wide you may be gone
no love I can affoꝛd ye:
I had rather ſtill to lye alone
my Maiden-head will not load me.

Man.

What is the cauſe, my Dear, of this
you ſhould be ſo offended,
If I have ſpoke any thing amiſſe
it ſhall be ſtraight way amended:
But what I ſpeak is from my heart
meaning no harm to do thée,
Then let all ſoꝛrows from thée part,
for my minde is ſtill to woo thee.

Maid.

I ſée ſoꝛrow with you is rife,
and joy doth much reſtrain ye
But if I ſhould become your wife,
pray, how would you maintain me:
That is a thing to conſider on,
If love I ſhould affoꝛd yee;
Yet rather ſtill to lye alone
my Maiden head will not load me.

Man.

To maintain thée, my hearts delight,
I'le do my beſt indeavour;
I'le woꝛk foꝛ thée both night and day,
and I'le foꝛſake thée never.
In wealth and woe on thée I'le tend
ſo thou'lt ſet no man above me;
My perſon thy life it ſhall defend,
for dearly I do love thee.

Maid.

Well if you do but ſay and hold,
what you do want I have it,
I have ſeven hundꝛed pound in gold
thou ſhalt quickly crave it;
All this to thée I'le freely give
and never moꝛe foꝛgo thée,
But ever after while I live,
I'le prove a good wife to thee.

Man.

He ſtraight way took her by the hand,
and a loving kiſs then gave her,
Quoth he, I am at your command
to do my beſt endeavour.
Now I am thine and thou art mine
in ſpight of ſtoꝛmy weather,
So they both took hand in hand,
and both went home together.

Man.

Let all Lovers think on this,
and be no moꝛe offended,
And thoſe that have done amiſs
ſtrive in love to mend it.
Foꝛ my own part I gain'd a love
the truth I will not ſmother,
Though I was poꝛ, yet ſhe was rich.
t'on will help out with t'other.

FINIS. *J. W.*

London, Printed by *E. C.* for *F. Coles*, in *Vine-Street* near *Hatton-Garden*.

The Faithful

Young Man & Conſtant M

OR,

The Unexpreſſable Love between ſweet *WILLIAM* and fair *E*

To the Tune of, *The Plowman's Health.* This may be Printed. R.

WE will leave all the thoughts of the world for a while
and in this ſweet Grove an hour beguile,
We will ever reſolve to be conſtant and true
And Innocent Joys we will now renew,
To my Fair pretty Elinor faithful I'le prove,
If beauteous young Elinor me will love;
To my fair pretty *Elenor*, faithful i'le prove,
if, &c.

I will love my ſweet William above all mankind,
And ever be true, and at all times kind,
All young Lovers hereafter ſhall learn by us two,
To be always conſtant, and always true,

No Fortune ſhall make me, from
And to my ſweet William i'le giv
No Fortune ſhall make me fron
And, &c.

No Youth to a Beauty more conſt
Then I will be always, fair mai
No Fortune or Fate, ſhall extingu
Nor no other Beauty create deſire
'Tis only fair Elenor that I will
And ever to her will I conſtant pr
'Tis only fair *Elenor* that I will
and ever, &c.

t Maid;

ir *ELENOR.*

ed. R. P.

from thee er'e depart
'le give my Heart;
ie from thee e're depart,

e constant shall be,
ir maid to thee
extinguish this Fire,
e desire,
I will love
tant prove.
: I will love,

When Marriage shall bring me into thy soft Arms,
How happy shall I be in thy charms?
How happy each day, and how happy each night?
The day bringing Pleasure, the night Delight.
I shall then be happy all days of my Life,
Posselling all Joys in a vertuous Wife,
I shall then be happy all dayes of my Life,
Posselling, &c.

We will leave this lewd World to it's wretched Estate,
And now we will love before 'tis too late,
Each Grove, and each Fountain a witness shall prove,
How dearly we'l live, and how well we'l Love.
The Pleasures of Lovers we here shall obtain,
And after we shall in Elysium reign;
The Pleasures of Lovers we here shall obtain,
And, &c.

If lovely fair Maids will resolve to be coy
They lose those sweet minutes they might enjoy,
If Beauty, to Beauty, will only be kind,
Young Maids to themselves must be then confin'd,
And Lovers but vainly those Beauties doe serve;
But Maidens may give what Men don't deserve,
And Lovers but vainly those Beauties do serve,
But, &c.

Then let us enjoy while our Passions are strong
A minutes delay will appear too long,
Though Beauty is lovely and always does please,
'Tis kindness that only can Flames appease,
'Tis kindness that always creates a desire,
And is the sweet Fewel to Cupids Fire;
'Tis kindness that always creates a desire,
And, &c.

Fair Elenor thus let us Pleasures pursue,
And let us (like Turtles) be ever true,
That young Men & Maidens our praise may proclaim
And by our example may live in Fame,
That Ages hereafter may learn for to prove,
More true and more constant, and always Love,
That Ages hereafter may learn to prove,
More True and Constant, and always Love.

Printed for J. Back at the Black Boy near the Draw-Bridge on London-Bridge.

The Famous FIGHT at *MALAGO*:

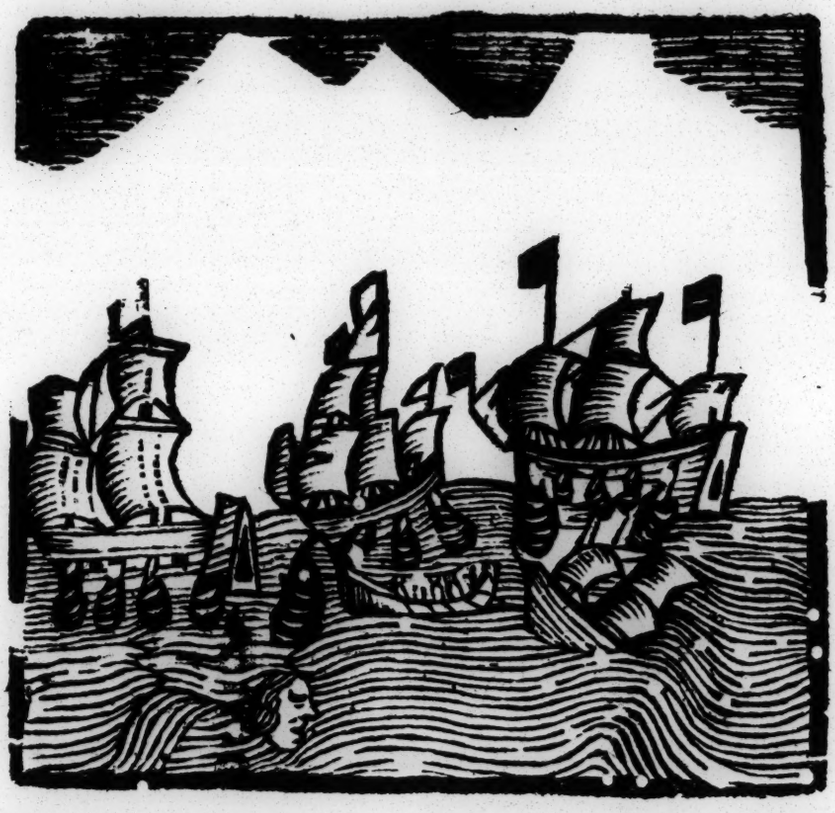
OR, THE

Englishmens Victory over the Spaniards:

Relating how Five *English* Frigats, *viz.* Th *Henry*, *Ruby*, *Antelope*, *Grey hound*, an *Bryan*, burnt a the *Spanish* Ships n their Harbour at *Malago*; batter'd down their Churches, a d the Houses about their ears, kill'd abund nce of their Men, and obtained an Honourable Victory.

Where ever English Seamen goes,
They are a Terror to their Foes.

To the Tune of, *Five Sail of Frigats bound for* Malago, *&c.*



COme all you brave Sailors
that sails on the Main,
I'll tell you of a Fight
that was lately in Spain,
And of five Sail of Frigats
bound to Malago,
For to fight the Proud Spaniards,
our Orders was so:

There was the Henry and Ruby,
and the Antelope also,
The Grey-hound, and the Bryan,
for Fire-ships must go,
But so bravely we weighed,
and played our parts,
That we made the Proud Spaniards
to quake in their hearts.

Then we came to an anchor
so nigh to the Mould,
Methinks you Proud English
do grow very bold:
But we came to an anchor
so near to the Town,
That some of their Churches
we soon battered down.

They hung out their Flag of Truce,
for to know our Intent,
And they sent out their Long-boat,
to know what we meant:
But our Captain he answered
them bravely, it was so,
For to burn all your Shipping,
before we do go.

For to burn all our Shipping,
you must us excuse,
'Tis not five Sail of Frigats
shall make us to muse.
But we burnt all their Shipping,
and their Gallies also,
And we left in the City
full many a Widow.

Come then, says our Captain,
let's fire at the Church;
And down came their Belfrey,
which grieved them much;
And down came the Steeple,
which standeth so high;
Which made the Proud Spaniards
to the Nunnery fly.

So great a Confusion
we made in the Town,
That their lofty Buildings
came tumbling down:
Their Wives and their Children
for help they did cry,
But none could relieve them,
though danger was nigh.

The flames and the smoak,
so increased their woe,
That they knew not whither
to run nor to go;
Some to shun the Fire,
leapt into the Flood,
And there they did perish
in Water and Mud.

Our Guns we kept firing,
still shooting amain,
Whilst many a Proud Spaniard
was on the place slain:
The rest being amazed,
for succour did cry,
But all was in vain,
they had no where to fly.

At length being forced,
they thought it most fit,
Unto the brave English Men
for to submit:
And so a conclusion
at last we did make,
Upon such Conditions
as was fit to take.

The Spanish Armado,
did England no harm,
'Twas but a Brabado
to give us alarm;
But with our five Frigats
we did them bumbast,
And made them of English Mens
Valour to taste.

When this noble Victory
we did obtain,
Then home we returned
to England again;
Where we were received,
with Welcomes of Joy,
Because with five Frigats
we did them destroy.

London: Printed by and for *W. O.* for *A. M.* and sold by *C. Bates*, in *Pye-corner*.

Fancies Favourite:

OR,

The Mirror of the Times.

Being a young Ladies commendation of a young Gallant, which hath a long time shewed her much love; which by his civil carriage, and long patience in waiting on her, at last conquered her, who was once resolved to lead a single life, and therefore he termed her the *Phœnix* of the Times.

To the Tune of, *Fancies Phœnix.*

COme, come, away you Maidens fair
this Song to you I will indite,
'Tis of a Young Man I'll declare.
who in his praise I needs must write:
The City if I search about,
I scarce shall find his fellow out.
He hath been constant now to me,
The mirrour of the times is he.

I must confess, I once did mind,
a single life to live and dye;
But such rare parts in him I find,
his civil Suit I can't deny,
But am resolved to set him free,
And grant him love and libertie:
So civil he hath been to me, &c.

I once did think I never should
so much as know what love should be,
Nor did I dream he ever could
with patience so have conquered me:
His comely gesture I did spie
Made me delight in's company.
That all may say that doth him see, &c.

Did you e'r see that glorious Star
that ushers in the morning bright,
How he exceeds all other far
by casting forth his sparkling light,
So all do say as much by he,
That e'r did keep his company.
His carriage doth his gesture show,
he is admired where-e'r he go.

He bashful is, yet bold also,
and shews it with a gallant grace,
All vaporing Blades he scorns to know,
yet scorns he for to hide his face,
He'll take no wrong, nor quarrels breed,
but stick to's friend in time of need:
He's civil, yet he'll merry be, &c.

If any where you should him spy,
in Maids or Womens company,
No wanton looks comes from his eye,
at any time as you e'r shall see,
He'll court, he'll kiss, he'll sing or play,
but it shall be in a modest way,
For Men or Womens company, &c.

BUt ſtay, my Pen doth run too faſt,
in ſetting forth his gallantrie,
For Fear I loſe him at the laſt,
then cauſe you'll have to laugh at me,
When ſome do hear of him they may
perſuade his love from me away:
But if they gain his love from me,
None conſtant then I think there be.

But his name I have not told,
nor will not yet, you may be ſure
Till of him I can get faſter hold,
there's no one here ſhall it procure.
You Maidens all that hear my Song,
I would not have you for him long.
But if you do, perſuaded be,
You may find ſome as good as he.

A Phœnix he hath termed me,
becauſe I thought to lie alone,
But if that ſuch a Bird there be,
out of this Climate ſure ſhe's flown,
Our Land is cold, and therefore I,
reſolve no Phœnix for to die.
But though I don't his Phœnix prove,
Yet I will be his Turtle Dove.

There's many maiden that doth ſay,
a ſingle life is beſt at eaſe,
How oft I pray will you ſay nay,
if once a Young man doth you p'eaſe,
I muſt confeſs ſometimes you'll prove,
moſt coy to him you moſt do love.
What by experience I find true,
Pray blame not me to tell it you.

Let me adviſe you Maidens fair,
not to be coy, nor proud at all,
For thoſe that count themſelves moſt rare
moſt times doth get the greateſt fall:
You ſeldom ſee a ſcornful maid,
but at the laſt ſhe is betray'd:
Be courteous, yet be vertuous ſtill,
And let not young men have their will.

Chuſe not a Husband for eſtate,
unleſs you fancy him beſide,
You may repent when 'tis too late,
'tis for a life time you are ty'd:
No Ranter take, if you be wiſe,
nor yet none of the new preciſe:
The one will rant and ſpend thy means,
The other cloſely may love queans.

But now my Song grows to an end,
I muſt be gone, my love doth ſtay,
Laſt night I did unto him ſend
to meet me at a place to day;
Where we intend ſo to agree,
in what Church we will Married be:
Then Phœnix like we'll live and dye
In the pure flames of Chaſtity.

One Love, one Faith, we do expreſs,
and therefore we one name will have,
Our love ſo great is I confeſs,
we likewiſe do deſire one grave;
To his deſire I will incline,
his aſhes ſhall be joyned with mine,
So Phœnix like we mean to lie,
And Turtle like we'll live and dye. C. H.

London Printed for *F. Coles, T. Veres, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.*

The Farmers Reformation:

OR, a Pattern for all Bad Husbands to Amend their Lives.

When all is ſpent, there's no content,
but Sorrow will attend:
Before too late, renew thy State,
and learn thy Life to mend.

Tune of, the *Ladyes of London.* This may be printed, *R. P.*

I have been ſuch a bad Husband of late,
that trouble and ſorrow's enſuing
having conſumed a worthy Eſtate,
which almoſt has proved my Ruine:
Now I reſolve to alter my Life,
that Comforts I may be poſſeſſing,
And will be loving and kind to my Wife;
there can be no greater a bleſſing.

How like a ſorrowful Man do I look;
I troubled am out of meaſure;
When I conſider'd the courſes I took,
while I was conſuming my treaſure:
Every Day I waſted my ſtore,
and call'd a good Husband a Miſer;
But I reſolve I will do ſo no more,
but leave off, and learn to be wiſer.

When to the Market I went with my Corn,
as soon as I sold it, to Gaming:
I spent more free than a Gentleman born;
yet thought I wan't worthy of blaming.
Some I would lend, to others I'de give,
and they'd be as commonly craving:
But I will do so no more while I live,
I'll learn to be Thrifty and saving.

From the Ale-house to the Tavern wou'd come,
with those that wou'd call me their honey:
All the long night I would seldom come home,
as long as I had any Money,
While my poor Wife shed many a Tear,
to see how I dayly did use her:
But I will now be more kind to my Dear,
and never no more will abuse her.

By this my Gaming I soon made a hand
of what my old Father did leave me,
As being forced to Morgage my Land;
this did of all Comfort bereave me:
So that I then was near to despair,
and gave my self to melancholly:
But at length I resolv'd to take care,
now, now, I have seen my own folly.

While to that ruinous rate I did run,
I seldom or never repented,
Till I perceived that I was undone,
and then I was griev'd and lamented;
Yet I resolv'd this course I would take,
for the future time that's ensuing,
All my bay Company I would forsake;
I found they had proved my Ruine.

My Goods and Comforts doth daily increase,
by Labour I this have obtained,
And my kind Wife has the blessing of peace,
since Company I have refrained:
Yet my old Cronys flout me each day,
and count me no more than a Miser;
Yet I'll not value what ever they say,
I mean to grow older and wiser,

E'ry bad Husband take warning by this,
and count it not as a dead Letter:
Though by your Folly you have done amiss,
'tis never too late to grow better:
If thou hast got a loving kind wife,
then, then, thou hast reason to prize her;
Ay and to Love her as dear as thy Life,
and always grow older and wiser.

London, Printed for R. Kell, at the Blew Anchor near Pye-Corner.

The Female Highway Hector:

OR,

An Account of a Woman, who was lately arraign'd for robbing on the high-way in man's apparel: Containing, A Relation of ſeveral noted Exploits which ſhe perform'd in that bold Undertaking.

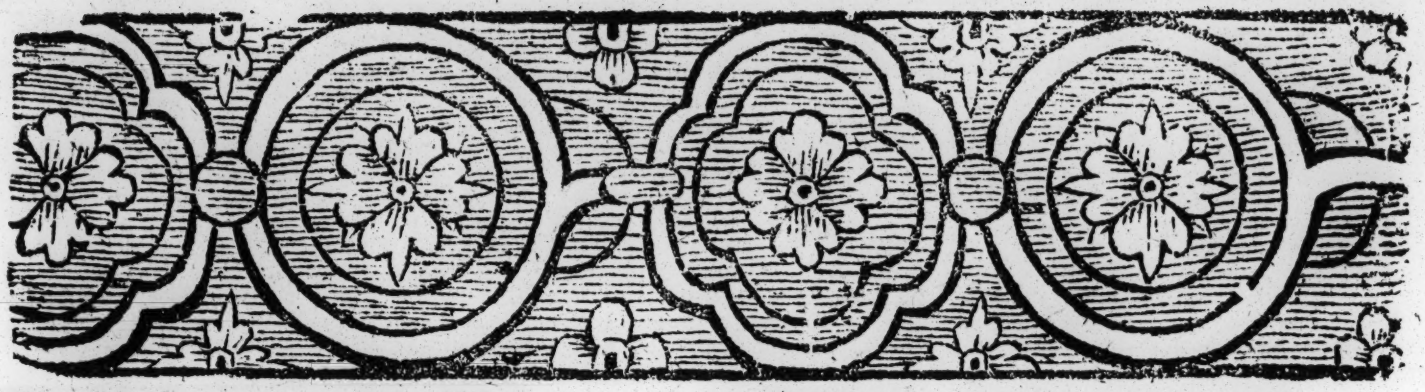
To an excellent new Tune called The Rant.

YOu Gallants of every Station,
give ear to a Frollicksome Song;
The like was ne'er ſeen in the Nation,
'twas done by a Female ſo young.

She bought her a Mare and a Bridle,
a Saddle, and Piſtols alſo,
She reſolved ſhe would not be idle,
ſo upon the Pad ſhe did go.

She Cloathed her ſelf in great Splendor,
for Breeches and Sword ſhe had on,
Her Body appear'd very ſlender;
ſhe ſhow'd like a pretty Young-man.

And then like a Padder ſo witty,
ſhe mounted with ſpeed on her Mare;
She left all her Friends in the City,
and ſteered her Courſe towards Ware.



The first that she met was a Grocer
was walking with Cane in his Hand,
She soon to the Spark came up closer,
and boldly she bid him to stand.

She took from him but a Guinea,
and then met a Taylor with Shears,
And because the poor Rogue had no Money,
she gentely clipt of his Ears.

The next that she met was a Tanner.
for lols of his money he cry'd,
And because he bauld in this manner,
she handsomely tanned his Hide.

She rode about seven-miles farther,
and then a Stage-Coach she did Rob;
The Passengers all cry'd out Murther:
but this was a Fifty-pound Job.

And then she robb'd a Welsh Miller,
she sac'd him and gave him the Word:
Hur splutter'd, and swore hur would kill hur,
if that hur had got but her Sword.

And then she came up with a Quaker,
she told him, she must have his Coin:
Quoth he, Thou silly Wise-acre
thou shalt have no Money of mine.

She show'd him a Pistol to prove him;
he told her by Yea and by Nay,
That since the good Spirit did move him,
she might take his Money away.

An Excise-man, she then next accosted
and bid him Deliver with speed;
He often of Valour had boasted,
but he was a Coward indeed.

She Rifled him then of his Money;
oh! this was a very rich Prize,
She took from him Four-score Gineys,
which he had receiv'd for Excise.

The next that she met was a Padder,
well mounted upon a bay a Nag;
Oh! this made her so much the gladder,
she told him she wanted a bag.

He thought she would certainly fight him,
prepared himself out of hand:
And she was resolved to fright him,
she damn'd him, and bid him to stand.

He presently drew out his Rapier
and bid her to stand on her guard;
But quickly away she did Caper,
the High-way-man, follow'd her hard.

He follow'd and soon overtook her,
and searched her Breeches with speed;
And as he did well overlook her,
he found her a Woman indeed!

The High-way-man stood all amazed;
but she had no cause to complain.
Tho' with her he did what he pleased,
he gave her the Money again.

Printed for C. Bates at the White Hart in Well-smithfield.

Flora's lamentable paſſion,

Crown'd with unſpeakable Joy and Comfort.

Flora ſhe did ſore lament,
her Spirit did decay;
Strephon fill'd her with content,
and caſt all Grief away.
To the Tune of, *Tender hearts of* London *City.*

FLoras in her Grove ſhe lyed,
Sighing panting thus ſhe cryed,
Strephon thou art fled from me;
O my Swain I may complain,
for thou doſt prove unkind I ſee.

I was ever chaſte and Loyal,
O it is a grevious tryal,
that we ſhould ſeparated be:
Cupits Dart, hath pierc'd my heart,
alas my joys are fled from me.

Here I ſit in grief afflicted,
By my love I am rejected,
ſorrows hath compaſt me round;
Inſulting Death, come ſtop my breath,
and let not grief in me abound.

The pretty little Lambs lamented,
Seeming to be diſcontented,
Hearing of her make this moan;
Quoth ſhe my pain I can't contain,
for all my joys are from me flown.

He a thouſand times hath kiſt me,
And as many times has bleſt me,
calling me his only joy;
But now I find he proves unkind,
which doth my comforts quite deſtroy.

With ſweet language thou didſt woe me
And with comforts did'ſt indue me,
yet thou proved'ſt moſt falſe I ſee;
Remember now thy former vow,
which thou didſt make in ſecreſie,

I was never fond and fickle,
Down her Cheeks the tears did trickle,
and her colour waxed pale,
With complaint, her heart did faint,
quoth ſhe, I find my ſpirits fail.

Strephons Anſwer to *Flora's* Complaint.

In the midſt of all her trouble,
Strephon did her joys redouble,
with a ſweet oblieging way;
He did her greet, quoth he my ſweet,
my Love is fixt from all decay.

Floras I do dearly love thee,
I eſteem no one above thee,
thou ſhalt have thy hearts delight;
Then here's my hand, do thou command
and I will ſerve thee day and night.

Though I ſeemed to be parted,
Yet I am more loyal hearted,
my Love is linked unto thee;
Take hand and heart, we'l never part,
thou art my life and liberty.

Floras I in heart adore thee,
I prefer no one before thee,
thou haſt a ſweet oblieging Eye;
I'le ne'r be cruel to my Jewel,
but be faithful till I dye.

Do not think that I will ſlight thee,
I endeavour to delight thee,
nothing ſhall my love annoy;
I will nouriſh, and will cheriſh,
my ſweet Floras, my true joy.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the Angel in Guilt-ſpur ſtreet without Newgate.

FOLLY plainly made Manifeſt,

BY

An Extravagant Husband

Being his kind Advice to all, of high or low Degree,
Leaſt they in Poverty do fall, and bring themſelves to miſery.
To the Tune of, *I have a Miſtris of my own.*

BAd Husbands now I pray draw near,
and alſo hearken to my Ditty;
Of evil company beware,
for if you don't the more's the pitty:
For by the ſame we plainly ſee,
ſome men do work their own undoing,
And bring themſelves to poverty,
and their poor Families to ruine.

For thoſe that do delight in it,
would certainly increaſe their trouble
Beſide they duliſie their wit,
and add their ſorrows ten times double
For when that you have waſted all,
they will certainly abuſe you,
When you in any troubles fall,
they will utterly refuſe you.

I do remember formerly,
when I us'd the trade of drinking,
My wife and I could not agree,
for my pocket that was ſhrinking:
Daily I did take much pains,
yet my folly over-rul'd me,
The Ale-houſe then receiv'd the gains,
and in my trouble they did fool me.

My Wife with tears perſwaded me,
but I afforded her no pitty,
But gave my ſelf ſuch liberty,
I rambled thorow Town and City:
Thus my wife and Children ſmall,
they might weep till they were weary,
While I for Liquor freely call'd,
with which I made my heart full merry

Thus my wife and children small,
they had nothing to relieve them,
When they to her for Bread did call,
She had never a bit to give them:
When her sorrows they were great,
She with tears did much lament it,
To see her poor unhappy state,
And knows not how to be contented.

The Ale-wives kindness to him in a time of Trouble.

At length I being out of work,
they did much deride and flout me,
And said that I was but a shark,
And they had rather been without me:
Thus when I did stand in need,
all my former friends did slight me,
Which made my very heart to bleed,
I had nothing to delight me.

But I made a vow therefore,
in the heat of my veration,
I'le set a cross upon their door,
and then I'le find my habitation:
My life I will begin a new,
what I do get I'le save together,
The Proverb old is very true,
a penny is good in rainy weather.

All company I have forsook,
and Ale-houses where I did lie at,
And better courses I have took,
which brings me to much peace & quiet;
I'le be a Husband to my wife,
and I will do my best endeavour,
To have the Comfort of our life,
and live in love like lambs together.

I very seldom had my health,
beside the charge of my expences,
I often was beside my self,
for drinking rob'd me of my sences:
I'le never do the like again,
I will utterly refrain them,
The Hostess she shall sit and Spin,
for they are fools that will maintain (them.
Let all bad husbands mend with speed,
before old age doth overtake you,
For when you most do stand in need, (you
your feigned friends will quite forsake
When your youthful strength is past,
you will be from them quite absented,
Griefs and sorrows comes at last,
then too late you may repent it.

FINIS.

Entred according to Order.

Printed for *I. Deacon*, at the Angel in *Guilt-spur-street*.

The Wiltshire Wedding

BETWIXT

Daniel Doo-well, and *Doll* the *Dairy-Maid*.

With the Consent of her Old Father **Leather-Coat**, and her dear and tender Mother **Plod-well**.

To an Excellent North-Country Tune. Licensed according to Order.

ALL in a misty morning,
cloudy was the weather,
I meeting with an old Man,
was cloathed all in Leather:
With ne'r a Shirt unto his back,
but Wool unto his skin;
With how do you do, and how do you do,
and how do you do agen?

The Ruffick was a Thresher,
and on his way he hy'd;
And with a Leather Bottle
fast buckled by his side:
And with a Cap of Woolen,
which covered Cheek and Chin,
With how, &c.

I went a little further,
and there I met a Maid,
Was going then a Milking,
a Milking Sir, she said:
Then I began to Complement,
and she began to sing;
With how, &c.

This Maid her name was Dolly,
cloath'd in a Gown of gray,
I being somewhat jolly,
perswaded her to stay:
Then straight I fell to Courting her,
in hopes her love to win,
With how do you do, and how do you do;
and how do you do ag

Then having time and leasure,
I spent a vacant hour,
Telling of all my Treasure,
whilst sitting in the Bower:
With many kind Embraces,
I stroak'd her double Chin:
With how, &c.

I told her I would Marry,
and she should be my Bride,
And long we should not tarry,
with twenty things beside:
We Plow & Sow, & Reap and Mow,
while thou shalt sit and Spin;
With how, &c.

Did you not know my Father,
the Damsel then reply'd,
His Jerkin was of Leather,
a Bottle by his side:
Yes, I did meet him trudging,
as fast as he could win,
With how, &c.

Kind Sir, I have my Mother,
besides a Father still;
Those Friends above all other,
you must ask their good will:
For if I be undutiful
to them, it is a Sin;
With how, &c.

Now there we left the Milk-Pail,
and to her Mother went,
And when I was come thither,
I asking her consent;
And doft my Hat and made a Leg,
for why, she was within;
With how, &c.

My Husband is a Thresher,
who is her Father dear.
He'll give with her his Blessing
kind Sir, you need not fear:
He is of such good Nature,
that he would never lin,
With how, &c.

For by your Courteous Carriage
you seem an honest Man,
You may have her in Marriage
my husband he anon
Will bid you very welcome,
though he be poor and thin,
With how, &c.

Her Dad came home full weary
alas! he could not chuse;
Her Mother being Merry,
she told him all the News:
Then he was mighty jovial too
his Son did soon begin,
With how, &c.

Her Parents being willing,
all Parties was agreed;
Her Portion thirty Shilling,
they Marry'd were with speed
Then Will the Piper he did play
while others Dance and Sing
With how, &c.

In pleasant Recreation
they pass'd away the Night
And likewise by relation,
with her he takes delight
To walk abroad on Holidays,
to visit Kith and Kin;
With how, &c.

Then lusty Ralph and Robin,
with many Damsels gay,
Did ride on Roan and Dobbin,
to Celebrate the day:
When being met together,
their Caps they off did fling,
With how do you do, and how do you
and how do you do agen?

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt-spur-street.

The Fox too Cunning for the Lyon.

OR,

The Foxes feaſt, wherein is expreſt
Many a witty but moſt true jeſt,
Both old and young of it take a view,
And by experience you'l ſay it's true.

To the Tune of, the *Three Cheators.*

A Den of Foxes on a day
Met together as men ſay,
Where they uſed to frequent,
Into a hole then ſtraight they went;
Thus one unto the other ſaid,
the Foxes wills ſhall be obey'd.
Where a Counſell they did hold
Scorning for to be controul'd;
One more cunning then the reſt
In a Robe himſelf then dreſt;
Then give ear and underſtand
there's many Foxes in this Land.
One Robed like a Fryer ſome ſay,
Did imitate to Preach and Pray
Unto the Geese like Nuns attired,
For his heart by them was fired,
Beloved ſiſter then he ſaid,
draw near to me be not afraid.
And although I am not tall
I have longing bowells for you all.
If they were Nuns he lov'd them dear
But they were Geese it doth appear:
He did ſeduce them by a wild,
and every one of them beguil'd.

A mighty feaſt they then did hold,
Of hollow fouls as I was told;
And then went to the Lyons Cave
Dearly longing that to have
A cunning plot by them was laid,
which made the Lyon ſore afraid.
And by their ſubtlety (as then)
They forc't the Lyon from his den.
Then by their ſubtlety and ſtrength,
The Lyon then intrapt at length:
Then cruelly they did him ſlay
to have his den therein to play.
The young Lyons then did flye,
(Not daring for to ſtay thereby)
To ſeeke more Lyons in a Land.
The Foxes ſtrength for to withſtand;
And intending to purſue,
are returning with their crew.
One For more ſubtle then the reſt,
Stood ſtrutting up and did proteſt,
That he and his young ones then
Would have the dreadfull Lyons den,
Without one conſent perforce (they ſaid)
this Foxes will muſt be obey'd,

The Second Part to the ſame Tune.

AND whilſt within that he did ſtay
He frighted all the reſt away,
The greedy Fox with price of gore,
Did feed on plate and ſilver ore:
But having fed beyond his ſtrength
He fell ſick and dy'd at length.

The frighted Foxes then return'd
But for the other never mourn'd, (den
They drove the young whelp out of his
And poſſeſt themſelves agen
Of their former playing place,
To the dead Foxes much diſgrace.

There was another Fox beſide
That in his tail did take ſuch pride,
So cruelly was he bent then,
He fed upon poor wounded men;
And now he's gone as I hear tell
To fright the Devill out of Hell.

Another he had gain'd ſuch power
That he held a mighty Tower,
That no one durſt him withſtand,
Of ſuch power was his command,
But the reſt would not obey,
But forc't him for to run away.

The was a fair kept in the Weſt,
And in a Booth they kept a feaſt,
The Foxes hearing of ſuch cheer
Put the feaſters in ſuch fear,
That for fear they ran away,
And the Foxes had a gallant prey.

From the North came ſuch a wind
The Foxes fear'd their tayls behind,
They ſent one then with all ſpeed
To beat them back if there be need:
Afterwards they ſet him free,
For of their Rump he muſt not be.

Another Fox had but one eye,
After him went a Hue and cry,
'Cauſe out of ſight and under ſhade,
He did uſe the Cobling trade:
For killing many I have heard,
He was hang'd up in Pauls Churchyard

Of Foxes we no number know,
Becauſe that they are Lambs in ſhow.
You that hunt Foxes have a care,
Leaſt that it do your health impare,
And of late to mind I call,
I caught a Fox that made me fall.

London, Printed for Charles Tyus on London Bridge.

The Frantick LOVER:

Or, *The Wandring Young-Man.*

With Grief and Care he is oppreſt, no Comfort can he find;
In Nights he is diſturb'd of Reſt, Caus'd by his Love unkind.
To an Excellent New Play-Houſe Tune. This may be Printed, R. P.

YOu are ſo fair and cruel too.
I am amaz'd what I ſhall do
to purchaſe my deſire;
Sometimes your eyes doth me invite.
But when I enter you kill me quite,
and the more encreaſe my fire.

Long I have lov'd, and am abus'd,
And when I offer, I am refus'd,
can any ſuffer more?

Be coy, be cruel, do your worſt
Though for your ſake I am accurſt,
I muſt and will adore.

Was you as kind as ſweet and fair,
No creature could with thee compare,
to love I am inclin'd;
But yet I underſtand and ſee.
That you're reſolv'd to torture me,
O are you not unkind?

Can you forget the vow you made,
When as in solemn sort you said,
I was your only joy:
Yet now you will no favour show,
But prove my final overthrow,
and would my life destroy.

Sometimes in dreams I do behold
Your tresses like fair threads of gold,
likewise your beauty bright;
But when I waken from my rest,
And find that I am dispossest,
it proves my ruine quite.

When first I did thy beauty see,
O then thou didst appear to be
an Angel in my eye:
Like lambs together we did play,
But now thine heart is drawn away
tell me the reason why?

Was I not only just and true,
Pray let me here be try'd by you,
then what may be the cause
That you unworthily forsake
Your love and like a tyrant break,
the bonds of Cupids laws.

What grief of heart do I endure?
'Tis true alone can kill or cure,
send me one gentle line:
Or else I through the world will range,
For why my Love can never change,
O do not me revile.

For sure I am my Love is true,
Where e're I range I'll honnour you,
in sounding forth thy praise;
If I may not enjoy the Bliss,
Bestow on me a parting kiss,
I'll wander out my days.

You tell me that you loved long,
And through me have received wrong
pray is this false or true?
When did the darts of my disdain,
Give any reason to complain?
I will be judg'd by you.

When first to me you did make Suit,
If then I held you in dispute,
was this disloyalty?
I must confess it would be brave,
If young men could but ask and have,
maids soon would slighted be.

'Tis not the mode for maids to woo,
Yet when we find Men just and true,
then, then we often yield:
This is no more then modesty,
But he that would have more of me,
shall never win the field.

But if thy Heart so Loyal be,
As not to fancy none but me,
in all the world beside:
Then I will willingly comply,
In loyal Love to live and dye
whatever may betide.

I'le make it all my study still,
To be obedient to thy will,
true blessings to restore:
Here in my armes I'll the infold,
And prize the more then all the Gold,
on the rich Indian Shore.

The moan you made my heart did move,
Thou shalt not wander from thy Love,
whom you so much adore:
And therefore now no more repine,
Take Hand and Heart, I will be thine,
what canst thou wish for more?

FINIS.

Her ANSWER.

AM I so fair and cruel too,
As has reported been by you?
'tis falsle, pray don't revile:
In one you seem to flatter me,
Then charge me with much cruelty,
where is your love the while.

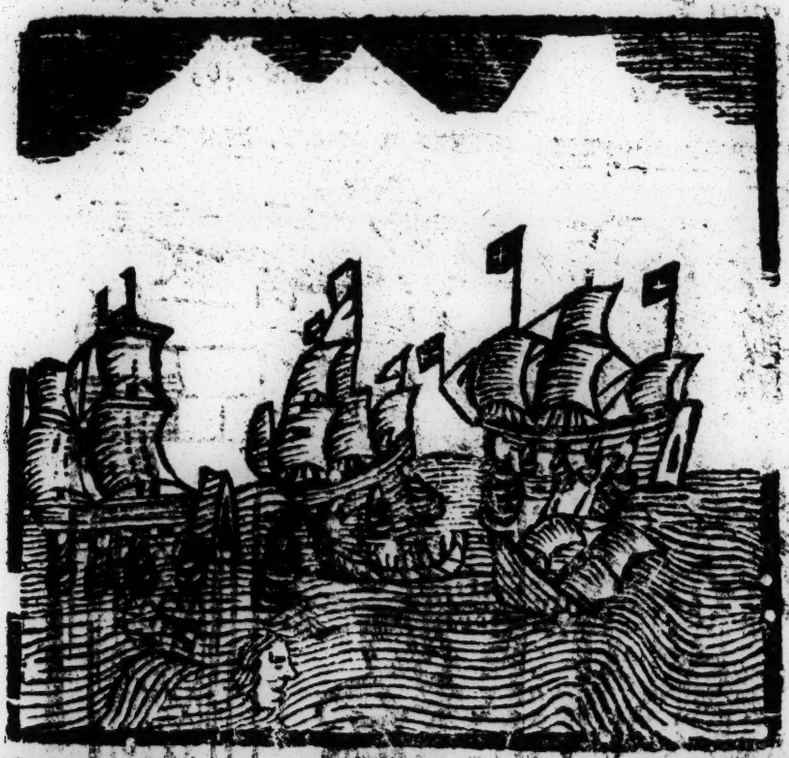
Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt-spur-street, without Newgate.

The Boatſwains Call;

OR,

The Couragious Mariners Invitation to all his Brother Sailers, to forſake Friends and Relations, for to fight in the defence of their King and Country.

To the Tune of Ring of Gold. Licenced according to Order.



STout Seamen come away,
never be daunted;
For if at home you ſtay,
then is it granted
The Fleet can never be
Man'd for the Ocean,
To Fight the Enemy,
and gain Promotion.

Lewis that Chriſtian-TURK,
makes preparation;
His Engines are at work
in Conſultation.
Thinking to Ruine quite
all Chriſtian Princes;
But we their wrongs will right,
at Lifes expences.

The Mighty force of France,
we never valne
For when we once advance,
we will not daily;
But on the Ocean wide,
(through bleſt permiſſion)
We'l ſoon ſubdue their Pride,
and grand Ambition.

Therefore with Courage bold,
Boys, let us venter,
Like noble hearts of Gold,
now freely enter
Your names on Board the Fleet,
all friends forſaking,
That we may ſoon Compleat
this undertaking.

Is it not that the Land,
might be defended.
By a Victorious hand,
tho' France intended
To lay a heavy Yoke,
on a free Nation;
Boys let a fatal stroke,
Move their Vexation.

But yet my thinks I hear
some Cowards crying,
The Press they Read and fear,
as much as lying:
And sculk like frighted Slaves,
here in distraction,
To hide in Dens and Caves,
from Warlike Action.

Yet some declare they'd fight,
but a dear Mother,
Who counts him her delight,
above all other;
She loves him as her Life,
parting would grieve her,
Another has a Wife,
he's loath to leave her.

Thus Cowards they can find
excuses many,
To tarry here behind,
yet there's not any
Right Valliant Noble Soul
heeds a Relation,
But fight against Controul
for this his Nation.

Has not Men wish'd and cry'd,
a war with France, Boys,
That on the Ocean wide
we may advance, Boys,
To storm and shake their throne,
no danger fearing;
This has been still their Tone,
oft in my hearing.

Where are those Heroes now
those sons of thunder,
That would make Lewis bow,
and bring him under?
Your wishes now you have,
France is the Center,
Like Seamen stout and brave,
Boys, freely venture.

In a fight fierce and hot,
once was I wounded;
We received blows of Shot
being surrounded;
Yet I again will go,
and fight to hide me,
I'll face the darling foe,
what e're betide me.

He that has been in fight,
fears not another;
He leaves with much delight
Father and Mother,
To embrace those true Joys,
which men admire,
We can be merry Boys,
in Smoak and Fire.

If we the Conquest gain,
that brings promotion,
If we by chance are slain,
then the wide Ocean,
Shall be our watry Tomb
near Neptunes Palace,
This Boys, shall be our Doom
in spight of Malice.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

The French-man's Lamentation

for the Great loſs of their Noble General *Mounſieur de Turenne.*

Who was Kill'd by a Cannon, Shot from a party of the Emperours Army, which lay in Ambuſcade in a Wood, and ſhot him in the breaſt, where he Dyed Immediately, and his Lieutenant was then Killed by him, which was on the 23 of *July* 1675. *Mounſieur Turenne* being then in the 64*th.* Year of his age, and had been Marſhal of *France* juſt half his time, being 32 years.

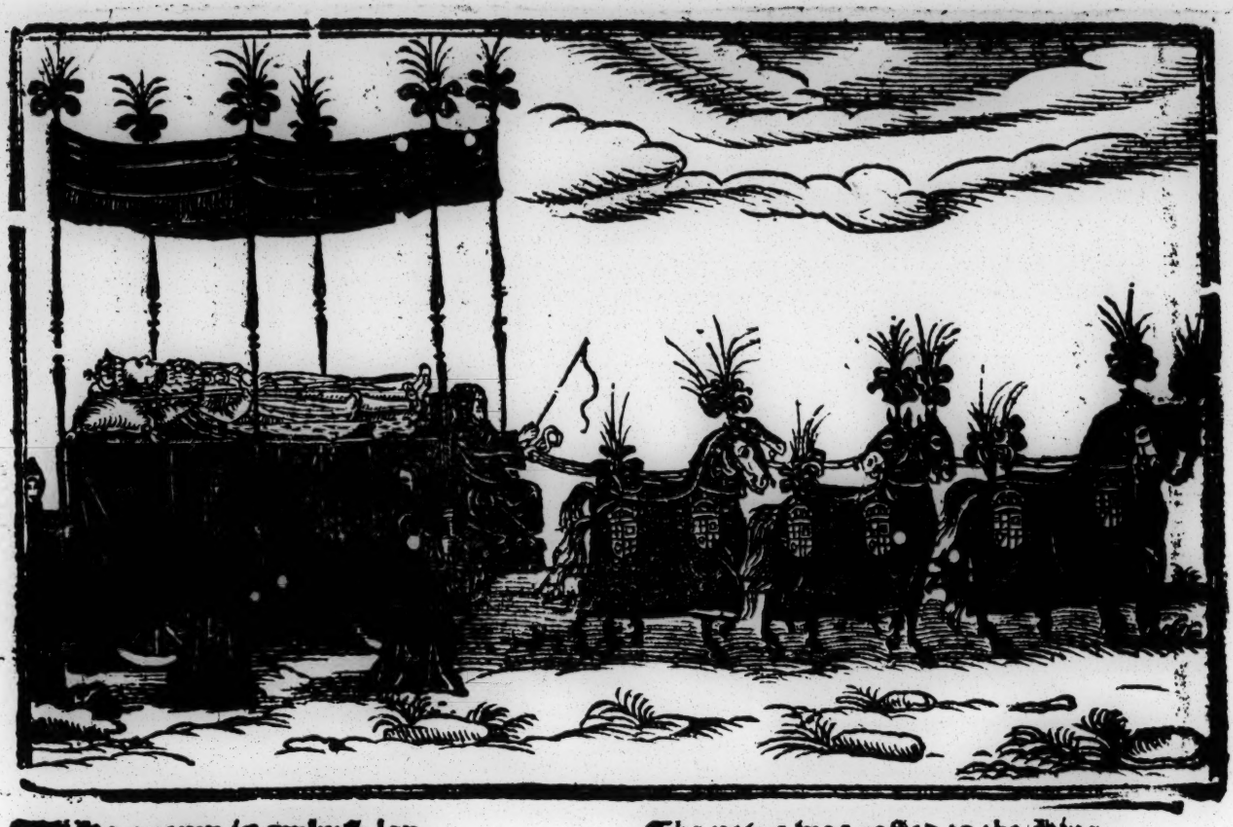
To the Tune of, *A fig for* France *and* Holland *too.*

Of honour and renown i'le ſing,
All generous hearts aſſiſtance bring,
The Son of Mars, a Warriour brave,
By a great Shot brought to his Grave;
Death durſt not meet him in the field,
But unawares did make him yield,
Let Drums and Trumpets ceaſe to ſound,
Turenne no more is to be found.

The French-mans glory now is dead,
Before whom thouſand troops have fled,
He never was afraid to dye,
In greateſt dangers ſcorn'd to flye;
But bravely would maintain the fight,
Till all his foes were put to flight,
Let Drums and Trumpets ceaſe to, &c.

Fate envies that ſo brave a Soul,
Should their decrees ſo long controul,
For from his birth his brave Turenne,
Full ſixty four years had ſeen,
He idly did not ſpend his time,
Nor wantonly did waſt his prime;
Let Drums and Trumpets ceaſe to, &c.

At thirty two juſt half his age,
His Enemies he did ingage,
That Monarch great, the King of France,
Him to a Marſhal did advance;
Which place he kept unto his death,
And bravely fought to his laſt breath,
Let Drums and Trumpets ceaſe to ſound,
Turenne no more is to be found.



The enemy in ambush lay,
On purpose his life to betray,
For they had planted in a Wood,
Two Cannons which did spill his blood;
They knowing that he would come there,
Lay lurking as if nothing were,
Let Drums and Trumpets cease to sound,
Turenne no more is to be found.

They saw him marching without harm,
Did thunder him a fierce alarm,
The first shot without hurt pass'd by,
Fearing such valour to come nigh,
But as it happened that came there,
To give him warning to prepare.
Let Drums, &c.

The other Gun with iron fill'd,
The noble Mounsieur quickly kill'd,
So many pieces came together,
They flew like hail in stormy weather;
Some of them could not choose but kill,
And execute their masters will,
Let Drums, &c.

Into his breast the shot then flew,
And instantly the Warriour slew,
His brave Lieutenant dy'd by his side
Scorning that Fate should them divide;
They who together drew their breath,
Were true companions in their death;
Let Drums, &c.

The news was posted to the King,
Which did to him much sorrow bring,
So brave a Subject had he none,
His fame through all the world was known:
His memory will never dye,
Although his bones in dust do lye:
Let Drums, &c.

His valour made his foes to creep,
And sent them to eternal sleep,
Not only courage was his praise,
But policy his fame did raise,
All which joyn'd with success did crown,
Turenne with honour and renown.
Let Drums, &c.

A prop he was unto the Crown,
No foes could beat his courage down,
His Masters cause he did defend,
And faithful was unto the end;
But now alas, he's dead and gone,
His equal there he has left none.
Let Drums, &c.

Let him that reads this understand,
'Twas written by an English hand,
True valour must be prais'd though he,
That has it proves an enemy;
France now in mourning does appear,
Having left him whom they lov'd so dear;
Let Drums and Trumpets cease to sound,
Turenne no more is to be found.

Printed for W. Thackery, in Duck-lane, and I. Hose, in Holbourn. *With Allowance*

Friendly Advice to EXTRAVAGANTS

Shewing the Vanity of thoſe,
Who to themſelves are cruel foes,
By their delays for to prepare,
grim Death he will not long forbear
But unawares will give the blow,
They'l mourn when they do find it ſo

Tune of, The rich Merchant man.

O What a ſinful Age
is this that we live in,
When men delight in extreams,
and take a pride in ſin.

Time's wing'd ſays one and flies:
therefore let us be merry,
Perhaps this may be our laſt day,
then let us drink our Sherry.

It is a motion ſtrange
to call for men to drink,
But do not ſay let us go pray,
for 'tis high time I think.

Inſtead of good advice
they ſhould give one another,
They give advice that in a trice
they may all virtue ſmother.

Wicked devices now
ſeem to be ſo common,
There's few that do the ſame eſchew,
it is forſook by no man,

Oh pitty it is then
that ſin ſhould be the faſhion,
We ſure they do bring ſhame unto
this poor diſtreſſed Nation.

Who by their wickedneſs
promote the Devils cauſe,
They urge our God to ſend his Rod,
by breaking of his Laws.

While yet we leiſure have
and time for to repent,
Make no delay for fear you may
into the Grave be ſent.

Before you are prepar'd
and fitted for to dye,
Oh then make haſte and no time waſte
repent immediately.

It can do you no harm
for to repent in time,
Many I ſay are ſnatcht away,
and dye juſt in their prime.

We have no leaſe of life,
no more than thoſe who died,
And met with death who ſtop'd their breath
and would not be deny'd.

When death doth us aſſaile
we cannot him oppoſe,
Certain it is we muſt not miſs
the Hour, yet no man knows.

It will be very ſad
for thoſe who die in ſin,
Oh then take care for death prepare,
and think how ſlack you've been.

We ſhall not alwaies find
God will with ſinners bear,
Then while you may make no delay
but for your death prepare.

Think not that when you pleaſe
you ſhall have time to do it,
If you prolong time, you do wrong
your ſelves; then now fall to it.

And ſay not with the wretch
let's drink, laugh, and be merry,
Time will not ſtay but flies away,
then do not mind your Sherry.

But that which will do good
to your immortal ſouls,
Mind that alone, and ev'ry one
leave quaffing of your Bouls.

That drink which now in waſte
you down your throats do throw,
Where drink is ſcant the ſame you'l
crave for ought I know. (want

Printed for *F. Cole, T. Vere, J. Wright. J. Clark. W. Thackery. & T. Paſſenger.*

A friendly Caveat

To all true Chriſtians,

Showing them the true way to Heaven.

To the Tune of, *the Ladies fall.*

NOw that the day ſtar doth appear
to God devoutly let us call
That in the deeds of day light clear
he'd keep us from miſfortunes all.

Let him temper our tatling tongue
and bridle ſo our will,
Leſt horror vile brake us among,
and ſtrife that ſounds full ill.

Let all the ſecrets of our hearts
be clean from filthineſs,
Let ſlothful ſluggiſhneſs depart
from us that ſtudy do profeſs.

Let meat nyet of drink and meat
beat down the pride of fleſh,
Leſt raging in that filthy heat
it looſe of youth the flowers freſh

Take not in vain Gods holy name,
but uſe it with reverence,
For why the Lord all ſuch do blame
as here commit offence.

Remember that thou holy keep
the day of Reſt as God doth will,
Six days thou ſhalt apply thy work
but reſt the ſeventh day ſtill.

For in ſix days the Lord did frame
the Heaven, the Earth, the Creatures,
The ſeventh he ceaſt and bleſt the ſame
as time for us on him to call,

All theſe precepts the Lord did write
in the firſt table made of ſtone,
And left for us both night and day,
his wayes to think upon.

THe ſecond table followeth then
wherein the Lord inſtructeth vs
How to behave our ſelves alwayes
and the ſame is written thus.

Unto thy Parents honor give
as God commandeth thee.
That thou long days and good may'ſt live
in Heaven thy place ſhall be:

Murder no man by word nor deed
with Sword or other thing
Do nought from whence hate may proceed,
for murder out of heat doth ſpring,

Avoid all foul adultery
and all that their belong,
All filthy thoughts and luſts of eye,
all unchaſt talk of tongue.

Take not by fraud nor yet by ſtealth
the things that others poſſeſs,
For ſo to take what is not thine
it 'tis great wickedneſs

Againſt no man falſe witneſs be
but ſpake the truth alway,
For God thy ſecret thoughts do ſee
and will judge thee at the laſt day.

Thou ſhalt not in thy heart deſire
to have thy Neighbors wife,
His houſe nor Land do not require
nor betweẽ them breed no ſtrife.

Be not deſirous to reſerve
his ore, his horſe, or beaſt,
That he is not willing to leave.
or what he doth poſſeſt.

In vain take not the name of God,
ſwear not by he nor ſhe.
The houſe with plagues is threatned
where oaths much uſed be.

Think on the poor in their diſtreſs,
and God will ſend thee ſtore,
The widdow and the fatherleſs
ſee you feed at your doer.

Regard the cryes of Englands wrong,
turn not thy face away,
Bear not a proud and lofty mind
for that will thee decay.

Theſe be the laws that God did give
to Iacobs ſeed in wilderneſs,
And let us follow them alway
we may his Land poſſeſs.

But ſuch as will his laws neglect
and walk after fleſhly deſire,
The Lord at laſt he will them put
into eternal fire.

From which the Lord deliver us
and all that truſt in thee.
That when we do depart this world
in heaven our place may be.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Paſſenger*, and *W. Whitwood*

The *FRYER* well Fitted;

OR,

A pretty Jeſt that once befell,
How a Maid put a Fryer to cool in the Well.
To a Merry Tune.

AS I lay muſing all alone,
fa, la, la, la, la,
A pritty jeſt I thought upon,
fa, la, la, la, la,
Then liſten a while, and I will you tell,
Of a Fryer that lov'd a bonny Laſs well
fa, la, la, la, la,
fa, la, la, lang-tre-down-dilly.

He came to the Maid when ſhe went to bed
fa. la, &c.
Deſiring to have her Maiden-head,
fa, la, &c.
But ſhe denyed his deſire,
And told him, that ſhe fear'd Hell Fire;
fa, la, &c.
Tuſh (qd. the Fryer) thou needſt not doubt
fa, la, &c.
If thou wert in hell I could ſing thee out
fa, la, &c,
Then (qd. the maid) thou ſhalt have thy requeſt,
The Fryer was glad as a Fox in his neſt
fa, la, &c.

But one thing (quoth ſhe) I do deſire,
fa, la, &c.
Before you have what you require,
fa, la, &c.
Before that you ſhall do the thing,
An Angel of money thou ſhalt me bring,
fa, la, &c.
Tuſh (quoth the Fryer) we ſhall agree,
fa, la, &c.
No money ſhall part my Love and me;
fa, la, &c.
Before that I will ſee thee lack,
I'le pawn my grey Gown from my back
fa, la, &c.
The Maid bethought her of a wile,
fa, la, &c.
How ſhe the Fryer might beguile,
fa, la, &c.
While ſhe was gone the truth to tell,
She hung a Cloth before the Well;
fa, la, la, la, la,
fa, la, la, lang-tree-down-dilly.

THe Fryer came as his covenant was
fa, la, &c.
With money to his bonny Lass,
fa, la, &c. (qd. he)
Good morrow fair Maid, good morrow,
Here is the money I promised thee;
fa, la, la, la, la,
fa, la, la, lang-tre-down-dilly.
She thankt the man, & she took his mony
fa, la, &c.
Now let us go to't, (qd. he) sweet honey
fa, la, &c.
Oh stay (qd. she) some respite make,
My Father comes he will me take;
fa, la, &c.
Alas (qd. the Fryer) where shall I run,
fa, la, &c.
To hide me till he be gone,
fa, la, &c.
Behind the Cloth run thou (qd. she)
And there my Father cannot thee see,
fa, la, &c.
Behind the Cloth the Fryer crept,
fa, la, &c.
And into the Well on a sudden he leapt,
fa, la, &c.
Alas (quoth he) I am in the Well,
No matte (qd. she) if thou wert in Hell;
fa, la, &c.
Thou say'st thou couldst sing me out of
fa, la, &c. (Hell,
Now prithee sing thy self out of the well,
fa, la, &c.
The Fryer sung on with a pitiful sound,
Oh help me out, or I shall be drown'd;
fa, la, &c.
I trow (quoth she) your courage is cool'd
fa, la, &c.
(Quoth the Fryer) I never was so fool'd,
fa, fa, &c.
I never was served so before,
then take heed (qd. she) thou com'st there
fa, la, &c. (no more,
(Quoth he) for sweet Saint Francis sake
fa, la, &c.
On his Disciple some pitty take,
fa, la, &c.
(Quoth she) Saint Francis never taught
His Scholars to tempt young Maids to
fa, la, &c. (naught;
The Fryer did intreat her still,
fa, la, &c.
That she would help him out of the well,
fa, la, &c.
She heard him make such piteous moan
She help'd him out, and bid him be gone
fa, la, &c.
(Quoth he) shall I have my money again
fa, la, &c.
Which from me thou hast before-hand
fa, la, &c. (tane
good sir (said she) there's no such matter,
I'le make you pay for fouling my water,
fa, la, &c.
The Fryer went all along the Street,
fa, la, &c.
Dropping wet, like a new-wash'd Sheep
fa, la, &c. (Maid
Both old and young commended the
That such a witty prank had plaid,
fa, la, la, la, la,
fa, la, la, lang-tre-down-dilly.

Printed for W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.

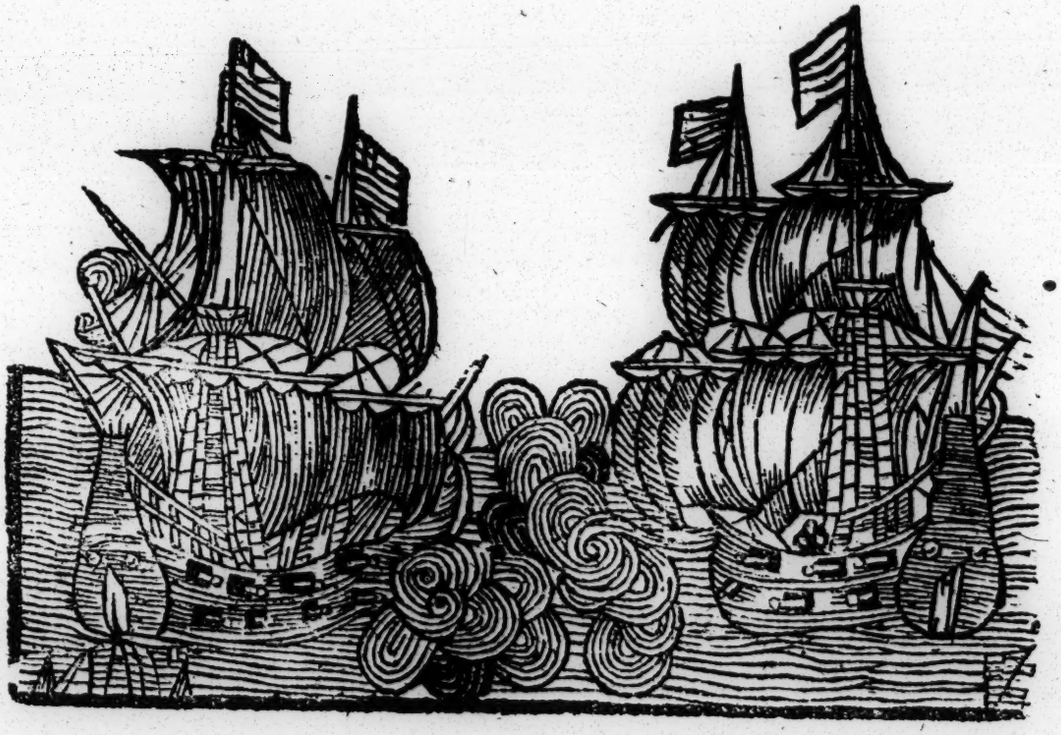
The Gallant Seamans return

from the Indies, or the happy meeting of two Faithful lovers.

Wherein is ſhewed the loyal conſtancy of a Seaman to his love, with her kind ſalutation unto him for his Welcome home.

Obſerve this Song which is both neat and pretty
Tis on a Seaman in his praiſe of *Betty*.

Tune of *Five Sail of Frigots*, Or, *Shrewsbury* By T. L. With *Allowance*.



I am a ſtout Seaman newly come on ſhore
I have been a long Voyage where I nere was before
But now I am returned i me reſolved to ſee
My own deareſt honey whoſe name is *Betty*.

I have been abſent from her full many a day
But yet I was conſtant in every way
Though many a beautiful dame I did ſee
Yet none pleaſed me ſo well as pretty *Betty*.

Now I am intended what ever betide
For to go and ſee her and make her my bride
If that ſhe and I can together agree
I never will love none but pretty Betty.

The Gallant Seamans Song at the meeting of *Betty*.

Well met my pretty Betty my joy and my dear,
I now am returned thy heart for to chear.

Though long I have been absent yet I thought on
O my heart it was always with pretty Betty (thee

Then come my own dearest to the Tavern lets go
Whereas wee'l be merry for an hour or two
Lovingly together we both will agree
And ile drink a good healthy to my pretty Betty.

And when we have done to the hunt we will lye
Whereas wee'l be joyned in Matryn ony,
And always ile be a kind husband to thee
If that thou wilt be my wife pretty Betty.

I will kiss thee and hug thee all night in my arms,
ile be careful of thee and keep thee from harms
I will love thee dearly in every degree
For my heart it is fixed on pretty Betty.

For thee I will rove and sail far and near
The dangerous rough sea shall not put me in fear
If I do get treasure i'le bring it to thee,
And i'le venture my life for my pretty Betty.

And more then all this ile tell thee my Dear.
I will bring thee home rich Jewels for to wear,
And many new fashions I will provide thee
So that none shall compare unto pretty Betty.

Then come mine own Dearest & grant me thy Love
Both Loyal & constant to thee I will prove,
If that thou wilt put trust & belief in me
I vow nere to Love none but pretty Betty.

Bettys reply wherein she shows her Love,
Promising him always constant to prove.

O welcome my Dearest welcome to the shore
Thy absence so long hath troubled me sore
But since thou art returned this i'le assure thee
It is thou art the man that my Husband shall be

Although that some Maids now adays proves un-
Yet ile never change my old Love for a new, (true
My promise ile keep while life remains in me
For tis thou art the man that my husband shall be.

I have been courted by many a proper youth
If thou wilt believe me ile tell thee the truth
But all my affections I have set on thee
For thou art the man that my husband shall be

Then Dearest be not discontented in mind,
For to thee I'le always prove loving & kind
No Lord nor Knight ile have if they would have me
For tis thou art the man that my husband shall be.

If that I might gain a Whole Ship-load of money.
I would not forsake my true Love & Hony,
No wealth nor yet riches shall force or tempt me
To forsake him who ever my true Love shall be.

This lusty brave seaman & his dearest Dear
Was married full speedily as I did hear,
Now they both together do live happily
And he vows to love his pretty Betty.

He is overjoy'd now he has gain'd his mate
They do Love and live without strife and debate,
He is kind unto her in every degree
So I wish him well to enjoy pretty Betty.

All you young men & maidens pray learn by my song
To be true to your sweet hearts & do them no wrong
Prove constant and just and not false-hearted be
And so I will now conclude my new ditty.

Printed for F. Cole, T. Vere, J. Wright *and* J. Clarke. W. Thackery. T. Passenger.

Give me the Willow-Garland,

Or, The Maidens Former Fear, and Latter Comfort.

At first she for a Husband made great moan,
But at the last she found a loving one.

To a dainty new Tune, called, *Give me the willow-garland.*

AS I walked forth
in the merry month of June,
To hear the Nightingale
sing her best tune:
I spy'd a young Maid,
which sighed and said,
My time I have wasted in vain,
much love I have spent,
which makes me repent.
On them that holds me in disdain:
Take pitty, quoth she,
some gentle body,
Give me the Willow-Garland,
for none will have me.

I am in my conscience
full sixteen years old,
Yet still go unmarried
which makes my heart cold:
there's many Youngee
that's younger then me,
that suckles sweet babes at the breast
that lives at their ease,
and carries the Keys
Of many fair Cupboard and Chest:
Take pitty, &c.

Some men will give handkerchiefs
some will give gloves,
And some will give Bodkins,
to purchase maids loves:
but I like a friend,
my money did lend,
And never did ask it again:
and them that received,
in whom I believed,
Have put me to sorrow and pain:
Take pitty, &c.

When William at first,
came a wooing to me,
Good Lord then how jocond,
and frolick was he:
he clip'd me, he kis'd me,
he hug'd me in his arms,
He promis'd to make me his wife:
but he was mistaken,
and I am forsaken,
Which causes much sorrow & strife:
Take pitty, quoth she,
some gentle body,
Give me the Willow-Garland,
for none will have me.

The next that came
was smirking fi
and like sweet Willia
did make me a prom
but when this
his will of me
He gave me a Judas-
so parted awa
the truth 'tis
I ne'r saw him from
Take pitty, quoth the
some gentle body;
Give me the Willow
for none will have

Then John the brave
with a Sword by h
Came to me and tol
he'd make me his
but in this brav
I found but s
although he did vow
to me to prove
yet he bad me a
and prov'd quite as
Take pitty, &c.

There was Richard
came both on one
But they like the oth
soon vanish'd awa
and since tha
whilst spring
I have had of suitors
I dare to be bol
if they were all
That they were at le
Take pitty, &c.

came to me
ing fine Thomas,
William,
a promise,
n this young Lad,
of me had
Judas-like kils,
away,
h 'tis to say,
from that time to
oth the, (this:
body;
Willow-Garland,
l have me.

brave Gallant,
d by his side,
nd told me,
e his bride:
is brave youth.
but small truth,
vow and protest,
prove true,
d me adieu.
te as bad as the rest:
c.

chard and Robert,
n one day,
he others
d away:
ce that time,
spring was in prime,
uitors great plenty,
be bold,
ere all told,
e at least 3 & twenty.
:

Now seeing that fortune
hath me so much cross,
That all my old sweet-hearts,
are quite gone and lost,
my self i'le commend
to God Cupid my friend,
And to him will heartil pray,
to send me a love
that constant will prove,
And never to straggle away.
Take pity, &c.

There's nothing at all
that belongs to a man,
But in a short warning
well fit him I can:
I have silver and gold,
which my Father never told,
I have very good cloaths to my back
I have house and land,
and good goods at command,
'Tis only a husband I lack;
Take pitty, &c.

You see how my Visage,
is grown pale and wan,
You well may perceive
'tis for want of a man:
my Pulses do beat,
and my body doth sweat,
and my senses are all at great strife
my belly doth ake
& my heart-strings will break,
If I cannot be made a Wife.
And therefore, quoth she,
some gentle body,
Make me a Willow-Garland,
or else marry me.

At last came a young-man
of courage most bold
Saying, sweet-heart, I care not
for Silver nor Gold:
but if thou wilt prove
like the Turtle-Dove,
Right faithful & true to thy friend,
then will I be thine,
and thou shalt be mine,
And i'le love thee unto my lives end
Your Servant, quoth she,
my True love, quoth he,
Clap hands on the bargain,
and so we'l agree.

And now this young woman
is eas'd of her pain,
For she never after
was known to complain:
he made her his wife,
and she lives a brave life,
Attyred in garments most brave,
and all things at will
her mind to fulfil,
at every command she'l now have,
Her Husband is kind,
they are both of a mind,
According as Nature,
and Love doth them bind,
Farewel now, quoth she,
to the green Willow-tree,
I have got a Husband
that well pleaseth me.

L. P.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. VVright*, and *J. Clarke*.

A Godly new Ballad, Intituled, A Douzen of Points.

A Douzen of Points, you here may read,
Whereon each Chriſtian Soul may feed.

THe gift is ſmall, a Douzen of Points,
wherewith i'de wiſh you knit your joynts
keep well the ſame and credit me,
Thy Life more pure and juſt will be.
The firſt points this, i'de wiſh you keep,
Is that at night before you ſleep,
See ſtill you ask God forgiveneſs,
Of all your ſins and wickedneſs.
The ſecond point is this I ſay,
When thou doſt ſee the chearful day,
Ariſe and praiſe the God of might,
That hath defended thee all night.
The third is that thou ſhould'ſt require;
And on thy bended knees deſire,
The God of Heaven to be thy ſtay,
For to preſerve thee night and day.
The fourth doth bid thee to beware,
And to avoid the ſubtile ſnare,
For Satan with his crafty power,
Doth ſeek Mens ſoul for to devour,
The fifth good Councel doth thee give,
And warn thee will whilſt thou doſt live,
To keep thy Conſcience clear and pure,
Then God will bleſs thee to be ſure,
The ſixth of theſe my Points do will,
That thou deviſe no ſubtile skill:
Whereby to work thy Neighbours woe,
Take heed I ſay, and do not ſo.
The ſeventh ſaith, defraud no man,
But deal as juſtly as you can,
The Widdow and the Fatherleſs defend,
So God will bleſs thee to the end.
The eighth doth bid thee more or leſs,
Still to beware of Drunkenneſs,
For Drunkards are abhord by God,
On whom he lays his tresby rod,
The ninth ſaith fornication flye,
Thoſe wicked Harlots will make thee dye:
Thy body they'l conſume, I ſay,
And bring thy ſoul unto decay.
The tenth doth ſay, do not forſwear,
Falſe witneſs againſt no man bear:
Let no affections ſway thy mind,
The eye of Juſtice ſo to blind.
The eleventh enjoyns thee not to deſire,
Thy Neighbours goods for to require:
But the ten Commandments obſerve,
So thou ſhalt ſtand and never ſwerve,
The twelfth ſaith ſerve the God of might,
And truly ſerve him day and night,
Obey the King as 'tis thy part,
And to thy Country bear a faithful heart.
See theſe my Points thou doſt poſſeſs,
Even when thou thy ſelf doth reſt,
Keep well each one in his degree,
And knit them faſt then credit me.

The Angel *Gabriel*, his Salutation to the Virgin *Mary*.

Tune is, The blazing Torch.

When righteous Joseph wedded was,
to Israels Hebrew Maid,
A glorious Angel came from heaven,
who to the Virgin said,
Hail blessed Mary full of Grace,
the Lord remains with thee,
Thou shalt conceive and bare a Son.
thy Savior to be.

That's wondrous strange quoth Mary then,
I should conceive and breed
Being never toucht of Mortal Man,
but pure in thought and deed:
Fear not quoth Gabriel by and by,
it is no work of man,
But only God ordain'd at first,
before the world began.

Which Heavenly message she believes
and did to Jury go,
Three months with her friends to stay,
Gods blessed will to show,
And then return'd to Joseph back,
her husband meek and mild,
who thought it strange his wife should be
untouch'd, thus grown with Child.

Wherefore thought he, to shun the same,
he thought her to forsake,
But that Gods Angel in his sleep,
Gods mind did undertake.

Fear not just Joseph this thy wife,
is still a spotless Maid,
And no consent to Sin, quoth he,
against her can be laid.

For she is a pure Maid and Wife,
the Mother of Gods own heir,
The Babe of Heaven, and blessed Lamb
of Israels flock so fair,
To save lost Sheep to Satan sold,
whom Adam lost by fraud,
When first in Edens Paradice,
the Lord had him bestow'd.

Thus Mary with her Husband kind,
together did remain,
Until the time of Jesus birth,
as Scripture doth make plain:
Thus Mother, Wife, and Virgin pure,
our Saviour sweet conceiv'd,
All three in one, to bring us joy,
of which we were bereav'd.

Sing praises then both old and young,
to him which wrought such things,
That thus without the help of Man,
sent us the King of Kings:
Which is of such a blessed Power,
that with his word can quell,
The world, the flesh, and by his death.
could conquer Death and Hell.

Printed for W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.

The Good-Fellows Counsel:
Or, The Bad Husbands Recantation.

Proving by Arguments both Juſt and fit,
That he which ſpends leaſt money has moſt wit.
To the Tune of, *Tan Tivye.*

I Had no more wit, but was trod under feet,
and all was for want of money,
I dayly did walk in the fear of a Writ,
and all, &c.
But now i'm reſolved to be more wiſe,
And early each morning I mean for to riſe,
There's none for a ſluggard that ſhall me diſpiſe,
when I have no want of money.

I was ſuch a drudge, that it made me to grudge,
becauſe I had got no money,
On each mans occaſions I forſt was to trudge,
becauſe I had got no money.
But now i'm reſolved i'le do ſo no more,
I'le drink no ſtrong Ale upon the old ſcore,
And then I do hope I ſhall never be poor,
when I have no want of money.

I was ſuch a thrift, that I could not make ſhift,
and all was, &c.
I was ready to hide my head in a clift,
and all, &c.
But now i'm reſolved my trade for to mend,
I'le work and get money to keep and to ſpend,
And then I am ſure my foes will me befriend,
when I have no, &c.

I was like a Fool, that's ſent unto School,
and all, &c.
And every vile fellow my actions did rule,
and all, &c.
But now i'm reſolved I will mend my trade,
I'le get as good cloaths as I can get made,
And then I ſhall be a bonny bonny Blade,
when I have no want of money.

The ſecond Part, To the ſame tune.

For when I was poor, and had not a ſtore,
of that which we uſe to call money,
Then all my proud Neighbours would paſs by my door,
becauſe they knew I had no money.
I'e warrant you th y'd never ask me to go,
To drink a ſtrong pot becauſe they did know,
My purſe and my credit was grown very low,
for want of this raskally money.

Then all my acquaintance my perſon did ſlight,
and all was for want of this money,
& ſome with-held from me that which was my right
becauſe they knew I had no money.
Let me go, let me come, there was no man would heed
When I try d to be truſted I never could ſpeed
But all my friends fail'd at the time of my need,
becauſe they, &c.

Now all my dear friends be advis'd by me,
all you that have wanted this money,
Obſerve but rich people they are not ſo free,
becauſe they do love to get money.
though preſant you be all the whilſt that they dine
You'l find them as free as a hungry Swine,
Then i le not be lavish of that which is mine,
and I ſhall have plenty of money.

For a Nigardly gallant i'le not be a ſlave,
that is not the way to get money,
Their cloaths are ſo gay they are forced to crave,
and to pinch the poor Labourers money.
Theſe needy young Gallants they are not for me,
Your ordinary people are always moſt free,
And 'tis better to work for a Farmer than he,
for then a mans ſure of his money.

From a paunch-belly'd Hoſtiſs I am to refrain,
if ever I mean to get money,
For ſhe both my purſe and my credit will ſtain,
in making me ſpend all my money.

She'l ask me to eat when ſhe thinks I have din'd,
Or of ſome ſalt bit ſhe will put me in mind,
That will make me to drink, & be ſpending my coin,
that ſhe might be taking my money.

With a Pick-pocket longer I am not to deal,
if ever I mean to get money,
For they have broke more than ever they'l heal,
in chearing poor men of their money.
I never will give to a counſel a Fee,
An Atorny ſhall ne'r take a penny of me,
For I with my Neighbours ſo well will agree,
when I have got plenty of money.

All royſtering blades I do mean to forſake,
if e're I intend to get money,
They'l tempt me to Wreſtle and cudgels at wake,
and cauſe me to ſpend all my money.
We ſing, and we dance, and we fuddle about,
And when we are in we can never get out,
Until we have given our pockets the rout,
but that's not the way to get money.

But here comes a danger that's worſe then the reſt
that will tempt a youngman to ſpend money,
A beautiful Whore when ſhe's handſomly dreſt,
will quickly conſume a mans money.
But all ſuch decoys I intend for to ſhun,
And honeſter ways I do mean for to run,
My credit ſhall raiſe in the face of the Sun,
when I have got plenty of money.

Ile buy me a houſe, and i le buy me ſome Land,
when I have got plenty of money,
And I will keep ſervants ſhall be at command,
when I have got &c.
And after all this I will get a rich Wife,
For I ſhall be free from care and from ſtrife,
And I ſhall live richly all days of my life,
when I have got plenty of money.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby next the Golden Ball by the Hoſpital-Gate in Weſt-Smith-field.

THE

Good Fellows Frolick,

Or, Kent Street Clubb.

Good people all come mind my merry tale.
And you ſhall hear the vertue of good Ale,
Whoſe charming power ſome mens humors (hitts,
It robs them of their money & their witts:
For he in time will ſurely money lack
that minds his belly better than his back.

Tune of, Hey boys up go we, Seamans mournful bride, or the fair one let me in.

HEre is a crew of jovial Blades
that lov'd the Nut-brown Ale:
They in an Alehouſe chanc'd to meet,
and told a merry Tale:
A bonny Seaman was the firſt,
but newly come to Town;
And ſwore that he his guts could burſt
with Ale that was ſo brown.

See how the jolly Carman he
doth the ſtrong Liquor prize,
He ſo long in the Alehouſe ſate
that he drank out his eyes:
And groping to get out of doors
(Sott like) he tumbled down,
And there he like a mad-man ſwore
he lov'd the Ale ſo brown.

The nimble Weaver he came in,
and ſwore he'd have a little,
To drink good Ale it was no ſin,
though 't made him pawn his Shittle:
Quoth he, I am a Gentleman,
no lufty Countrey-Clown,
But yet I love with all my heart,
the Ale that is ſo brown.

Then next the Black-smith he came in,
and said 'twas mighty hot;
He sitting down did thus begin,
fair maid bring me a pot:
Let it be of the very best,
that none exceeds in Town;
I tell you true and do not jeer,
I love the Ale so brown.

The prick-louse Taylor he came in;
whose Tongue did run so nimble,
And said he would ingage for drink
his Bodkin and his Thimble:
For though with long thin Jaws I look,
I value not a crown,
So I can have my belly full
of Ale that is so brown.

The lusty Porter passing by
with Basket on his back,
He said that he was grievous dry,
and needs would pawn his Sack:
His angry wife he did not fear,
he valued not her frown;
So he had that he lov'd so dear,
I mean the Ale so brown.

The next that came was one of them
was of the Gentle-Craft;
And when that he was wet within
most heartily he laugh'd:
Crispin was ne'r so born as he,
tho' some Kinn to a Crown;
And there he sate most merrily
with Ale that was so brown.

But at the last a Barber he
a mind had for to taste;
He called for a pint of drink,
and said he was in haste:
The drink so pleas'd, he tarried there
till he had spent a crown;
'Twas all the money he could spare
for Ale that is so brown.

A Broom-man as he passed by
his mornings-draught did lack;
Because that he no money had
he pawn'd his shirt from's back:
And said that he without a shirt
would cry Brooms up and down;
But yet, quoth he, I'le merry be
with Ale that is so brown.

But when all these together met
oh what discourse was there!
'Twould make ones hair to stand an end
to hear how they did swear
One was a fool and puppy-dogg,
the other was a clown;
And there they sate and swill'd their guts
with Ale that was so brown.

The Landlady they did abuse,
and call'd her nasty Whore;
Mouth she, do you your reckoning pay,
and get you out of doors:
Of them she could no money get,
which caused her to frown;
But loath they were to leave behind
the Ale that was so brown.

Printed for J. Conyers in Duck-Lane,

Good Newvs for the Natio

The Citys joy and the Countries Happine

Plainly ſhewing the great ſatisfaction and content, that all L
injoy, by the new Election of members of Parliament, whom G
direct, that they may Act for the good of their King, and Count
and Happineſs of all true *Engliſh Proteſtants*.

Tune of *Digbys farmel, Or Packintons pound.*

COme all loyal Subjects of every degree
Lay ſorrow aſide and come liſten to me,
For we have good tydings of late come to town
Our friends they ſhall riſe and our foes be caſt down,
The Parliament Houſe is again to be fill'd
With brave ſolid members all of them well skill'd,
Then let us rejoyce with a Loyal conſent,
And all for the choice of our New Parliament.

We need not to murmour but give God the praiſe
For now we do hope for to ſee better dayes,
Our fears they will banith no more we'l repine
The Sun-beams of comfort upon us will ſhine,
A Summer of joys approaching at hand
To bring ſatisfaction unto the whole land.
Then let us rejoyce with a Loyal conſent,
And all for the choice of our New Parliament.

Each City, and Burrough
Have choſen brave perſons
Such men as have gained
And from honeſt principles
The laws of the land they
And put all our Nation in
Then let us rejoyce with a
And all for the choice of

'Twas fine in the Countre
When each man was free f
They whoop and they ho'l-
Whiles come cryes for one
They toſſ up their caps and
They rally a while and aga
Then let us rejoyce with
And all for the choice of

ion, Or,

pineſs.

ll Loyal Subjects do
n God preſerve, and
ountry, and the benifit

crough, and Corporate towns
erſons of gallant renown,
ained their Countryes love
nciples ſcorn for to move,
they will bravely maintain
ion in order again,
with a Loyal conſent
oice of our New Parliament.

ountreys to be at the choice
s free for to give in their voice,
ho'w they crowd & they pother
for one man and ſome for another,
ps and they thunder about
nd again they do ſhout.
with a Loyal conſent
oice of our New Parliament

the ſecond Part to the ſame tune

MArch beer and ſtrong ales are as plenty that time.
As if it were water, and ſo is good Wine,
Where every freeholder doth take off his diſh
And each man doth Tipple and drink like a Fiſh,
When they are well liquord to polling they go
Their voices ſhall carry it if there muſt be ſo.
Then let us rejoyce with a loyal conſent
And all for the choice of our New Parliament.
When they have Elected they homeward repair
Well pleas'd with their pains and their noble good fare
Now that they have choſen ſuch men as will ſerve
And ſeek the whole Nation in peace to preſerve,
They follow their callings without any fear
And in their own houſes injoy happy cheer.
Then let us, &c.
Now what can our enemies ſay in this caſe
Whileſt that we have union in ſo high a place,
For a difference in Parliament after ſhall be
Like peaceable members they all ſhall agree: (ſtand
Their votes they ſhall paſs and good laws they ſhall
And all they ſhall Act for the good of the land.
Then let us, &c. you ſee
The Papiſts they now may deſpair of their hope
And ſend up theſe tydings to Rome to the Pope,
They now have no friends in the Houſe for to ſit
We have no occaſion for them nor their wit,
Their plots and contrivances now will be found
Though carried on never ſo deep under Ground.
Then let us, &c.
Then cheer up good Neighbours and be not diſmaid
We now are in hopes for to have a briſk trade,
By Sea and by Land there imployment will be
That all in their Stations may live happily
For thoſe that have money ſhall not be in fear
For to lay it out now the coaſt it is clear.
Then let us, &c.
Though we have been wearied with troubles & fears
We now ſhall have time for to wipe off our tears,
Since by this great bleſſing we are in the way
Again to live happy who ever ſays nay:
God bleſs our good King and defend him from wrong,
That he may in ſafety reign over us long,
And let us rejoyce with a loyal conſent
And pray for the good of our New Parliament.

With Allowance.

London, *Printed* for *P. Brooksby*
at the *Golden Ball* in *Weſt-ſmithfield.*

The Gallant *SEAMAN's* Reſolution;

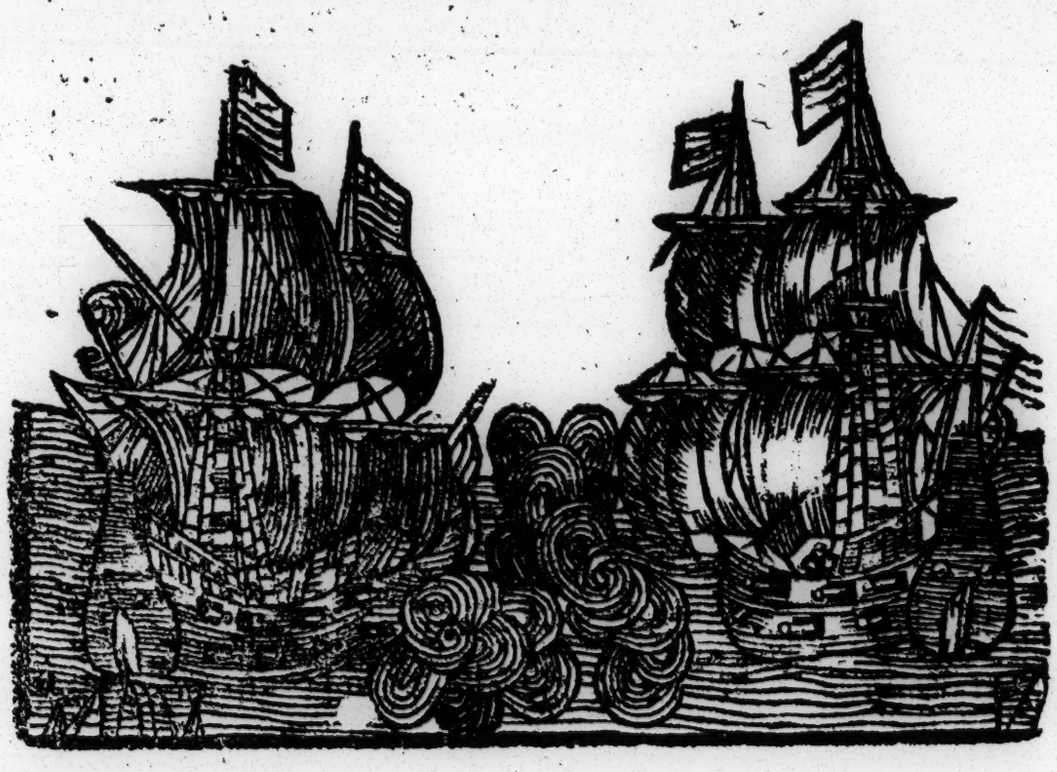
Whoſe full Intent was,

To try his Fortune at SEA, and at his Return marry his Lanlady

If Heaven be pleas'd to bleſs him with his life,
None but his Lanlady ſhall be his Wife:

She being a Widow, as tis underſtood,
Of Carriage and Behaviour very good.

To the Tune, *Think on thy Loving Lanlady*, &c.



A Gallant youth at Graveſend liv'd,
a Seaman neither rich nor poor;
But when his means was almoſt ſpent,
he bravely went to Sea for more:
Turn to thy Love and take a kiſs,
this Gold about thy wriſt i'll tye;
And always when thou look'ſt on this,
think on thy loving Lanlady.

His Father being dead and gone,
he lov'd his Mother as his life,
And did maintain her gallantly;
it was well known he had no Wife:
Turn to thy Love, &c.

He was belov'd of Rich and Poor,
and ſtill kept company with the beſt,
A gallant Widow in the Town,
her love unto him thus expreſt:
Turn to thy love, &c.

Young Man could I thy favour win,
or might thy company but crave,
To come and live at home with me,
I'll make thee Lord of all I have:
Turn to thy Love, &c.

Fair Miſtreſs, I am for the Seas,
here's Gold and Silver in my hand,
And when the Drums & Trumpets ſound
I'll bid adieu to fair England:
And if thou wilt with patience ſtay,
till I from Sea return again;
For every kiſs thou lendeſt me,
I will repay thee ten times ten.

Do but reſolve to ſtay at home,
I'll put another in thy place,
No, that will be a ſhame, quoth he,
and to my name a foul diſgrace:
Turn to thy Love, &c.

I have five hundred pound at least,
of Silver which I never told,
Besides I have in store for thee,
five hundred pound in good red Gold:
Turn to thy love, &c.

If you could give me all the wealth,
that ever Europe did afford:
A faithful promise I have made,
and I will not be worse than my word.
And if thou wilt, &c.

If neither strength nor policy,
can further me in my design,
Remain a constant friend to me,
and I for ever will be thine:
Turn to thy love, &c.

And whilst that breath and life doth last,
to me this thing i'le verifie;
Though you at Sea, and I on shore,
I'le pray for thy prosperity:
Turn to thy love, &c.

Heaven bless the Ship thou sailest in,
whether it swim with wind or tide,
And all that with thee comes or goes,
I hope that Neptune will them guide:
Turn to thy love, &c.

From Pyrates knocks, and bloody blows,
great Mars protect thee still,
Nor may Quick-sands or stony Rocks,
have power to do thee any ill.
Turn to thy love, &c.

And whilst that thou art far away,
in Holland, Flanders, France or Spain,
As thou in safety didst launch forth,
heaven bring thee safely home again.
Turn to thy love, &c.

If I may speak without offence,
my heart will never quiet be,
Till thou give me full recompence,
and say'st that I thy Wife shall be;
Turn to thy love, &c.

Yet one thing here I beg of thee,
before from me thou dost depart,
That thou wilt let now unknow
the thoughts and secrets of thy heart
Turn to thy love, &c.

When thou art gone out of my sight,
and com'st where pretty Lasses are,
Thou wilt fall in love with some of them,
that is the thing I most do fear.
Turn to thy love, &c.

If I should hear in any case,
that to some other thou shouldst married be,
Then would I weep, lament and grieve,
and break my heart for love of thee.
Turn to thy love, &c.

The Seamans Reply.

HArk, hark, I hear the Trumpet sound,
and calleth me to come away,
Therefore in hast I must be gone,
I can nor will no longer stay.
And if thou wilt, &c.

Therefore sweet Lady now farewel,
more than a thousand times adieu,
Wherever I pass by Land or Sea,
I'le still be faithful unto you.
And if, &c.

This Golden Ribbon which you ty'd
about my hand with in pure love,
Shall be a token whilst I live,
that I to you will constant prove.
And if, &c.

And when that I return again,
if heavens afford me breath and life,
You that are now my Lanlady,
shall then be made my wedded Wife.
And if, &c.

The Bells shall ring melodiously,
the Musick shall most sweetly play,
And all our Friends will then rejoyce,
to see our happy Wedding day:
And if thou wilt with patience stay,
till *I* from Sea return again;
For every kiss thou lendest me,
I will repay thee ten times ten.

Printed by and for A. Wilbourn, and sold by the Booksellers of Pye-Corner, and London-Bridge.

The Good Wives Fore-

OR, THE

Kind and Loving Mothers Counsel to her Daughter a

My Daughter dear I pray give ear,
this Lesson I have learn'd,
I'll tell to you, you'l find it t
a penny sav'd, is earn'd.

Tune of, Why are my Eyes, still flow----ing, &c.

This may

My Daughter dear, now since you are become a Bride,
Take these my Precepts for to be your guide;
Therefore attend, and listen well; for they are these,
First you must strive your Kind Husband to please;
The next is this, which you must understand,
Still to provide all things at the best hand:
For I must tell you, this Lesson I learn'd:
A Penny well sav'd is as good as one earn'd.

Your Husband he by Labour dayly does provide,
Both meat and Drink, likewise all things beside;
Therefore beware you don't abroad with Gossips roam;
For 'tis your duty to Keep your own home,

E'ry thing needful alwayes to rep
This must still be your industriou
For by experince this Lesson I lea
A penny well sav'd, is as good as

Some Wifes will boast that th
And therefore over their Husband
yet take no rule, dear Daughter,
But still be careful your husband
What tho' you cannot get so much
If you will learn but to honour,
This is the furthest you need be c
A Penny well sav'd is as good as

e-caſt,

er after Marriage.

d it true,
n'd.

s may be Printed, R. P.

to repair,
uſtrious care,
on *I* learn'd:
ood as one earn'd.

that they their Family's maintain,
usbands may Reign,
ghter, by ſuch wives as theſe,
sband to pleaſe;
o much as they,
nour, obey
ed be concern'd
ood as one earn'd.

Daughter, for thoſe that has been brought up to a trade,
When they are marry'd what uſe can be made
Of that imploy, when as they have a Family,
To guide and govern as it ought to be,
Then if that Calling, and work, it be done,
All things beſide that to Ruine muſt run;
Therefore I think it may well be diſcern'd
A penny well ſav'd, is as good as one earn'd.

Maids by their trades themſelves to ſuch a paſs do bring,
That they can neither brew, bake, waſh, nor wring,
Nor any work that's tending to good houſewifry;
This amongſt many two of em I ſee;
May their young Children muſt pack forth to nurſe,
All is not got that is put in the Purſe;
Therefore of old I this Leſſon I've learn'd,
A penny well ſav'd, is as good as one earn'd.

Yet there are men that take no thought or care at all,
The comfort of their poor wives is but ſmall,
For they muſt ſlave, or elſe be forſt to ſtarve,
But ſuch ill husbands good wives don't deſerve;
Altho' a woman indeed may contrive
To help her husband in order to thrive,
But he's no better I think then a Knave,
That takes a woman to make her a ſlave.

But you are bleſt with ſuch a real honeſt man,
Who near expects you to do what you can;
For he is always like unto the painful Bee;
What he does earn, he brings ſafe home to thee;
When he returns from his Labour at night,
To you in whom he has plac'd his delight;
This my dear daughter you know to be true,
I wiſh all wives were as happy as you.

To all your words, dear Mother, I have giv'n good heed,
And do account it my Duty indeed,
To prize them far more then the rich refined gold;
Then ſaid her Mother, dear Daughter behold,
Here is my bleſſing to you I will give,
And be a friend to you as long as I live;
And when I dye, all I have ſhall be thine,
If you obſerve this good Councel of mine.

Printed for J. Deacon at the Angel in Guilt-ſpur-ſtreet, without Newgate.

Griſt ground at Laſt.

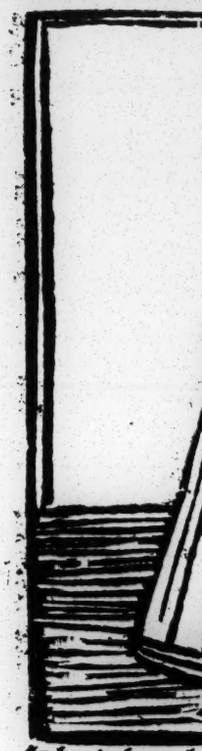
OR,

The Frolick in the Mill.

Millers that grind each pretty Laſſes Griſt,
Conſider now how many you have kiſt:
And ſee if any with kind *Molly* can
Compare: if not, pray all from hence be gone.
Yet ſtay and hear the Song, 'tis rare and new;
And Millers know ſuch things are often true.
Tune of, *Give ear a while*, &c. or, *Wincheſter Wedding.*

GIve ear a while to my Ditty,
all you that intend to be merry
I'll ſing you a ſong that's witty
of which you will never be wea,
The matter I plain muſt tell ye,
is of a conceit refin'd,
The pretty device of Molly,
who has ſo often been kind:
Says old Symon the King,
ſays old Symon the King, (Noſe,
With a thread-bare Cloak and a mamſy
ſing hey ding, ding, a ding, ding.

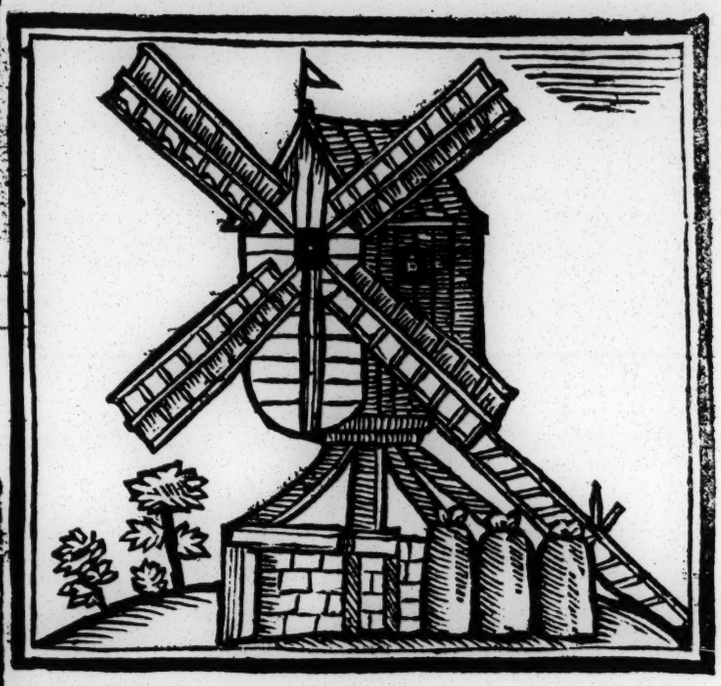
She went to the Mill with her Griſt,
to ſee it moſt neatly ground,
But found the Miller i' th' Miſt,
for his ſtones they would not go round.
He try'd, and he try'd again,
but he could not make them obey;
His labour he loſt in vain,
and could not tell what to ſay:
Saies old Symon the King,
ſaies old Symon the King, (noſe,
With a thread-bare Cloak and a mamſy
ſing hey ding, ding, a ding, ding.



She takes th
as loath of
Whilſt the M
ſhe thus u
Come hoiſt u
and I'l m
The Cogs fr
my Griſt w
Saies old Sy
ſaies old S
With a threa
ſing hey d

Then ſtrait t
expos'd to
When as the
the weath
Yet found th
which mad
That he ſhou
for Molly
Saies old Sy

But urging
the fault ſ
And the Mic
for why?
Then gently



ıkes the matter in hand
oath of any delay,
t the Miller amazed did ſtand,
thus unto him did ſay:
hoiſt up the Canvas with ſpeed,
I'l make the Stones go round;
Logs from Cob-webs once freed,
Griſt will quickly be ground:
old Symon the King,
s old Symon the King, (Noſe
a thread-bare Cloak and a mamſy
hey ding ding a ding ding.

ſtrait the ſailes were drawn up,
os'd to the weather and wind;
as the Miller a top,
weather-vein right did find;
ound the motion but ſmall,
ch made him begin to misdoubt,
he ſhould do nothing at all,
Polly began to pout:
old Symon &c.

rging her Griſt to be ground,
fault ſhe long ſearcht to know,
he Mice of the Mill ſhe found,
why? the Stones were too low;
gently ſhe moved the Beam,
and ſetl'd them in their place,
When round the ſailes did skim,
and her Griſt was ground apace.
Saies old Symon &c.

More Sacks on the Mill was the cry,
let's now work and ſave the wind;
But at laſt the Miller lay by,
he had no more Griſt to grind:
But glad was to find one ſo witty
to help him out at a dead lift,
Swearing that none ſo pretty
had e're ſet his Mill adrift:
Saies old Symon &c.

Her Griſt ſhe had Toll-free away,
& might have the like when ſhe pleas'd
For the Miller he ne'r ſaid her nay,
ſince his labour was mightily eas'd:
The Laſſes that came to the Mill,
they envy'd poor Polly 'tis true;
But let them ſay all what they will,
Polly's the beſt of the Crew:
Saies old Symon the King,
ſaies old Symon the King, (Noſe,
With a thread-bare Cloak and a mamſy
ſing hey ding ding a ding ding.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Paſſinger.

A Groatſworth of Good Counſel for a Penny;

Or, *The Bad* Husbands *Repentance.*

Bad Husbands all, come hear what *I* have pend,
I hope this ſong to you will be a friend,
And let no man now ſpend his means in waſte,
It brings him into poverty and diſgrace,
And now bad Husbands hear what *I* ſay,
And ſave a groat againſt a rainy day.

To the Tune of Packingtons Pound; Or, *Digby's* farewel. With Howard

COme hither good fellows and hear what I ſay,
A new ſong I will ſing if you pleaſe for to ſtay
And if you will be warned by me,
To be careful in time and ſave your mony,
Foul Winters are long, and cold weather is hard
And a man without money no one will regard,
Let your wife and your children be your chief care,
For wyne-ſpiggots care not how hard they do fare
There's ſome are ſo cunning they'l hold you in play
For to get your money, they'l cauſe you to ſtay:
With ſo many fine words, and may chance a fine bit
While your money doth laſt, ſhe will cauſe you to ſit
Until their ſtrong liquor doth fire in your face,
You are apt all your money then to part with apace,
Then the Ale-wives market is got to a head,
while your wife & children may chance to want bred.
If you ſell houſe or Lands or put goods unto ſale,
If they ſee you have money you ſhall not want ale;
For as long as my money did hold out and run,
I was bravely reſpected by every man:
But now I do know and I plainly do ſee,
It was more for the love of my money then me;
As long as a man has a coat on his back
To fill in their liquor they will not be ſlack.

This by experience I find to be true,
Which makes both my back and my belly to
For when I had Gold and Silver good ſtore
There would be ſuch bullings to ſet me afho
But I have ſpent and waſted my ſtore,
I may knock twenty times e're they open th
And if I ſay *I* want money, will you truſt me
Then they ſay honeſt friend we're not truſte
If a man can be wiſe and conſider this So
It may chance to do him good for to guide hi
For ſpending and waſting conſumes a mans
Then he falls into miſery and repents whe
But that's not the way as I told you to d
It is the ale-wives delight to make them t
The beſt thing that I know is for a man to
Then his wife and his children the better
What is a man better to have ſtore of mo
And waſte it away like butter in the Sun,
Then he like a Cow that doth fill a great p
And after to eaſt it all down with her heel,
But be careful to labour in an honeſt way
Then God he will bleſs you by night and b
that man is bewicht that hath a good ſtate o
And not be content till 'tis gone down the

If you drink the very shirt and Coat from your back,
If some get your money they care not who lack,
And they sit in their Chair in pomp and in state,
As long as you have a penny they'l hold you in prate:
But if that they see that your pockets are bare,
They say honest friend we will fill no more beer:
Pray pay your reckoning and go home to your wife,
If she chance to look you, she'l lead you a bad life.

I told you before in a Song I did sing,
That winter is long and much hungar doth bring,
And many a family comes unto want,
Where husbands are given to drink and to rant:
Therefore it is good to keep something in staye,
And learn to pass by ale-houses doore,
And think of cold winter, for before it will come,
If means then be wanting then all are undone.

Let old Age and Sickness be a mans chiefest care,
Before it will come, we must all have a share,
Then bad husbands will think what they spent in vain pots
When they have gon home and made themselves sots;
Is it not then folly for a man to do so,
He knows not his friend then I say from his Foe;
He wasteth his wit and consumes his estate,
And repenteth his folly when it is too late.

Now in spending your money be not too free,
But trust to your selves when you do no see me,
And be sure to save something against a rainy day,
Then your own pot at hom: the better will play:
And to your own Wife and Children be kind,
And that will be the part to ease a mans mind;
And not spend your money in a drunken crew,
Lest they want it at home then the fault is in you.

Now in the Conclusion I have a word more to say,
Take every one one, and make no delay,
The price is but a penny and that is not dear,
The best penny worth of wit that you bought this 2 year:
And be sure to observe it when you have it at home,
It may chance do you good when I am dead and gone,
It may save you a groat when you would cast it away,
For to do you good in a cold winters day

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Sign of the Golden-Ball, in Pye-Corner.

Have-at a Venture.

The Charms of love ſo powerful are,
What mortal can withſtand,
Or, who can ſay oppoſe they dare
Where Cupid *bears command.*

This Damſel quickly ſhe did yield
The youngſters skill to try,
The twinkling Archer won the Field,
And then ſhe down did lye.
Tune of, Hey boys upgo we.

A Countrey Lad and bonny Laſs
they did together meet,
And as they did together paſs
thus he began to greet:
What I do ſay I pray mind well,
and thus I do begin:
If you would have your Belly ſwell
Hold up, and I'l put in.

Oh! Sir, (quoth ſhe) I love the ſport,
yet am afraid to try,
And for your love I thank you ſo're,
find but conveniency:
My mind I'le tell you by and by,
your love my heart doth win,
And preſently I down will lie,
Oh! then Boy put it in.

He claſp'd this Damſel round the waſte,
and ſoftly laid her down,
Yea, wantonly he her imbrac'd,
and her delights did Crown:
Thruſt home (quoth ſhe) my brisk young Lad,
'tis but a venial ſin,
For I ſhould ſoon have run quite mad
had you not put it in.

The ſport he did ſo cloſe purſue
that he was quickly tired,
But when he did her beauty view
his heart again was fired:
He came on with ſuch freſh ſupplies,
he did her favour win,
And finding Babies in her eyes,
he bravly thruſt it in.

What pleaſure is there like to this,
this Damſel then did cry,
I've heard them talk of lovers bliſs,
Oh! what a fole was I
So long to live a maid, e're I
did this ſame ſport begin;
This death I now could freely dye:
I prithee thruſt it in.

She held this youngſter to his taſk
till he began to blow;
Then at the laſt he leave did aſk
and ſo ſhe let him go:
Then down he panting lay a while,
and rouzing up agen
She charm'd him with a lovely ſmile,
again to put it in.

To work he went moſt earneſtly,
her fancy to fulfill;
Till at the laſt ſhe loud did cry,
I do't with ſuch good will,
I pleaſure feele in e'ry Vein;
my joys do now begin,
Oh Deareſt quickly to't again,
and ſtoutly thruſt it in.

She ſeem'd at laſt to be content,
and glad at heart was he,
His youthful ſtrength was almoſt ſpent,
ſo briſk a Laſs was ſhe:
He vow'd he never was ſo match'd,
nor ne'r ſhall be agen:
And for that time they both diſpatch'd,
though he had put it in.

But when ſhe from him parted was
thus ſhe began to cry,
Was ever any wanton Laſs
in ſuch a caſe as I:
He that hath got my Maiden-head
I ne'r ſhall ſee again,
And now my heart is almoſt dead,
to think he put it in.

But yet it has the ſweeteſt taſte
that ever mortal knew,
Our time we did not vainly waſte,
believe me this is true:
Should I e're ſee my bonny Lad,
I'd venture once again,
And let the world account me mad,
again I'le put it in.

Printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery and T. Paſſenger.

The heavy Heart, and a light Purse.

Being the good fellows vindication to all his fellow Companions, wishing them all to have a care, and keep out of the Ale-wives snare, for when they are out you may get in, but when you are in, you can't get out, this by experience he hath found true, but now he bids them all adieu.

This Song it was composed and made
By a Loyal heart that is called *John Wade*.

Tune of, *My Lord* Monks *March to* London, or, *Now we have our freedom*, *&c.*

Full fifty Winters have I seen,
yet nine and forty too many,
Except that I had better been,
and not spent my means so vainly:
For I did rove and spend my store,
no company could shun me,
But now I find, and bear in mind,
my kind heart hath undone me.

Once I had means, and lived well,
my neighbours all they knew it,
But by the ringing of the Ale-wives bell,
I quickly did forgo it.
My Land I sold for silver and gold,
they then so easily won me,
Which makes me say, as well I may
my kind heart hath undone me.

My Wife she would me intreat
for to be more wiser;
Then I told her with anger great,
it's rare to be a Miser,
Hang it (quoth I) let money fly,
sorrow shall ne'r o'ercum me;
But now I see, I was so free,
that my kind heart hath undone me.

Before i'd give one penny to my wife,
i'd spend two with my fellows;
My children must fast, which bred much strife,
whilst I sate in the Alehouse; (strife,
Whilst I drank sack, they small beer did
no grief could ober-cum me, (lack,
They lived in want, whilst I did rant
till my kind heart had undone me.

SO long as I had store of coyn,
I'se never leave my ranting,
Whilst I did with good fellows joyn,
my wife she sate a wanting.
Though they did cry, yet what car'd I,
sorrow should ne'r o'ercum me,
Let who wou'd call, ide pay for all,
till my kind heart had undone me.

Here would I trust, there would I lend,
and spend my money vainly,
For strong liquor I oft would send,
now I must tell you plainly.
My children they would to me pray,
Good Father let company shun ye,
Yet ide not spare, nor for them care,
till my kind heart had undone me.

I had good House, I had good Land,
and lived in good behaviour,
But I spent it all at their command
now jeers me for my labour.
My Hostis she would wait on me,
my Host then easily won me,
Cause they did see that I was free
till my kind heart had undone me.

Run Tap, run Tapster, I would cry,
hang sorrow let's be merry,
My gold and silver I let fly
in both White-wine and Sherry,
For my own part, I ne'r will start,
no compand will shun me,
Good fellows all I in wou'd call
till my kind heart had undone me.

My Hostis she would still provide
for me Larks, Chickens and Cony;
To bed at night she would me guide,
but 'twas for the sake of my money,
She would me hap, my head would cap,
thus by their tricks they won me,
Thus with a pin they drew me in,
till my kind heart had undone me.

My Hostis she was very wise,
if that my head grew able,
I'th' morn as soon as I could rise
she would provide me a Caudel.
Then comes my Host strait with a Toast,
saying boy i'le not shun thee,
Thus by their wile, they me beguile,
till my kind heart hath undone me.

But when that I no money had,
to call I could not leave it,
To be rid of me then they was glad,
at last they did perceive it.
Then where I spent and money lent,
they strait began to shun me,
My Hostis Brown began to frown,
when my kind heart hath undone me.

I sent my child thought to prevail,
a shilling for to borrow,
Or else to trust me two quarts of Ale,
so thus began my sorrow,
She'd send me none, bid her be gone,
thus grief did over-run me,
Full fourty pound with her I drown'd,
till my kind heart hath undone me.

So by that means I strait grew wise,
and quickly left my ranting,
You'l say 'twas time to be precise,
when every thing was wanting.
For I scarce had to buy me bread,
grief did so over-run me,
They did not care though poor I were
when my kind heart had undone me.

Now I wish good-fellows every one
in time for to be ruled,
Let Alewifes sing a mournful Song,
and never by them be fooled.
you that do spend in time amend,
before grief over-run ye,
Those that do rant in time may want,
for my kind heart hath undone me.

If I had but half that I spent in vain,
methinks I should live bravely,
For I lived once and paid no rent,
though now I am bound to slavery.
For I am poor, turn'd out of door,
grief doth so over-run me,
So farewel all, both great and small,
for my kind heart hath undone me.

Printed for J. *Wright*, J. *Clark* W. *Thackery*, *and* T, *Passenger*.

To her brown Beard.

For i'le warrant the Girl he'l Love the.
This Counſel doth adviſe all Maidens, kind,
To have a care leſt *Cupid* make them blind,
Whereby to dote on Young mens fickle Love,
Which their actions will unconſtant prove:
Huſbands enough, and plenty may be had,
Some very good, and ſome exceeding bad;
Then come fair Maids, pray pick and chuſe the beſt,
And let Old Nick make uſe of all the reſt,

Tune of Sweet is the Laſs, or my maidenhead will not o're load me.

YOu pretty Ladies all
That merrily are diſpoſed
Once again to you I call
To hear what is diſcloſed?
It's but a jeſt, yet 'tis the beſt,
And ſuch conceits doth move me,
To tell you true, as you may know
Which is the man doth love thee.

In the firſt place I ſhall you tell
How you may eaſily find him;
Do but obſerve his carriage well;
Yet make tho you did not mind him:
Obſerve alſo how he doth go,
As thy fancy it doth move thee,
If he be fair and honeſt too
I'l warrant thee girl he'l love thee.

If he be of nature meek and mild,
Or of a carriage civil,
But if he has a Girl with Child
Oh that's an action evil,
Such a beard do not come near,
Though he vows to lye above thee,
But if he's one that's fair and young
Ile warrant thee girl he'l love thee.

But of a wanton have a care,
That will both drink and swagger,
He'l bring his Houshold poor and bare
Himself will turn a Beggar:
But if thou'l find one of thy mind
You shall no whit disprove me,
Make choice of one that never did wrong
Ile warrant &c.

Be not afraid of a Carrot beard
They'r good when they be sodden,
So is a Hen that hath new laid
If she be not too much trodden,
Brown Hair I find is true and kind,
I speak as't doth behove me,
But black I wis, hath a good kiss,
Ile warrant &c.

A red Hair'd man will find a Purse
To sit long on Alebenches,
But yellow Hair is ten times worse,
He loves to follow wenches:
And for grey Hair, is full of care,
Young flesh it will move thee,
But he that's curl'd above the world
Ile warrant &c.

Of sandy-Hair have a great care,
For fear lest he be jealous,
And of a red Nose to beware,
For he doth love the Alehouse:
Let not a red come in thy bed,
White Hair is it will move thee.
But perfect brown's the best in Town,
Ile warrant &c.

The Flaxen Hair it is very good,
And of such a civil carriage,
Leather beards of a scurvy mood:
Joyn not with him in marriage:
A down lookt man that's pale and wan,
Of all delights he'l prove the,
Red cheary cheek is mild and meek,
Ile warrant &c.

From others let thy praise proceed
When as they do come near thee,
There's some do make great shows
But will not love you dearly. (indeed
Of such beware and have a care.
I speak as't doth behove me.
Chuse but him that is like to me,
Ile warrant &c.

Some maidens they do sore lament
Because they are forsaken.
Therefore these lines I did invent
That none should be mistaken
So maids adieu I bid to you,
Tryal it is approv'd in me, (still
Think what you will, the brown Hair
Ile warrant thee girl, hee'l love thee.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the golden ball in Pye-Corner.

Hey ho Hunt about.

OR,

A pretty merry meeting of young men and Maids,
Who went to the Tavern by Cupids strong aids,
They drank and were merry and sang a new Song,
They talkt and discours'd but did no body wrong,
They kindly imbrac'd, and each other did kiss,
You know there could be no great harm in this,
The Tune is, the Couragious hartulesse healths.

HEp ho hunt about,
Find my true Love out,
Knock at my Chamber door,
I have gold in my pocket,
And thou shalt not lack it,
And when that's spent we'l have more
I have gold in my pocket,
And thou shalt not lack it,
And when that is gone we'l have more.
Hep ho do not flap
But make haft away,
Unto the Tavern let's hye,
Where we will be merry,
With Sugar and sherry:
Then who but my sweet heart and I.
Where we will be merry, &c.
Hep ho hearts delight,
Titan shineth bright,
And beautifieth the day,
Cupid ads lusters,
To me and my sisters,
As fresh as the flowers in May,
Cupid ads lusters, &c.
Heres Sisly and Nanny,
Heres Rachel and Jany,
Heres Dorcas and sweet Winifright,
Heres Susan and Sara,
Heres Nelly and Mary,
which in merriment take much delight
Heres Susan and Sara, &c.
Heres sweet Alice and Prudence,
Who will not exclude us,
Rebecka and Debora also,
Here's bonny fine Peg,
Tha's as light as my leg,
Hee par'd along with us to go.
Heres bonny fine Peg &c.
Heres dainty young Dolly,
Both jovial and jolly,
Heres Jone and fair Maudlin so brave.
Heres pretty witty Betty,
Newly come to the City,
And we shall here company have.
Heres pretty witty Betty, &c.
And now all together,
Like Birds of a Feather,
Let every Maid take her sweet heart;
To man her along,
But not to do wrong,
We'l merry meet and merry part.
To man her along.
And to do no wrong,
Well merry meet, and merry part.

Fair maids and young men
When they met now and then,
Up be merry for an hour or a day,
To laugh and make sport,
In a good honest sort,
And in friendship to pass time away.
To laugh and make sport
In a good honest sort,
And in friendship to pass time away.

We paint not our Faces,
Nor powder our Traces,
Nor hide up our heads in black bags
The Scarfs that some wear,
If well look'd on they were,
will be found to be no better then rags
The scarfs, &c.

Our habits are civill
And we think no evil,
Our hearts and our minds do agree,
And now my sweet heart,
Before we depart,
In love here's a full cup to thee.
And now my sweet heart, &c.

Hey ho come away,
Drawer brings wine I say,
While we are here let us not lack,
I'le pay thee for all
Whatsoever we call:
Both for white wine for Claret & Sack
We'l pay thee for all &c.

Hey ho let us drink,
Fill the cup to the brink,
And so let this health go round,
Like sister and brother,
We'l pledge one another,
Our jopes shall with Nectar be crowned
Like sister, &c.

And thus the brave Lasses,
Did tipple up the glasses,
Their sweet hearts being in company then
To sweeten their wine,
With kisses most fine,
They drew'd themselves kind hearted men
With kisses, &c.

And being kind hearted,
Before they departed,
Each lad took his leave of his sweeting
And promised them,
To be merry again,
And pointed a time for their meeting.
And then, &c.

Though they so merry were,
With wine and merry cheer
No harm was thought spoken or ment.
The day being done,
Each one to his home,
Departed with love and content.
The day being done,
Each one to his home,
Departed with love and content.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

THE

High prized Pin-Box.

This Damzel ſhe doth ſet great ſtore by her Pin-box briſk and rare; | But every ordinary Whore hath got ſuch kind of ware.

Tune of, *Let every man with Cap in's hand, &c.*

I Have a gallant Pin-box
the like you ne'r did ſee,
It is where never was the Por,
ſomething above my knee:
O 'tis a gallant Pin-box,
you never ſaw the peer;
Then Ile not leave my Pin-box
for Fifty pound a year.

My Pin-box is the Portion
my mother left with me;
Which gaines me much promotion,
and great tranquility:
It doth maintain me bravely,
although all things are dear;
Then ile not &c.

My Pin-box is a treaſure
which many men delights:
For therewith I can pleaſure
both Earles, Lords, and Knights;
If they ſhall uſe my Pin-box
they will not think it dear,
Although that it doth coſt them
an hundred pound a year.

The Parſon and the Vicar
though they are holy men,
Yet no man ſhall be quicker
to uſe my Pin-box, when
They think no man doth know it;
for that is all their fear:
Then ile not &c.

The cogging cheating Lyer
that doth all men abuse,
Will speak me very fair
my Pin-box for to use;
Yea, and will be as liberal
as any that come there:
Then ile not leave my Pin-box
for an hundred pound a year.

The Usurer that grindeth
to get Use upon Use,
Often a time he findeth
to come to play with Puls;
Yea, and will give me something,
saying take this my dear:
Then &c.

The grievous hard Curmugeon
that lives upon brown bread,
Unto me will be trudging,
if that he be not sped,
Yea, and will give me something,
though little he will spare:
Then &c.

The Chyrurgion and the Doctor,
that doth both cure and kill,
The Chancellor and Proctor,
and the Paritor will
Bestow large gifts upon me,
if that they shall come there:
Then &c.

The Grocer and the Draper
that liveth on their Trades,
Will leap and skip and caper
and think themselves have blades,
And for to use my Pin-box,
they will give me some Ware:
Then &c.

The Dairy-men and Farmers
that liveth on their Stocks,
Who love to fill their garners,
and to increase their flocks;
For the use of my Pin-box,
the best of it will spare:
Then &c.

The Clothier, and the Dyer,
and Tucker dealt with flocks,
Doth very oft desire
for to use my Pin-box;
And though they hard doth labour,
yet something they will spare,
Then &c.

The Wool-comber that labours
for's living with his Combes,
Will sell them, and the Weavers
will do away their Loomes,
And all to use my Pin-box,
because it is so rare,
Then &c.

The Butcher that is killing,
sometimes of Cow and Calf,
Is very often willing
to give me more than half
For the use of my Pin-box,
and will not think it dear:
Then &c.

The man that lives by's labour,
those pitcous ragged sots,
Will think it a great favour
for to use my Pin-box;
And though he gets but little
yet something he will spare,
Then &c.

And to be short there's no man,
let him be high or low,
That did come of a woman
but will some Coyn bestow
For the use of my Pin-box,
because it is so rare:
Then &c.

But to conclude my Ditty,
and my most harmless Song
If any in the City
or the Country doth long
For the use of my Pin-box,
and will some money spare,
Then they shall use my Pin-box
as long as they can stare.

Printed for *J Wright. J Clark W. Thackery* and *T. Passenger.*

The honeſt Maidens Loyalty;
Or, The Young mans faithful conſtancy.

He vows to endure the Rack and the Stake
And ſuffer dearly for his true Lovers ſake,

To a pleaſant new Tune, *Were then more faire*

MOſt early in a morning fair,
A young man ſung this pleaſant quire.
Where his dear ſweeting did uſe to lye,
And thus lamenting he did cry.
Farewell ſweet heart for I muſt be gone,
but I'le have my love or I'le have none,
Yet forty thouſand on a row,
There's none can make ſo fair a ſhow.
For in the Pallace of her twinkling eyes,
I ſee how amorous Cupid lies,
As for my part I have choſen one, &c.

No rack nor Stake with tortures great,
That ſhall my Love entire defeat,
O do not waver like the turning wind,
But bear a lovers conſtant mind,
As for my part, &c.

Thus who can love ſo true as I,
That am ſo ſick yet cannot dye:
A cordial kiſs can my heart revive,
And make a love-ſick man alive,
And by experience is well know. &c.

A Lady in her high degree,
Her lofty mind cannot fancy me:
For many are ambitious in their ways,
But maidens chaſte young men ſhould praiſe
I will be faithful to my own,
For I'le have, &c.

Your City dames with mincing feats,
Have many tricks and fine conceits,
But my true Love is virtuous, chaſt and wife
And like an Angell in mine eyes,
As for my part, &c.

Into ſome far Country I'le go,
Confine my ſelf to care and woe.
Till fickle fortune pleaſe to ſmile,
That hath ſo lower'd all this while.
As for my part I have choſen one,
And I'le have, &c.

The Second Part to the same Tune.

THe Young-man ending of his Song,
The Maiden knew his voice and tongue,
And stepping then unto his window soon
How sares my Love, aloud she cry'd,
As for my part I have chosen one,
I'le have my true or I'le have none.

Though Locks and Bolts do hinder me,
There's none shall keep my Love from thee,
Wert as the Dove is constant to the end,
So I'le prove true to thee my friend.
As for, &c.

My Father and my Mother both,
Have bound me with a fearfull oath,
They will thee kill and spill thy harmless blood
And so disturb us of of our good,
As for, &c.

My Brother does in ambush wait,
Thee to betray with hatefull deceit:
Though Father frown and Mother angry be,
Yet I will have no Man but thee.
As for, &c,

My Uncles and my Kindred all,
Are much enrag'd do scold and brawl
And with that cry that I to thee am wed,
That we may perish in our bed.
As for, &c.

And I ten thousand pounds of gold,
O Love, they surely should be sold.
I'le change my state into a low degree,
And go a begging along with thee.
As for &c.

Through fire and water I will go
Along with thee who e're say no,
I am coming now to take with thee my lot,
That we may tye the True-lovers knot,
as for, &c.

Welcome my sweet to him that bears
A loyall heart, overwhelm'd with cares.
Welcome a thousand times my dearest Love
For I most faithfull to thee will prove.
as for, &c.

Heaven b'esse the day as we enjoy
True Lovers bliss without annoy.
A thousand kisses to my love I'le give,
Our hearts united in love to live.
as for, &c.

Young men and Maids wh e're you be,
Make all your choices firm and free,
Prove Loyal, constant, t your dearest friend,
So Heavens will blesse you unto the end.
Let all your voices thus go into one,
I will have my true Love or I'le have none

London, Printed for Richard Burton at the Horse-shoe in Smithfield.

The honeſt *Tradeſmans* Honour Vindicated.

OR,

The Bragadocia quel'd,
As in this Ditty out is held,
OR,
A merry Dialogue between a Swaſh Blade
And an Artiſt of *London* to vindicate trade:

With merry jibes, jears and frumps,
To drive melancholly men
out of their dumps,
Pend to make them merry when
Melancholly doth poſſeſs the brain.

The tune is, *General Monk was a Noble man, &c.*

Gentleman.

I Am a gallant Blade indeed,
and gay Apparel wear,
A fig for Trade and a crown for a Maid,
and a fart for ſorrow and care:
I am a Jovial Gentleman
I love Sport and Recreation,
Though I have neither Houſe nor Land,
I keep my ſelf in good faſhion.

Tradeſman.

Some Gentlemens care is a Laſs in his lap
whil'ſt he at a Tradeſman is flowting,
Dol with a dishclout hath painted her face,
and ſcorns with her hands to be working:
She thought to be call'd high in name,
no leſs than a Lady I wiſh,
She decked her ſelf in ſilk and in ſatten,
yet ſhe's but an ugly Paſs.

Gentleman.

Alaſs good Sir when did you come
from the Cities labouring trade,
Look back again now towards home,
and ſee what for you is made,
Your wife for you has made a Crown,
a gallant fair pair of Horns,
Whilſt you are here in our Country
with one that your Calling ſcorns.

Tradeſman.

It comes into my memory
ſir now you talk of ſcorning,
Do you remember the Oyſter Wench
you met with one Munday morning,
When ſhe was in her ſilver lace'd Gown
oh then you began to woe her,
But when ſhe cry'd Oyſters in the town
you ſcorn'd as much to know her.

Gentleman.

We Gentlemen live merry lives,
you but Mecannicks are ſir,
Therefore to us you muſt make known
when ever we do come ſir;
You Tradeſmen unto it are tyde,
you muſt work hard for mony,
Whilſt merrily abroad we ride,
to hunt the Fox and Coney.

Tradeſman.

Now that you talk of hunting ſir,
one thing comes in my mind,
You nothing have to doe but hunt
therefore it comes by kind,
A hind I do remember well
you lately had in chaſe,
Her belly high begins to ſwell,
and you abſent the place.

The ſecond Part, to the ſame Tune.

Gentleman.

YOu Tradeſman at your work do moyl,
whilſt we to mirth incline ſir:
But we do ſcorn ſo much to toyle,
except it be at the wine Sir:
You tradeſmen have great rents to pay
for that we take no care,
We rant and rore it night and day
we ſpend and never ſpare.

Tradeſman.

Now that you talk of Rents good ſir,
of Muſick and of wine,
To pay your debts do not defer,
to your Landlady ſo fine,
Her Daughter Doll is in great fear,
ſhe ſhall not ſee your face,
You have left her to ſhed many a Tear
and reap your ſown diſgrace.

Gentleman.

If into the Country we but ride,
out ten miles from the City,
No ſooner have they our face ſpy'd,
but this will be their Ditty,
Your worſhips welcome to the town,
pray ſir what will you have?
Thus are we known of every Clown,
and of each Fool and Knave.

Tradeſman.

Sir now you talk of Fools and Knaves,
of Country men and Clowns,
And of true dealing honeſt men,
that dwell in country Towns,
Were't not for them full well I know,
long we could not live hear,
They toyl to Plow, to Reap and Sow,
to feed's with Bread, Beef, and Beer.

Gentleman.

Sir this I grant for to be true,
that we by them are fed;
No company I'le keep with you
for I am better bred:
Seeſt thou my Rapier by my ſide,
A broad Hat and long curl'd Hair,
My Breeches at the knees ſo wide
that they would make four pair.

Tradeſman.

Sir, if for your Rapier you had paid,
your Cutler would not frown,
Nor your Bever-maker have been afraid
of your riding out of Town.
Your Taylor he lamenteth ſtill.
for a truth I heard it ſaid
Oft viewing of his long Bill,
which you have left unpaid.

Gentleman.

Sir, for this preſent I will reſt,
and will no more contend,
I do proteſt that man is bleſt
that is the Tradeſmans friend,
You work and ſing all care away,
and drink Ale, Beer, and Wine,
Whil'ſt Gentlemen do now and then
with great Duke Hmmphrey Dine.

Tradeſman.

Good God preſerve our Royal King
the Progeny defend,
With the reſt of the Royal Off-ſpring
from thoſe that would contend:
And God ſo bleſs the Parliament
that they good Laws may make,
Our future dangers to prevent,
and thus my leave I take. Finis.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Paſſenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

Innocent Love in Triumph:

OR,

The Joys of Wedlock made Manifeſt.

Being a moſt pleaſant Delightful New Play Song.

No Love like that which Innocence does Crown,
On which Hell's Daughter Jealouſie, *can't frown;*
Nor is it like the Smiles that Harlots ſell,
But Chaſt as thoſe who in Elizium *dwell:*
All joys attend it, and all Bleſſings wait,
To make fair Celia's *long-wiſh'd Joys compleat.*

To the Tune of, The Oxfords Bells.

SEe how the charming Celia lies,
upon her Bridal Bed,
There's no ſuch beauty at Court,
She's fit for the Sport,
and ſhe looks ſo lovely white and red:
After the firſt and ſecond Bout,
the Bridegroom 'gins to ſlack his pace,
But ſhe crys come to me,
and lay your Cheeks cloſe to my face:
Tinckle, tinckle, goes the Bed to the Bell,
whilſt common time they keep,
With a parting Kiſs, they end their Bliſs,
and ſo retire to ſleep.

Until the Morning it does dawn,
and the ſweet Lark does ſing,
When ſhades they begin for to fade,
That did the world invade,
and diſcloſes the pleaſures o'th Spring:
Then they to walk abroad prepare,
and in ſome Grove lye down,
When her white Thighs ſhe does lay bare,
Whilſt his Clapper does make his great Bell roar,
the firſt and ſecond Peal,
Whilſt that in their joy, they ſeem not coy,
nor their Paſſions conceal.

For the joy it being past,
fresh ones they still do bloom,
As if all things did conspire,
To yield their desire,
with such sweet joys that will ne'r consume:
But whilst the Christial Springs do stream,
And Mirtle Shades most pleasant are,
which the Nimphs they do raise;
Whilst they embrace each other still,
with all the pleasures Cupid can yield,
Whilst they pant in Love, the powers above,
with Envy view the Field.

And wish they so happy were,
such Charms that they might know,
And Venus her self grows proud,
to see how they crowd,
to admire her Conquests here below:
Where Cupid did shoot equal Darts,
and made each feel his mighty Power
Which nothing can resist,
but his Godhead all must adore:
Whilst he makes each proud heart to submit,
to his obliging will,
While Celia does keep, her Spouse from sleep
and makes him his task fulfill.

Then to feed the tender Lambs
unto the Folds they hast,
And the Violet Beds they press,
Then the time you'l guess,
they neither of them do idly waste:
But with soft murmers Charms of Love,
each other they do still supply,
No joys like harmless Love,
which lasting is, and cannot dye:
But endless joy it does still create,
which nothing can exceed,
While the streams below, do freely flow,
and great contentment breed.

Damon and Celia in their Love,
seek each for to outvie,
To the world examples set,
None so true e're met,
since bright Phoebus did adorn the sky:
How blessed then are wedlock joys,
where all things do conspire our Bliss,
When soft, the fair Bride crys,
love Charms with a murmuring kiss:
While under the window the Musick sounds,
she hugs him in her arms,
On her back she lyes, with turn'd up eyes,
and lulls him with her Charms.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in West-smith-field near the Hospital-gate.

Jack Had-Lands Lamentation,

That ſold and made away his 'State,
And ſpent his Money early and late;
And let his Wife and Children want,
Now he makes great moan and does repent;
And deſires all good-fellows where e're they be,
To take warning of his poverty.

He was caſt in Priſon at that bout,
His poor Wife ſhe helpt him out;
She had ſmall reaſon to do that thing
But true love is a gallant thing;
There is ſcarce a Tap-houſe in London town.
Will help a Man when he is caſt down.

To the Tune of, *It is Old Ale that has undone me.*

This may be Printed, R. P.

TO all Good-fellows I'le declare,
To take Example and have a care.
And do not ſpend your Means in waſte,
For you will repent it at the laſt:
For I my ſelf was blindly led,
And made all away, I was ſo bad;
Let all I ſay be warn'd by me,
Of drinking and bad company.

I had Land and Living of my own,
And a fine Eſtate, it was well known;
It was worth threeſcore pound a year,
And I ſpent it all in Ale and Beer,
My Hoſtels was all my delight,
And I ſat up ſwilling day and night.
Let all I ſay, &c.

I never took no care at all,
God knows I had a ſudden fall;
I ſold my 'State then all away,
To maintain the Ale-houſe night and day.
My Wife and Children was ſo poor,
Neighbours cry'd ſhame at me therefore,
Let all I ſay, &c.

I would come home drunk unto my Wife,
And lead her ſuch a weary life.
And ſhe would ſpeak me then ſo fair,
And intreat me with a lovely cheer;
And ſay, good Husband be content,
Alas! you will theſe things repent:
Let all I ſay be warn'd by me,
Of drinking and bad company.

My little naked Children, they
Were almost pin'd, as Neighbours say,
And starv'd so sore for want of Close,
I had no care of them God knows;
Now all is gone, and nothing left,
I may say, farewel Dagger with dudgeon (and Hast:
Let all I say, &c.

I cast my self into some Debt,
And was arrested then for it;
Because that I could get no Bail,
They cast me in a nasty Gaile;
And there I lay from my poor Wife,
She reliev'd me or I had lost my life:
Let all I say, &c.

When I was in that misery,
Ne'r an Ale-wife that would come to me;
For a'l I had spent my 'State away,
I had no help of them I say:
But my poor wife was my best friend,
And succoured me unto the end:
Let all I say, &c.

Then my poor wife she sought about,
And she made a friend and got me out;
She sold her Wedding-Ring away,
To pay my Fees without delay;
And did so rejoyce at my release,
And brought me home agen in peace:
Let all I say, &c.

Now all is spent I plainly see
There is no help nor no remedy,
But labour hard and work full sore,
That money will be better than all before;
And bring it home unto my Wife,
And love her as I love my life:
Let all I say, &c,

A man that has a state or has good means,
Ne'r use so much these tippling Queans
They drown your money so very sore,
And make you at the last be poor;
I am sure that I may say the same,
But alas, alas, I was to blame:
Let all I say, &c.

Let every one that goes along,
Take notice of this new-made Song,
And take example now by me,
That am fallen into this Poverty;
I wish that I might be the last,
But alack-aday, I am not the first:
Let all I say, &c.

So to conclude to end the strife,
Let every man love his own Wife;
And save his money, and keep his store,
Drink not too much to make you poor,
A man that has Grace will then repent,
To see his Wife and Children live in want;
Let all I say, be warn'd be me,
Of Drinking and lewd Company.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.

The jealous Lover ſatisfy'd.

All you that do to love pretend,
Come lend an ear unto my ſong,
And ſay no more than you intend,
For therein you your ſelves do wrong.
Tune of, *The gallant Youth of* Graveſend.

There was in Briſtol City fair
a Maiden of a good degree,
To whom a young-man did repair
and courted her moſt gallantly:
Theſe were the words to her he ſaid,
Sweet if thou doſt my ſute deny
I am undone, for i'me afraid
my heart will break, and I ſhall dye.

Young-men are now ſo ſubtile grown
and play their parts ſo cunningly,
We Maids had better lye a'lone,
than covet for your company.
Yet if I thought you would be true,
as now you do pretend to me,
A ſingle life i'd bid adieu,
and be as kind as kind could be.

What unto thee I do pretend,
is nothing more than what I mean;
I'le prove thy true and faithful friend,
a kinder ſoul was never ſeen.
Theſe were the words, to her he ſaid:
Sweet if thou doſt my ſute deny
I am undone, for i'me afraid
my heart will break and I ſhall dye.

How many men have vow'd and ſwore,
their wanton minds for to fulfill,
Then think upon their vows no more,
which often prov'd to Maidens ill:
Yet if I thought you would be true,
as now you do pretend to me,
A ſingle life i'd bid adieu,
and be as kind as kind could be.

While life doth in my heart remain,
most loyal I to thee will prove,
For here I vow and swear again
that nothing shall my mind remove.
These were the words, to her he said:
Sweet if thou dost my sute deny
I am undone, for i'm afra'd
my heart will break and I shall dye.

With that she took him by the hand
and blushing seemed to comply,
Quoth she thou now shalt understand
that for thy sake i'le live and dye:
And now I think thou wilt be true,
as thou pretendest unto me,
A single life i'le bid adieu,
and be as kind as kind can be.

When he did hear her charming voice
part with such pretty words as these,
Oh how in heart he did rejoice,
then Babies in her eyes he sees:
Then lovingly to her he said,
since thou dost not my love deny,
I will no longer be afraid
that I for love of thee shall dye.

No, no, we will so well agree,
that thou no more shalt doubtful be,
I'le banish all thy care and fear,
and prove a faithful wife to thee:
For now I think thou wilt be true,
as thou pretendest unto me;
A single life i'le bid adieu,
and be as kind as kind can be.

The wedding-day they pitch'd upon
and bravely it did solemnize,
Where all things decently were done,
their hearts were both a sacrifice:
And lovingly to her he said,
since thou dost not my love deny,
I will no longer be afraid,
that I for love of thee shall dye.

Young men & Maids where e're you be
take pattern by this loving pair,
And prove what you do seem to be,
seek not each other to insnare;
But lovingly your hearts unite,
so may you ever happy be;
Those that in falseness take delight
will tumble into misery.

Printed for J. Blare *on London-Bridge.*

Jennies Answer to Sawny.

Wherein Loves Cruelty is requited, *Or*, The Inconstant Lover justly Despised.

Being a Relation how *Sawney* being Disabled and and turn'd out of Doors by the Miss of *London* town, is likewise scorned and rejected by his Country Lass, and forced to wander where he may

Jenny at at last in a most woful case,
Is forc'd to leave the Patch'd and Painted face;
For money there rules all, and when 'tis gone,
The Cully is no longer writed on:

Down to his Jenny he does hye with speed,
But she remembers his Ungrateful deed;
Nor will forgive though on his knees he fall,
So Mortify'd he is despis'd by all.

To the Tune of, *Sawney will ne'r be my Love again.*

WHen Sawny left me he had store of Gilt,
but he hath spent it in London Town;
And now is return'd to his Sun-burn'd face,
his own dear joy in a Russet Gown:
He's come for another Sark and Band,
and coakes's me for more of my Coin;
But I'le guid-faith, shall hold thy hand
For *Sawny* shall never more be mine.

Sawny rid home on a Running Nagg,
and fain wou'd he have me gang to the Stade,
But never was Scot in such a case,
with riding upon a London Jade,
But now he repents o'th Painted face,
and bans the Lewd Quean of London fine:
He fain wou'd have let his Nag run a race
But *Sawny* shall never more be mine.

He now would Angle in my Fish-pond,
to quench those flames that scorch him so;
And wou'd put it in with his own hand,
but let him gang where the North-wind blow,
I'le be content with my former dream,
nor at his absence will I repine;
No more will I'e talk of his Curds and Cream,
For *Sawny* never more shall be mine.

But yet methought thae I'se was sad,
to see poor *Sawny* look so forlorn;
To think what glee I'se once from him had,
and that Ise shou'd now his kindness scorn:
Guid faith he look both pale and wan,
repenting that he had been so unkind:
And beg'd of me for a Sark and band,
But *Sawny* shall never more be mine.

HE told me he wou'd be now my Slave
and never more see London Town
But ganging with me shou'd think it brave,
take more delight in my Ruffet Gown
Then in that filthy Copper Lace,
that covers Harlots void of Grace,
Pox'd and Patch'd with an Impudent face;
But *Sawny* shall never more be mine.

Guid faith I'le keep close my two-leav'd Book,
I'le will not trust him to gang between;
Lest my Fish-pond is spoild with his Hook,
because he hath ligg'd with a London Quean:
She having gull'd him of all his store,
Bid him to gang and seek for more,
And now he's return'd both maim'd and poor;
But *Sawny* shall never more be mine.

Tho' he shew'd me the gay green tree,
on which he oft had carv'd my name;
Whilst Primroses I'le pluck'd hard by,
and made him Nosegays of the same:
Guid faith I'le smile to see him weep,
Because his promise he did not keep,
But with a Miss o'th Town did sleep;
Yet *Sawny* shall never more be mine.

I'le bid him gang from whence he came,
and to the London Port declare,
He had wrong'd me, and cou'd not for Shame;
to me for Houle or Land repair:
He told me that she was muckle Fag,
For when he had emptied his bag,
She sent him home with a running Nagg,
Yet *Sawny* shall never more be mine.

And that he did intreat her still,
but she was cruel and would not hear;
Swearing she would poor *Sawny* kill,
if that he stayed any longer there:
Thus any one may plainly see,
What he got by leaving of me,
And what the Meanes of London be,
Yet *Sawny* shall never more be mine.

Thus may the Lasses see how I paid
him for his base inconstancy
Who for to ride on a London jade,
cockt up his Bonnet and gang'd from me
For which I shall requite him now,
And no more of his kindness allow,
But let him grub home to his Fathers Plow,
For *Sawney* shall never more be mine.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball*, near the *Hospital-Gate* in *West Smithfield*.

JENNY's Lamentation

For the loſs of her *JEMMY*.

She wa'der'd up and down for Love,
Till ſhe was weary grown,
Then ſate down in a ſhady Grove,
and thus ſhe ma'e her moan.

Tune of, Jenny Gin, or Buſie Fame.

A Woe's me! poor harmleſs Maid,
my hopes are quite undone,
For Jemmy he is from me fled,
who once I thought my own:
Alas! he's gone for evermore
from her who lov'd him well,
Who will his memory adore,
whileſt upon Earth I dwell.

Ah! cruel Swain, that thou ſhou'd prove
ſo perjur'd to thy Love,
To make her wander in this Grove,
like to the Turtle Dove,
Who loſing of her Mate, does pine,
and moane it ſelf to death;
So I ſhall murmure to the wind
as long as I have breath.

Could thou ſo faithleſs prove to one
that gave to thee her heart;
Remember but the Oathes thou'ſt ſworn
that we ſhou'd never part:
You kiſt my hand, and ſquez'd it hard,
and ſwore and vow'd that I
Should ever you of love debar,
immediately you dye.

But Jemmy when you hear I'm gone,
and that for you I dy'd,
Your conqueſt then will ſoon be done
when once your Charms are try'd:
I'le pray to Cupid, tho' he's blind,
that he will ſhute his dart,
And make thee love one that's unkind
and ſo to break thy heart.

I wiſh the times I ſaw thee firſt
had been my Burial day,
Then I had ne'r had cauſe to curſt,
nor any one to ſay:
Ah! Jenny, thou that onſt was thought
the glory of the Plain,
Was by a faithleſs Shepherd caught,
and by his falſhood ſlain.

But farewell cruel perjur'd Swain,
for evermore adieu;
Unto the gods I will complain
how faithleſs and untrue,
How much like them that he was made,
in every part divine;
Yet has his Shepherdeſs betray'd,
and does his vows decline.

Be witneſs gods I had no fault
except I lov'd too well,
My heart ne'r thought of a revolt,
and that my eyes can tell:
Let all young maids by me be warn'd,
and keep intire their Love,
For fear when onſt their hearts are charm'd
they wander in this Grove.

She had no ſooner ſaid this word
but down the Damzel fell,
And ſaid, good-by my deareſt Lord,
in whom all beauties dwell:
Then fetching of a dreadful groan,
unto the winds ſhe ſpoke,
Bear theſe my laſt words to my Love;
and then her heart-ſtrings broke.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the Golden Ball in *Weſt Smithfield*.

JOANS Victory

Over her Fellow-Servants.

A Young-man that with many Maids does dwell,
Thought Joan *the reſt in beauty did excell;*
Mall *was too coy,* Jenny *was too bold,*
Kate *was too ſtale, and* Nanny *was a ſcold:*
That he diſlikes them all, and would with none
Be pleas'd, but with his fair and deareſt Joan.

Tune of, *My own ſweet* Nichola Cod.

I'Ve liv'd in this Town theſe 5 years,
but never the Laſs could find
That would prove ſo true a Lover,
as conſtant and as kind:
Now fortune has me befriended,
at laſt to give me one;
Whoſe true love I diſcover,
then here's a good Health to *Joan.*

I once loved Kate and Jenny,
and once I loved Mall;
And then my love turned to Nancy,
but now I diſlike them all:
For I have gotten a true love,
whom I affect alone;
'Tis ſhe beſt pleaſeth my fancy,
then here's a good health to *Joan.*

With Cate I'de a short encounter,
because she was plaguy old,
Her Letchery was so hasty,
that my love soon grew cold:
She proffered me Figgs of the best sort,
but I told her I'de have none,
cause the strength of her breath was so nasty
but here's a good health to *Joan*.

At length a wonderful kindness,
as possible may be thought,
Did pass betwixt me and Jenny,
but this was her only fault;
She straddled so wide, and came on so fast.
that she made me cry out, be gone,
For I think the Devil is in you,
then, &c.

But then there was a secret Court there,
betwixt our Mall and I;
And she of her love was so tender,
that I hated her Modesty:
She was so much given to frowning,
and killing glances prone;
That on no terms she'd surrender,
then here's a good health to *Joan*.

At last I had a warm passion
for Nanny my dear heart;
But when ever her I courted,
she was too brisk and smart:
She'd gotten a Tongue with a tang in't,
and a trick to her self alone;
That she kick'd like a Colt when we sported
then, &c.

Then since i've gotten a sweet-heart,
that is both loving and true;
All old Fish i'le defie,
and learn to deal with new:
For I hate to imbrace a Carcass
that's nothing but skin and bone;
And has never a whit of beauty,
then, &c.

Since Jenny then was so forward,
and impudent withal;
I thought it fit to leave her,
and my kindness to recall;
For I hate such buxome Lasses,
they'l Cuckold me ten to one;
'Twas policy then to deceive her,
then, &c.

Nor will I fix my heart on
those Maids that are too coy;
For Moll she was so squemish,
that she my love did cloy:
Then give me the Lass that is loving,
and not so scrupulous grown;
For that is the Lass without blemish,
then, &c.

Nor i'le have no more of this scolding,
which will but end my days;
She is worse then a smoaky Kitchin,
which always plagues your eyes.
Her tongues the worst part about her,
for it is always prone
To chatting, and damning, and itching,
then, &c.

Now 'twould be a thing that's needless;
to tell how I dearly love
She that my heart has wounded,
and does my passion move:
She has none of those damnable errors
to which most Maids are prone:
On her vertues my love is grounded,
then, &c.

She's neither old nor mouldy,
she's neither coy nor bold,
Nor has she faults of Nancy,
she's neither Shrow nor Scold:
Then she is the Maid that i'le marry,
she has none of these faults of her own,
Therefore she best pleaseth my fancy,
then here's a good health to *Joan*.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-Ball, near the *Hospital-gate*, in *West-smithfield*.

JOHNNY ARMSTRONG's *laſt* Goodnight;

Declaring how John Armſtrong *and his Eightſcore men, fought a bloody Battle with the Scotch King at* Edenborough. *To a pretty Northern Tune.*

Licenſed and Entered according to Order.

IS there never a man in all Scotland,
from the higheſt eſtate to the loweſt degree,
That can ſhew himſelf now before the King,
Scotland is ſo full of treachery?

Yes, there is a man in Weſtmorland,
and Johnny Armſtrong they do him call,
He has no lands nor rents coming in,
yet he keeps eightſcore men within his hall.

He has horſe and harneſs for them all,
and godly ſteeds that be milk-white,
With their godly bells about their necks,
with hats and feathers all alike.

The King writes a loving letter,
and with his own hand ſo tenderly;
And hath ſent it unto Johnny Armſtrong,
to come and ſpeak with him ſpeedily.

When John he looked this letter upon,
I was never before a King in my life, (three
my father, my grandfather, nor none of us

But ſeeing we muſt go before the King,
Lord, we will go moſt gallantly;
we ſhall every one have a velvet coat,
laid down with golden laces three,

And ye shall every one have a scarlet cloak
laid down with silver laces gay,
With your golden belts about your necks,
with hats and brave feathers all alike.

But when John he went from *Giltknock-hall*,
the wind it blew hard, & full fast it did rain,
Now fare thee well thou *Giltknock-hall*,
I fear I shall never see thee again.

Now Johnny is to Edenborough gone,
with his eightscore men so gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,
with their bucklers and swords hanging to their knee.

But when John came the King before,
with his eightscore men so gallant to see,
The King he mov'd his bonnet to him,
he thought he had been a King as well as he.

O pardon, pardon, my Soveraign Leige,
pardon for my eightscore men and me,
For my name it is Johnny Armstrong,
and a subject of yours, my Leige, said he.

Away with thee, thou false traytor,
no pardon will I grant to thee,
But to morrow morning by eight of the clock
I will hang up thy eightscore men and thee.

Then Jonny look'd over his left shoulder,
and to his merry men thus said he;
I have asked grace of a graceless face,
no pardon there is for you or me.

Then John pull'd out his nut-brown sword,
and it was made of mettle so free,
Had not the King mov'd his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair body.

Come follow me my merry men all,
we will scorn one foot for to flye;
It shall ne'r be said we were hung like dogs,
we will fight it out so manfully.

Then they fought on like champions bold,
for their hearts were sturdy, stout and free,
Till they had killed all the King's good guard
there was none left alive but two or three.

But then rose up all Edenborough,
they rose up by thousands three,
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
and run him thorow the fair body.

Said John, Fight on my merry men all
I am a little wounded but am not slain,
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,
then I'll rise and fight with you again.

Then they fought on like mad men all,
till many a man lay dead upon the plain,
For they were resolved before they would yield,
that every man would there be slain:

So there they fought courageously,
till most of them lay dead there and slain,
But little Musgrove that was his foot-page,
with his bonny grissel got away untain.

But when he came to Guiltknock-hall,
the Lady spied him presently,
What news, what news, thou little foot-page,
what news from thy Master and his company

My news is bad, Lady he said,
which I do bring, as you may see;
My Master Johnny Armstrong is slain,
and all his gallant company.

Yet thou art welcome home my bonny Grissel,
full oft thou hast been fed with corn and hay;
But now thou shalt be fed with bread & wine,
and thy sides shall be spur'd no more I say.

Then bespake his little son,
as he sat on his Nurses knee;
If ever I live to be a man,
my father's death reveng'd shall be.

Printed by and for A. Milbourn, and sold by the Booksellers of Pye corner and London-bridge.

The Jolly Gentleman's FROLICK:

OR,

The City Ramble.

Being, An Account of a young Gallant, who Wager'd to paſs any of the Watches, without giving them an Anſwer; but being ſtop'd by the Conſtable at *Cripple-gate*, was ſent to the *Counter*, afterwards had before my Lord Mayor, and was Clear'd by the Interceſſion of my Lord Mayors Daughter.

To a Pleaſant New Tune.

Give ear to a Frollickſome Ditty,
of one that a Wager did lay.
He'd paſs any Watch in the City,
and never a Word he wou'd ſay.
But, Dal, derra, rarra, &c.

The Conſtable ſpake to his Watchmen,
make Boys, it is my Delight,
And Orders have for to catch Men,
who Ramble too late in the Night.
The *Humour*, &c.

The Streets do Eccho, we hear, Boys,
with Mad-men coming along;
My Staff is ready, ne'r fear, Boys,
we'll make 'um alter their Song.
The *Humour*, &c.

Stand, ſtand, ſays the Bell-man,
the Conſtable now come before,
And if a juſt Story you tell, Man,
I'll Light you home to your own Door.
The *Humour*, &c.

This is a very late Season,
which surely no Honest Men keep,
And therefore 'tis but just reason,
that you in the Counter should sleep.
The *Humour*, &c. *(Sad.)*

Take away this same Fellow,
and him to the Counter convey,
Although his Frollick is mellow,
he something to Morrow will say.
The *Humour*, &c. *(Sad.)*

Open the Gate, make no scorning,
take Charge of your Prisoner there,
And we will soon in the morning,
appear before my Lord Mayor.
The *Humour*, &c. *(Sad.)*

A Bottle of Claret I'll fill, Sir,
some Pipes of Tobacco, beside,
And if that it now be your will, Sir,
a Bed for you soon we'll provide.
The *Humour*, &c.

This Frollick soon Ecchoʻd the Prison,
the Debtors his Garnish would have;
Without demanding the reason,
whateʻre they requirʻd, he gave.
The *Humour*, &c.

The Constable soon the next day, Sir,
this Comical matter to clear,
The Gentleman hurrys straightways, Sir,
before my Lord Mayor to appear.
The *Humour*, &c.

My Lord, give ear to my Story,
while I the truth do relate,
The Gentleman standing before ye,
was seizʻd by me at Cripple-gate.
The *Humour*, &c. *(Sad.)*

I nothing could hear but his Singing,
wherefore in the Counter he lay,
And therefore this morning I bring him
to hear what your Lordship will say.
The *Humour*, &c. *(Sad.)*

Come Friend, the Case does appear now,
that you was in a Mad Fit,
I hope that you may be clear now,
since Sleep has restorʻd you your Wit.
The *Humour*, &c. *(Sad.)*

This Gentleman sure is Distracted,
heʻs over-heated his Brain,
Since he thus silly has acted,
to thʻ Counter I'll send him again.
The *Humour*, &c. *(Sad.)*

A Prison sure it will tame him,
and bring him soon to his Sense,
Thereʻs nothing else can reclaim him,
from this his notorious Offence.
The *Humour*, &c. *(Sad.)*

O then bespake my Lordʻs Daughter,
and for him did thus Interceed,
Dear Father, you'll hear that hereafter,
this is but a Wager, indeed.
The *Humour*, &c.

Therefore be pleased, kind Father,
to hear one word more of me,
And shew to me so much favour,
this Gentleman may be set free.
The *Humour*, &c.

Well, Daughter, I grant your Petition,
the Gentleman home may repair,
But yet 'tis upon this Condition,
of paying my Officers there.
The *Humour*, &c.

Come Sir, your Fees we require,
you freeʻd are now by the Court,
And all that we do desire,
you'll find out some other new Sport.
The *Humour*, &c.

Thus seeing he might be Released,
if he his Fees did but pay,
He then was very well pleased,
and so went Singing away.
The *Humour*, &c.

Printed for C. Bates, at the White-Hart in West-Smithfield.

The Joviall Crew:

OR,

Beggars - Buſh,

In which a mad Maunder doth vapour and ſwagger,
With praiſeing the Trade of a bonney bold Beggar.

To the tune of, *From hunger, and cold, &c.*

A Beggar, a Beggar,
A Beggar I'le bee.
There's none leads a Life ſo jocond as hée;
A Beggar I was
And a Beggar I am,
a Begger Ile be, from a Begger I came:
If (as it begins) our Trading do fall,
I fear (at the laſt) we ſhall be Beggers all
Our Trades-men miſcarry in all their Affayrs,
And few men grow wealthy, but Courtiers and (Players

When Boyes do come to us,
And that their intent is
to follow our Calling, we nere bind them
Soon as they come tw't, (Prentice
We teach them to doo't
and give them a ſtaff, & a Wallet to boo't,
We teach them their Lingua, to crave and (to Cant,
The devil is in them, if then they can want.
If any are here, that Beggers will bee,
We without Indentures will make them free.

A Craver my Father,
A Maunder my Mother,
A Filer my Siſter, a Filcher my Brother,
A Cauter my Uncle
That car'd not for Pelfe;
a Lifter my Aunt, a Begger my ſelfe;
In white wheaten-ſtraw, when their bellies (were full,
Then I was begot, between Tinker & Trul
And therefore a Begger, a Begger I'le be,
For none hath a ſpirit ſo jocond as he.

We begg for our bread,
But ſometimes it happens, (Capons,
we feaſt it with Pigg, Pullet, Conny and
For Churches Affairs,
We are no Men-ſlayers; (yers
we have no Religion, yet live by our Pra-
But if when we begg, Men will not draw (their purſes,
We charge & give fire, with a vally of curſes
The Devil confound your good worſhip we cry
And ſuch a bold brazen-fac'd Begger am I.

The ſecond Part, To the ſame Tune,

WE do Things in ſeaſon,
And have ſo much Reaſon, (ſon.
We raiſe no Rebellion, nor never talk Treaſ-
We Billet our mates
At very low Rates, (as the Gates
Whilſt ſome keepe their Quarters as high
With Shinkin ap Morgan, with Blew-cap, or
(Tege,
We enter into no Covenant, nor League:
And therefore a bonney bold Begger I'le be;
For none lives a life ſo happy as he.

We never do prate,
In matters of State, (Fate
For fear we ſhould come to Hugh Peters his
Whilſt Scripture unfolders,
And Treaſon upholders, (ſhoulders
Have loſt their heads, we keep ours on our
Our Plots & our Projects, are never ſo tall
To reach to the Top-maſt of Weſtminſter-hall
And therefore a merry brave Begger I'le be,
For none wears his Nodle ſo ſafely as he.

For ſuch petty Pledges,
As Shirts from the Hedges,
We are not in fear to be drawn upon Sledges
But ſometimes the Whip,
Doth make us to skip, (trip,
And then we from Tything to Tything do
For when in a poor houſing-hen we do bib it
We ſtand more in awe of the Stocks then
(the Gibbet:
And therefore a merry mad Begger I'le be,
For when it is night, to the Barn goes he.

We throw down no Alter,
Nor ever do falter (a Halter:
So much, as to change a Gold-Chain, for
Though ſome men do flout us;
And others do doubt us,
We here go without forty peices about us;
But many brave fellows are fine & look fiercer
That owe for their Cloths to the Taylor and
(Mercer:
And if from the Stocks I can keep out my feet,
I fear not the *Compter*, *Kings-bench* nor the
(*Fleet*.

Sometimes I do frame,
My ſelf to be lame;
and when a coach comes, I do hop to my
We ſeldome miſcarry, (game:
Yet never do Marry,
By the Gowns Common-Prayer, nor the
(Cloak-Directory,
But Harry & Mary (like birds of a feather)
do nothing but kiſs, laugh, & lye down together
Like Piggs in the peaſe-ſtraw, intangld they lie
Till there they beget ſuch a bold Rogue as I.

To ſumme all in brief,
We live by relief, (in chief:
And pray for King Charles, our Commander
God bleſs all the Peers,
The wiſe Over-ſeers,
that they may conſider the poore Cavaliers,
For if they let them but lower to fall,
The'l take our profeſſion & begger us all:
And then it will be but a folly for me,
A merry ſoul'd, bonny bold Begger to be.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Paſſenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

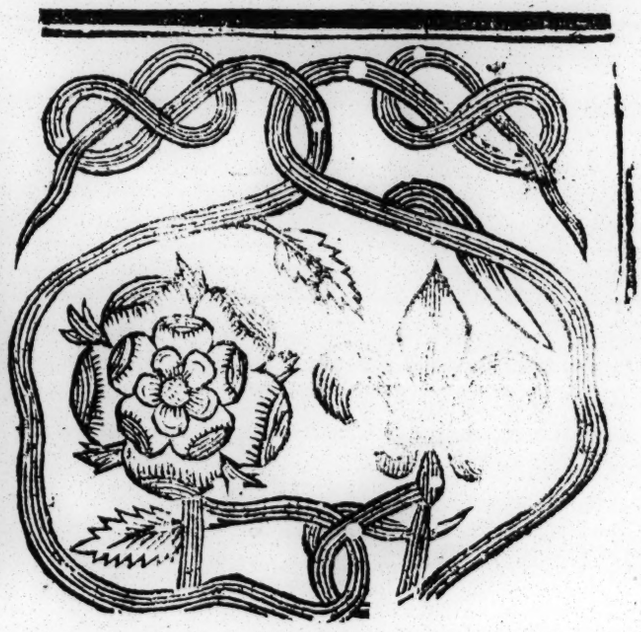
THE

Jovial May-pole Dancers:

OR,

The Merry Morris.

The Tune is, *Top and top-gallant, &c.*



ROwland and Roger,
with Bridget and Mary,
William and Robert,
with Susan and Sarah:
And round round the May-Pole,
they dance and skip it,
The Baggpipes they roar,
and the Youngsters they trip it.

Bridget she simper'd,
and Rowland he kist her,
And Susan she laught,
till she almost bepist her:
And round round the *May-Pole*,
they dance and skip it,
The Baggpipes, &c.

Bridget had Roger,
fast hold by the Jacket,
And Roger had Bridget
as fast by the Placket:
And round round the *May-pole*,
they dance, &c.

Susan she clasped
her William byth' middle,
And William he all to beclaw'd
her Bumfiddle:
And round round the *May-Pole*,
they dance and they skip it,
The *B*aggpipes they roar,
and the Youngsters they trip it.

Roger told Mary,
that she was his Honey,
And swore his Chops water'd,
for her Troninony:
And round round the *May pole*,
they dance, &c.

Mary she simper'd,
at Rogers Relation,
And Roger perceiv'd
that she pitty'd his passion:
And round round the *May-pole*,
they dance, &c.

Robert and Sarah
did foot it so featly,
That all the Beholders,
did swear they danc'd neatly:
And round round the *May-Pole*,
they dance, &c.

The Dancers they sweat,
and the Piper was weary,
They threw him a Groat,
and away they did hurry:
Then at the next Ale-house,
with Cake and stew'd Pruin
They treated their Women
and fell to their Wooing.

Then with choise Songs,
of the Oldest Collections,
They Riggled themselves,
in their Ladies affections:
They sung and they roar'd,
till the Landlord did swear,
Their Charms were so strong,
they would turn all his Beer

Ale and stew'd Pruins,
and Plum-Cake together,
Now some say Tobacco,
but I know not whether;
The Women were sick,
the Reckoning disputing,
The Men fell to fighting,
the Women to Muting.

In the midst of this hurry,
appears a long Pole,
And a greasie old Victualler,
a Man of Controule;
Who commanded the Peace,
and to part and not grumble
Each Lad took his Lass,
and so home they did tumble.

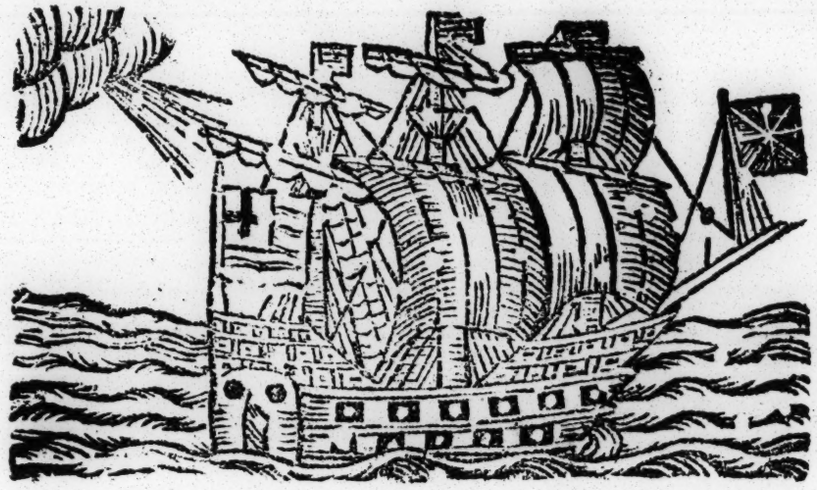
Printed for *I. Deacon*, at the *Angel*
in *Guilt-spur-street*.

Joyful NEWS for

Maids and Young Women.

Being an Account of a Ship-load of White-Puddings, brought from a far Country, and are to be Expoſ'd to Sale at Reaſonable Rates, for the beneſit of Old and Young Women.

To the Tune of, The blew Bells of Ireland. Licenſed according to Order.



YOung handſome Wives and Laſſes,
glad tydings here I tell;
A ſhip load of white Puddings
are come to Town to ſell;
And for your ready money,
will uſe you paſſing well:
And the Blew Bells of Ireland,
Rings well, and Rings well,
And the blew Bells of Ireland
Rings ding dong Bell.

Theſe dainty curious Puddings
are pleaſant, ſweet, and ſound,
Some weighs near fourteen ounces,
and others full a pound;
You cant find better Puddings,
ſcarce the three Kingdoms round,
blew Bells of Ireland, rings well, &c.

Not far from London Tower,
this Ship is riding there,
Young Women they come flocking
to buy this dainty ware:
You never ſee ſuch crawding,
in London Smithfield-Fair,
And the blew Bells of Ireland, &c.

The Millers Wife came huffing,
her Tongue went like a Clapper;
For one ſhe'd give a Teſter,
but talks it was a thwacker;
And it was ſtuff'd as hard beſide
as any Squibb or Cracker,
And the blew Bells of Ireland, &c.

A Butchers Wife near Shore-Ditch,
was full reſolv'd to go

To buy a curious Pudding,
for why she well did know
Such food would make a Woman
as fat as any Doe;
And the blew Bells of Ireland, &c.

Then came an antient Woman,
who was both Lame and Old;
For one she gave five Shillings,
as good as e're was told;
She put it in her Warming-pan,
to keep it from the cold:
And the blew Bells of Ireland, &c.

The Wife of Tom the Cooper,
did like a Hector swear,
Altho' she brought but nine-pence,
it seems, to lay out there:
And for that nasty nine-pence,
she'd pick and cull the ware,
And the blew Bells of Ireland, &c.

The Wife of Tom the Taylor,
did come to buy one then,
Altho the Goods were guarded
by six or seven men:
In laying out of three pence,
she Cabbidg'd nine or ten,
And the blew Bells, &c.

A Merchants youthful Lady,
whose husband was unkind;
She came to buy a Pudding,
her pocket was well Lin'd;
She proffer'd twenty Shilling
to have one to her mind,
And the blew Bells, &c.

There came an Old Fish-woman,
Countess of Billingsgate;
And she bid ready money
for all the whole Ships-Fraight:
The Women up with puddings,
and knockt her o're the pate:
And the blew Bells, &c.

They cry'd, you wretched Beldam,
e're you shall buy them all,
And raise them to extortion,
your noddle we will mawl;
There shall be no monopolizing
in this case at all,
And the blew Bells, &c.

Then came a Weavers Daughter
from off the Turkish-Shore,
and bid them Twenty Shilling
to pick out half a score;
Yet e're she'd go without 'em,
she proffer'd Twopence more,
And the blew Bells, &c.

Then come away Young Women,
all you that dainties crave;
You may have for a Tester
what will your longing save;
They are as fine white Puddings,
as Wives can wish to have;
And the blew Bells of Ireland
Rings well, and Rings well,
And the blew Bells of Ireland,
Rings ding dong Bell.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon,
J. Blare, and J. Back.

The Kind MISTRE

Who being jealous that the Man ſhe lov'd,
Conſtant unto another Woman prov'd,
She could not brook another ſhould poſſeſs,

Him whom ſhe lov'd more then ſhe co
She bids him give her Wealth and H
But his ownſelf, him ſhe her own mu

To a pleaſant new Tune, call'd, The German Princeſs's Farewel, &c.

LOng days of abſence, Dear, I could endure,
If thy divided heart were mine ſecure,
But each minute I find myſelf without thee,
Methinks I find my Rival's arms about thee.

But ſhe perhaps her intereſt can improve,
By all the ſtudied arts of wealth and love;
Whilſt I, alas! poor kind and harmleſs Creature,
Plung'd in true patience, truſt me it ſhews good nature.

In her fair hand lay ſilver and rich
But what I muſt not na[illegible] let my
Give her rich robes, and jewels wit
Do but allow me every night the ple

I dye to think that hapleſs I ſhould
Thoſe ſweet imbraces no one
Yet dare I not for ſhame my flames
I dread the name of, Poor Forſake

ESS:

n ſhe could expreſs:
and Honour, all
wn muſt call.

, &c.

rich gold,
t my hand hold:
ls without meaſure,
the pleaſure.

ſhould loſe,
ſuſe,
flames diſcover,
ſorſaken Lover.

If ſhe have wit and beauty, charms of love,
Some think I have the ſame, and thoſe will move;
If ſhe can ſmile, and kiſs, and cling about you,
All theſe I'll do before I'll go without you.

O let not all my Rival's laugh and ſay,
I am become a ſilly Caſt-away;
Though all are bound to pay you wealth and honour,
It all comes ſhort of what you lay upon her.

I'll force my ſoul, and ſummon all my charms,
E'er any ſhe ſhall lye within your arms,
Except I found decays in every feature,
Or that old age had ſpoil'd the works of Nature.

Oh! oh! my Dear, where art, where art thou now?
Hear my ſweet call, and hearken to my vow,
What tho' you love her, yet you ought to leave her,
I vow my heart ſhall be thine own for ever.

I'll act ſuch things, I'll laugh, and dance, and ſing,
I'll hug and kiſs, and love like any thing;
Then change me not, till I can do no longer,
I'll uſe a means to make my ſpirits ſtronger.

But if ſhe muſt have intereſt in your heart,
Dear Love, let it be but the weaker part;
Or if ſhe once enjoy's a greater bleſſing,
You know my thoughts without the words expreſſing.

Should I be left by you, and quite forlorn,
All other objects my proud heart would ſcorn;
But if you ſtill perſiſt and will not mind me,
I'll mourn to death and leave her here behind me.

When Death hath done its worſt, and I am cold,
'Twill force a ſigh when you ſuch clay behold;
Alas! too late you'll with your Friends lament me,
But when I was alive you'd not content me.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

LONDON:
Printed by and for *W. O.* for *A. M.* and are ſold by *C. Bates*, at the Sun and Bible in *Pye-corner*.

The Ladies Delight:

OR,

Narciſſus his Love-Flower.

A pleaſant and delightful new Ditty,
Made by a Lover, for Ladies ſo Witty;
When to *Venus* Sports they pleaſe to reſort,
To pull ſweet Flowers, that yields the beſt ſport.

To the Tune of, *Narciſſus come kiſſe us*, &c.

AS I was walking I cannot tell when,
nor I cannot tell whither,
I met with a crew of I cannot tell who,
nor cannot tell what they were:
But Virgins I think; for they cry'd
Narciſſus come kiſſe us, and love us beſide.

There came in a Lad from I cannot tell whence,
with I cannot tell what in his hand;
It was a live thing that had little ſence,
but yet it could luſtily ſtand:
Then lowder theſe Ladies they cry'd,
Narciſſus come kiſſe us, and love us beſide.

They ſang a fine Song of I cannot tell what,
nor whether in Verſe or in Proſe:
Nor knew I their meaning although they all ſaid,
even as it were under my Noſe:
But ever and anon they all cry'd,
Narciſſus come kiſſe us, and love us beſide:

Some ſhak'd it, ſome ſtroak'd it, ſome kiſt it, 'tis ſaid,
it looked ſo lovely indeed;
All hug'd it as honey, and none were afraid,
becauſe of their bodily need:
And lowder theſe Ladies they cry'd,
Narciſſus come kiſs us, and love us beſide.

The ſecond Part, to the ſame Tune

AT length he did put in this pretty fine top
in I cannot tell where below,
Into one of theſe Ladies; but I cannot tell why,
nor wherefore it ſhould be ſo:
But in the mean time they cry'd,
Narciſſus come kiſſe us, and lobe us beſide.

Lucina in pitty then lent them her aid,
to eaſe them of their ſorrow;
But when that theſe Ladies were gently laid,
they had the ſame mind to morrow:
And dandling their Bantlings they cry'd,
Narciſſus ſhan't kiſſe us, and lye by our ſide.

But when that theſe Ladies had ſported all night
and rifled Dame Natures ſtore,
And raiſed themſelves in Venus delight,
that they could hardly do more:
Yet lowder theſe Ladies they cry'd,
Narciſſus come kiſſe us, and us beſide.

But as I was minding theſe pretty fine toys,
how Venus with Cupid did play;
What pleaſure thoſe Ladies did take in their boys,
did lead my fancy aſtray;
To hear how they lull'd them, and cry'd,
Narciſſus come kiſſe us, and love us beſide.

This Lad being tired, began to retreat,
and hang down his head like a flower;
The Ladies the more did deſire the feat,
but alas 'twas out of his Power:
Then lowder and lowder they cry'd,
Narciſſus come kiſſe us, and love us beſide,

I then return'd, I cannot tell how,
nor what was in my mind;
Nor what elſe I heard, I know not I how,
nor ſaw, for Cupid is blind:
But that theſe Ladies ſtill cry'd
Narciſſus come kiſſe us, and love us beſide,

When full forty weeks were almoſt expir'd,
a pittiful ſtory to tell,
Theſe Ladies did hate what moſt they deſir'd,
their Bellies began for to ſwell:
Then with a woful Tune they all cry'd
Narciſſus won't kiſſe us, nor love us beſide.

But now to conclude, I cannot tell what,
nor when, nor how nor where;
Nor found I the Senſe of their Song or their
for Ladies are fickle as Air: (That,
Therefore I did laugh till they cry'd,
Narciſſus come kiſſe us, and love us beſide.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Paſſenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

The Lady of Pleaſure,

OR, THE

LONDON Milles Frolick,

Whereby ſhe got Money by her ſubtile Devices and Witty Intreagues, as ſhe led in the looſe courſe of her life, which you'l find by the ſubſequent matter

To a Pleaſant New Play-Houſe Tune. This may be Printed, R. L. S.

There was a Laſs in London Town;
both beauteous, fair and witty,
She travel'd England up and down,
through e'ry Town and City:
She got money by't, ſhe got money by't,
ſhe got money by'th bargain;
ſhe got money by't, ſhe got money by't,
four-pence-half-penny Farthing.

At laſt ſhe came to Sturbridge-Fair,
and there ſhe met a Farmer,
Who did deſire to know her name,
and ſwore he would not harm her:
But ſhe got money by't, ſhe got money by't,
ſhe got money by'th bargain,
She got money by't, ſhe got money by't,
four-pence-half-penny farthing.

She told him she was kind and juſt,
and ne'r would do no Evil,
Her hand she in his Pocket thruſt,
which was indeed uncivil;
But she got money by't, she got money by't,
she got money by'th bargain;
She got money by't, she got money by't,
four-pence-half-penny Farthing.

She told him then she was in haſte,
and ſo from him she parted,
Who little thought to be diſgrac'd,
when she had him deſerted;
But she got money by't, she got money by't,
she got money by'th bargain;
She got money by't, she got money by't,
four-pence-half-penny Farthing.

But when the Reckoning came to pay,
the Farmer miſs his Money,
Oh, then, quoth he, she's gone away,
whom I call'd dear and Honey;
But she got money by't, she got money by't,
she got money by't h bargain;
She got money by't,-she got money by't,
four-pence-halfpenny farthing.

The Farmer he a Stranger was,
and ſo at laſt they Stocks'd him,
But this was not the worſt, alas!
the wicked Jade had Pox'd him;
But she got money by't, she got money by't,
she got money by'th bargain;
She got money by't, she got money by't,
four-pence-half-penny farthing.

She travel'd then to Briſtol-Fair,
and there she met a Barber,
Who gaz'd upon her Beauty fair,
love in his Breaſt did harbor;
But she got money by't, she got money by't,
she got money by'th bargain;
She gotmoney by't, she got money by't,
four-pence-half-penny farthing.

The Barber was exceeding kind,
and monſtrouſly did praiſe her,
But he did in concluſion find,
that she had ſpoil'd his Razor;
But she got money by't, she got money by't,
she got money by'th bargain;
She got money by't, she got money by't,
four-pence-half-penny farthing.

She ſaw a Cobler briſk and free,
a ſitting in his Stall too,
With him she would Familiar be,
while he was at his Awl too;
But she got money by't, she got money by't,
she got money by'th bargain;
She got money by't, she got money by't,
four-pence-half-penny far thing.

Thus you may ſee ſome London Dames,
that live about the City,
By ſuch like Tricks procure their Shames,
but 'tis the more the pitty;
Yet they get money by't, they get money by't,
they get money by'th bargain;
They get money by't, they get money by't,
four-pence-half-penny farthing.

Printed for J. Back, at the Black-Boy on London-Bridge.

The lamentation of a bad Market;

OR,

The Drowning of three Children on the *Thames*.

With this fantaſtick Tragy Comedy,
Tis like that one or other pleas'd will be;
Becauſe the Method carries Mirth therein,
Or elſe the Subject were not worth a pin:
Howe're you'l ſay it is no laughing matter,
To ſee poor Children Drowned in the Water.

Tune of, The Ladies Fall. With Allowance.

SOme Chriſtian people all give ear,
unto the grief of us,
Caus'd by the death of three children dear,
the which it happned thus.

And eke there befell an accident,
by fault of a Carpenters Son,
Who to ſaw chips, his ſharp Axe lent,
woe worth the time may Lon.

May London ſay woe worth the Carpenter,
and all ſuch Block-head fools,
Would he were hang'd like Serpent here,
for jeſting with edg'd Tools.

For into the chips there fell a Spark,
which put out in ſuch flames,
That it was known into Southwark,
which lies beyond the Thames.

For loe the Bridge was wondrous high,
with water underneath;
Ye which as many Fiſhes flye,
as Birds therein do breath.

And yet the fire conſum'd the bridge,
not far from place of landing,
And though the building was full big,
it fell down not withſtanding.

And eke into the water fell,
ſo many Pewter Diſhes,
That a man might take up very well,
both boil'd and roaſted Fiſhes.

And thus the Bridge of London Town,
for building that was ſumptuous,
Was all by fire half burnt down,
for being too contumptious.

Thus you have all, but half my Song,
pray list to what comes after,
For now I have cool'd you with the fire,
i'le warm you with the water.

Ile tell you what the Rivers name is,
where these children did slide as:
It was fair Londons silver Thames,
that keeps both time and Tide-a.

All on the tenth of January,
to the wonder of much people,
Twas frozen o're, that well 'twould bear,
almost a Country Steeple.

Three children sliding thereabouts,
upon a place too thin,
That so at last it did fall out,
that they did all fall in.

A gallant that was standing near,
a willing wager makes,
But when he saw it would not bear,
he would have drawn his stakes.

He said 'twould bear a man to slide;
and laid a hundred pound:
The other said 'twould break, so it did,
for three children there were drown'd.

Of which ones head was from his Should---
ers stricken, whose name was John,
Who then cry'd out as loud as he could,
O Lon, O Lon, a London.

Oh, Tut, Tut, Turn from thy sinful race,
thus did his speech decay,
I wonder that in such a case,
he had no more to say.

And thus being drown'd, alack, alack,
the water run down their throats,
And stopt their breaths 3 hours by the clock,
before they could get any Boats.

Ye Parents all that children have,
and ye that have none yet,
Preserve your children from the grave,
and teach them at home to sit.

For had these at a Sermon been,
or else upon dry ground,
Why then I would have never been seen,
if that they had been drown'd.

Even as a Huntsman tyes his dogs,
for fear they should go fro him,
So tye your children with strict clogs,
unty um and you'l undo um.

Let Maids and Nurses lye in wait,
and watch them to a tittle,
Because your grief will be full great,
to have them dye so little.

A Story you have heard is call'd,
The Children in the Wood.
Although the Subject both are bad,
yet this may be as good.

And now for to conclude at last,
I wish all others may,
Be careful of their children dear,
for fear they go astray.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright,
and J. Clarke.

The Life and Death of George of OXFORD:

To a pleaſant New Tune, called, *Poor Georgy.*

AS I went over London Bridge
all in a miſty morning,
There did I ſee one weep and mourn,
lamenting for her Georgy,
His time it is paſt,
His life it will not laſt,
Alack and alas! there is no Remedy,
Which makes the heart within me
Ready to burſt in three
To think on the death of poor *Georgy*

George of Oxford is my name,
and few there's but have known me,
Many a mad prank have I plaid,
but now they've overthrown me.
My time it is paſt, &c.

Oh! then beſpake the Lady G[illegible]
i'le haſte me in the morning,
And to the Judge i'le make my way
to ſave the life of Georgy.
His time it is paſt,
His life elſe it may coſt,
Alack and alas! is there no remedy
It makes the heart within me
Ready to burſt in three
To think on the death of poor *Georg*

Go Saddle me my milk-white Ste
go Saddle me my bonny,
That I may to New-Caſtle ſpeed,
to ſave the life of Georgy.
His time it is paſt, &c.

But when she came the Judge before
full low her knee she bended,
For Georgy's life she did implore,
that she might be befriended.
His time may be past,
His life else it may cost,
Alack and alas! is there no Remedy?
It makes the heart within me
Ready to burst in three
To think on the death of poor *Georgy*.

Oh rise, oh rise, fair Lady Gray,
your suit cannot be granted,
Content your self, as well you may,
for Georgy must be hanged.
His time it is past &c.

She wept she waild she rung her hands
and ceased not her mourning;
She offer'd Gold she offer'd Lands,
to save the life of Georgy.
His time it is past, &c.

George's Confession.

I have travell'd through the Land,
and met with many a man, Sir;
But Knight or Lord I bid him stand
he durst not make an answer.
But my thread it is spun,
My glass is almost run,
Alack and alas! there is no remedy;
Which makes my heart within me
Ready to burst in three,
To die like a Dog, (says poor Georgy.)

The Britain bold that durst deny
his money for to tender,
Tho' he were stout as valiant Guy
I forc'd him to surrender.
But now my thread is spun, &c.

But when the money I had got,
and made him cry peccavi,
To bear his charge and pay his shot
a Mark or Noble gave I.
But my thread it is spun, &c.

The Ladies when they had me seen
would ne'r have been affrighted
To take a dance upon the Green
with Georgy they delighted.
But now my thread is spun, &c.

When I had ended this our wake,
and fairly them bespoken,
Their rings and jewells would I take
to keep them for a Token.
But now my thread is spun, &c.

The hue and cry for George is set,
a proper handsome fellow,
With Diamond-Eyes as black as jet,
and Locks like Gold so yellow.
His time it is past, &c.

Long it was with all their art,
e're they could apprehend him,
But at the last his valiant heart
no longer could defend him.
His time it was past, &c.

I ne'r stole Horse nor Mare in my life
nor Cloven-foot or any,
But once six of the Kings white steeds
and I sold them to Bohemia.
His time it was past, &c.

Georgy he went up the hill,
and after followed many,
Georgy was hanged in silken string,
the like was never any.
His time it was past,
His life will not last,
Alack and alas! there is no remedy, &c.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* in *West-Smithfield*.

The Life and Death of the Famous THOMAS STUKELY:

An English *Gallant in time of* Queen Elizabeth, *who ended his Life in a Battel of three Kings of* Barbary. *Tune is,* King *Henry*'s going to *Bulloign*, &c.

IN the West of England,
Borne there was I understand,
a famous Gallant [illegible] in his days,
By birth, a wealthy [illegible],
Deeds of wonders he [illegible]
to purchase him a long and lasting praise.

If I should tell his story,
Pride was all his glory,
and Lusty Stukely, he was call'd in Court;
He serv'd a Bishop in the West,
And did accompany the best,
maintaining of himself in gallant sort.

Being thus esteemed,
And every where well deemed,
he gain'd the favour of a London Dame,
Daughter to an Alderman,
Curtis she was called then,
to whom a suitor gallantly he came.

When she his person spyed,
He could not be denyed,
so brave a Gentleman he was to see;
She was quickly made his wife,
In weal or woe to lead her life,
her Father willing, thereto did agree.

Thus in Love and pleasure,
Full many days they measure,
till cruel Death with his regardless spight,
Bore old Curtis to the grave,
A thing that Stukely wisht to have,
that he might revel all in gold so bright.

He was no sooner tombed,
But Stukely he presumed
to spend a hundred pound a day in waste;
The greatest Gallants in the land,
Had Stukely's purse at their command,
thus merrily the time away he past.

Taverns and ordinaries,
Were his chiefest braveries,
golden angels there flew up and down;
Pots were his best delight,
With stately feasting day and night,
in Court and City thus he won renown.

Thus wasting lands and living,
By this lawless giving,
at length he sold the pavements of the yard,
Which cover'd were with blocks of tin,
Old Curtis left the same to him,
which he consumed lately as you've heard.

Whereat his wife ſore grieved,
Deſiring to be relieved,
'Make much of me dear Husband, ſhe did ſay.
'I'll make much more of thee (ſaid he)
'Then any one ſhall verily,
'I'll roll eſſo cloaths and ſo I'll go my way.

Cruelly thus hard hearted,
Away from her he parted,
and travell'd into Italy with ſpeed;
There he flouriſht many a day
In his ſilks and rich array,
and did the pleaſures of a Lady ſhed.

It was the Lady's pleaſure,
To give him goods and treaſure,
for to maintain him in great pomp and fame;
At laſt came news aſſuredly,
Of a fought battel in Barbary,
and he would valiantly go ſee the ſame.

Many a noble Gallant,
Sold both land and talent
to follow Stukely in his famous fight;
Whereto three Kings in perſon would
Adventurouſly with courage bold,
within this battel ſhew themſelves in fight.

Stukely, and his followers all
Of the King of Portugal,
had entertainment like to Gentlemen;
The King affeard Stukely ſo,
That he his ſecrets all did know,
and bore his royal ſtandard now and then.

Upon this day of honour,
Each man did ſhew his banner,
Morocco and the King of Barbary;
Portugal and all his train,
Bravely glittering on the plain,
and gave the onſet there moſt valiantly.

The cannons they rebounded,
Thundring guns reſounded,
Kill kill, then was all the ſouldiers cry;
Mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the earth was drown'd,
the ſun likewiſe was darkned in the ſky.

Heaven was ſo diſpleaſed,
And would not be appeaſed,
but tokens of God's heavy wrath did ſhow,
That he was angry at this war,
He ſent a fearful blazing-ſtar,
whereby the Kings might their misfortunes know.

Bloody was the ſlaughter,
Or rather wilful murder,
where ſixſcore thouſand fighting men were ſlain;
Three Kings within this battle dy'd,
With forty Dukes and Earls beſide,
the like will never more be fought again.

With woful arms infolding,
Stukely ſtood beholding
this bloody ſacrifice of ſouls that day;
He ſighing ſaid, 'O woful wight,
'Againſt my conſcience here do fight,
'and brought my ſoul were all unto decay.

Being thus moleſted,
And with grief oppreſſed,
thoſe brave Italians that did ſell their lands,
With Stukely for to travel forth,
And venture life for little worth,
upon him all did lay their murdering hands.

Unto death thus wounded,
His heart with ſorrow ſwounded,
and to them thus he made his heavy moan:
'Thus have I left my country dear,
'To be ſo vilely murthered here,
'e'en in this place whereas I am not known.

'My wife I have much wronged
'Of what to her belonged,
'I vainly ſpent in idle courſe of life;
'What I have had is paſt I ſee,
'And bringeth nought but grief to me,
'therefore grant me pardon gentle wife.

'Life I ſee conſumeth,
'And death I ſee preſumeth
'to change this life of mine into a new:
'yet this my greateſt comfort brings,
'I liv'd and dy'd in love of Kings;
'and ſo brave Stukely bids the world adieu.

Stukely's life thus ended,
Was after death befriended,
and like a ſouldier buryed gallantly;
Where now there ſtands upon the grave,
A ſtately temple builded brave,
with golden turrets piercing to the ſky.

Printed for *A. M. W. O.* and *T. Thackeray*, at the Angel in *Duck-lane*.

The VVestminster Frolick:

Or, The Cuckold of his own procuring.

Being a true Relation of a Vintener, who for a considerable quantity of Guinnies undertook to perswade his Servant Maid to prostitute her self to a young Spark, pretending to her that it was no other but himself; whereupon she seemingly complying, discovered it to her Mistriss, who supplying her place, grafted her Husbands Head.

Thus may we see how scurvy ill-Star'd fate | *Their own misfortunes, yet for to be bold*
Does cross some men, nay how they do create | *The Vintener got his Horns well tipt with* (*Gold.*

Tune of, Hey boys up go we.

I'le tell strange News to you tell,
the like you ne'r did hear;
A Vintener at Westminster
(he is well known among)
[illegible] Maid did keep,
[illegible] so true.
For by outlandish head that [illegible]
this story it is true.

This beautious maid inflam'd a Spark
both comely, rich, and gay,
Who her in vain solicited
with hopes to go all day,
And offer'd her great store of Gold
but all that would not do,
She would not yield to Lawless Love;
this story it is true.

Which he perceiving, was the more
desirous of his will;
And many wayes he cast about
his purpose to fulfill:
At length he thought her Master might
oblige her to comply.
Thus by't he did [illegible]
this story it is true.

To him he then reveal'd his mind
with promises of Wealth;
If that he could his Maid perswade
to yield him love by stealth.
After some pause and Gold in hand
he undertook to do
The thing that after Horn'd his pate;
the story it is true.

en kindly to his Maid he spoke,
d often on her smil'd,
at she the better by such means
ight quickly be beguil'd;
atching his time he undertakes
en for himself to woe,
which design he Horn'd his pate:
is story it is true.

first she mighty strange did seem,
s coy as coy could be;
t after many tempting words
e seemed to agree;
t what he did it was resolv'd
darkness he should do;
d there alas he Horned was:
he story it is true.

. whilst he to the Gallant went
s tell him how he sped,
he Crafty Lass her Mistris told
what proffers he had made;
Who highly did commend her wit,
nd undertook to do
he thing which horn'd her husbands head
he story it is true.

he Room appointed private was,
nd made exceeding dark,
When at the hour appointed came
he over-joyful Spark
is long-wisht joys for to possess,
and pleasure to pursue;
But by mistake the Vintner Horn'd;
he story it is true.

for why? The Mistris was conveyed
upon the bed there plac'd;
nd feigned the Virgins voice so well,
that kindly he embrac'd
his supposed lovely Charmer fast,
and sport did oft renew,
e basely Horned the Vinteners head,
the story it is true.

Whilst in one corner of the Room
the Virgin she did stand
And heard what past, the Vintner eke
was ready there at hand
To keep the door but little thought
what after he did rue;
Which was the Horning of his pate:
the story it is true.

For why? with oft embraces tired,
at last they taking rest,
The Lady who had sported long
her self in words express:
I plainly see, said she aloud,
you if you list can do
The feats of love, though not with me:
the story it is true.

I find you can, ungrateful man,
see how you are deceiv'd:
you thought your Maid was in your arms
when you so closely cleav'd,
But you'r mistaken it is plain;
at this the Gallant knew
That he the Vintner Horned had:
the story it is true.

When between pleased and vexed he called
him straitway in to see
How he had finely sold himself
in such a high degree;
At which Horn-mad he curst and swore
and much distracted grew,
Because he by mistake was born'd
the story it is true.

But seeing that his Horns were tipt
he rested satisfied,
And pocketed them instantly
his infamy to hide:
And vowed he'd never more procure,
what ever he did do,
Since by his own procurement Horns
upon his Forehead grew.

Printed for T. Wright T. Clark W. Thackery & T. Passenger

The London Damſels fate

by unjuſt Tyrany: Or, the Raſh Lover.

Being a Relation of a handſome maid that was lately through the Tyranny of her Parents, forced from her deareſt, to one whom ſhe hated, her Love for ſorrow dyes, ſhe being diſtracted through grief and envy, firſt drinks poyſon, and then ſtabs her ſelf, anddyed in great Deſolation.

Tune of Troy Town,

ALl you that unto marriage tend,
and give your hearts unto the fate,
As maidens hearts that way do bend,
liſten to what I ſhall relate;
Where unjuſt choice through Tyrany,
did bring this maid to miſery.

She lov'd a youngman paſſing well,
whoſe youth and fortune did advance
Both Spain and Holland as men tell,
and eke the glorious Court of France;
But as her Love ſhe oft applyed,
her Parents croſsneſs ſtill deny'd.

yet ſhe inſiſted in her Love,
and to her deareſt gave her Heart,
Protefting ſtill that death ſhould prove
her mortal ſoul e're ſhe would part:
Never did Turtles more inveſt
a conſtancy in each ones breaſt.

She often clasp't about his Neck
her Chriſtal Arms, as Lovers do,
But little thought thoſe ſigns a check
to bring her kindneſs unto woe:
Till pevish Parents by their will
thoſe tender hopes of joy did kill.

Yet Lover us'd to make great moan,
saying, if she were ever fled,
His would then be left alone,
and in short space of time be dead:
That such departing once away
would quickly bring his fatal day.

No sooner had these Lovers gave
each others hands and hearts also,
But her cross mother brings a slave,
whom she would have her married to,
Crossing her love to please her will,
because she would her mind fulfill.

Her Parents still made no delay
to hasten her unto their choice,
But what she proffer'd they cryed nay,
and made it go by th' major voice:
Forcing her to be made a wife
to whom she ne'r lov'd in her life.

Alas she cry'd her heart she had given
unto her dearest love and joy,
Wishing a thousand times to Heaven
and Mother, that they'd not destroy
So dear a heart and force her mind
to whom she ne'r could passion find.

Those sighs and tears could not prevaile
against her stubborn Parents heart,
The more she beg'd the more they rail'd
saying, she and her love must part,
And under duty fix her mind
unto the match they had design'd.

She now being banisht from her Love,
and wedding day now drawing on,
She must be forc'd her will to move
on whom she ne'r could look upon,
Abjuring oft his very sight,
& wish't Heaven would obscure the light

For all these tears her friends increas'd
in Tyranny still more and more,
So that the Parson never ceas'd
till he had read the Wedlock o're.
Yet she did speechless still remain,
whilst tears & sighs dropt down amain

Then coming home with hand and Eyes
erected up to Heaven, she prays,
(With Penetrable sighs and cries)
some slander by to end her days?
Wishing to Heaven that it wou'd
let the Earth sink whereon she stood.

In the mean time her only dear
whose Parents Tyrany did part,
These tydings which came to his ear,
within short space did break his heart:
Which then did so enrage her grief,
she gave the world o're for relief.

Now therefore falling in a trance,
like one distracted or possest,
Fancying the Furies turn'd her dance,
her wandring mind could take no rest:
Which then did so enrage her fate,
her friends then griev'd, but 'twas too late.

Thus poor distracted woman she
for some few dayes in torture groan,
Her thoughts increase her misery,
and Parents then too late bemoan.
Then sitting on her mournfull bed.
with poyson in glass these words she said

Love, though thou art gone I am thy wife.
and this same health I drink for thee,
Thou that art dearer then my life,
why should we longer absent be?
Come gentle glass one kiss of thine
shall send me to my love divine.

Then lifting up her steady hand
as if of her death were afraid,
From which with Dagger at command
with sighs & groans these words she said
Since unto him my heart I owe,
I'le pay my debts the world shall know

Thus in a trice her life was gone,
and blood which for her Love was fled,
Now Parents will might sigh and groan
for now alas they found her dead,
They grieve and curse their fatal breath,
as Accessaries of her death.

Lament and grieve they might in vain,
and to the stones declare their grief,
None sought to remedy their pain,
nor to their sorrows give relief:
That had thus through their Tyrany
brought their own Child to misery.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in West smithfield.

The London Lasses Hue-and-Cry

After Her

Dearly Beloved Robin,

Whom she unluckily lost last *Saturday* Night.

To the Tune of the *Rant*.

Licensed according to Order.

GOod People pray give your Attention,
Unto this my new Hue-and-cry,
'Tis after my Love, and I'll mention
his Form, and Apparrel, for why,

Without him I can't be contented,
he is the Sole-joy of my life,
For him I have wept, and lamented,
I fear I shall ne'er be a Wife.

He is my joy, love and honey,
I lost him last Saturday night,
I'd give twenty Shillings in Money
to those that bring him to light.

He has I must tell ye, two Faces,
his head it stands quite all awry,
He Amb'es and both all his Paces,
likewise he is seven hands high.

YOu'll say that there is not a sweeter
young man in the Kingdom than he,
I now will describe e'ry Feature,
if that you will listen to me.

His Skin is as fair as tann'd Leather,
likewise his sweet Face to adorn,
His Nose and his Hat meets together
turn'd up like a Bow-gelders-horn.

His Teeth they are black, green and yellow,
those changeable Colours are fine,
And like to the fair Crimson Tallow,
his Cheeks too with Beauty does shine.

His pretty sweet Mouth I admire,
which smells like a Tankard of Purl,
The hair of his Head like soft Wire,
you'll find them of Faggot-stick Curl,

His pretty sweet Eyes like two Sawcers,
has wounded my heart now I see,
His Ears they stand out like two Sawcers,
a pretty sweet Creature is he.

Now having described his Beauty,
his Body must no ways escape,
For here I account it my Duty,
to tell ye his delicate shape.

I think in the waste he is smaller
than the largest size of a Drum,
Besides I am sure he is taller
by the head, than honest Tom Thumb.

O he's a most delicate Squire,
his Hips they to stand out behind
As broad as a Bushel and bigger,
would I this sweet Creature could find.

Some Villains his death has contracted,
or he'd not have left me I'm sure,
I shall go quite mad and distracted,
this loss I can never endure.

Look after my lost Friends and mind him.
His Age is about twenty five,
A Guinny I'll give those that find him,
and bring him now dead or alive.

Perhaps they have prest my sweet Jewel,
to give him an Officers place,
But sure they wou'd ne'er be so cruel,
to take such a pretty sweet Face.

Good People with pity be fill'd so,
and Search him all with one accord,
When come to the sign of the Pillow,
and there you shall have your Reward.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

The Longing Virgins Choice:

OR,

The Scotch Lasses Delight.

Virgins all you that Coyness still perswades,
Though 'gainst your wills you still continue Maids;
Blush not at this, for though the Las is kind,
She's not to blame your all so in your mind:
And fain would have the thing you dare not name,
Sighing for that which she does boldy claim:
Young-men are kind, and would not see you want,
If you but ask, what you desire they'l grant:
Then let not Blushes o're your pleasures swell,
'Tis sure but scurvy leading Apes in Hell.

To a Modish new Scoth Tune, Sung at the Dukes Playhouse.

BOnny Las, gin thou art mine,
and with twenty thousand pound about
I'de scorn thy gudes for thee my queen, (thee
To lig the down on any Green,
To shew the how thy Daddy got thee.

Bonny Lad gin thou art mine,
and thousand Land about thee:
I'de leave them awe to kiss thy Kneen,
And gang with thee to any Green.
To shew the how thy Daddy got thee.

A march, gude faith, with thee i'le gang,
with thy my joy i'le wou'd my lot be;
To Kiss and Clip thee I do long,
yet bonny Las i'le do no wyong,
But shew thee how thy Daddy got thee.

Thy Ruby Lips with joy i'le Kiss,
and on the Primrose-bank i'le put thee:
And there we'l take our fills of Bliss,
We'l both play fair and never miss,
Whilst thou know'st how thy Daddy got thee.

UNder the greeneſt Willow ſhade,
to live and love each e'ne our lot be,
Where pitty Birds in Notes do ſpread,
And that thou art no more a Maid,
whilſt I ſhew how thy Daddy got thee.

Whelſt thus we paſs the time away,
and in my arms I mean to put thee:
Renewing pleaſures with the day,
I'le reſpite take' and then i'le play,
And ſhew thee how the Daddy got thee.

Under the Willow ſhades, quo I,
what mean you in this place without me:
Odſ Bares, quo ſhe, I tell no ley,
I hither come with thee to try,
and ſhew me how my Daddy got me.

Don't leave me yet, methinks 'tis Spring
the Roſe and Lillies bloom about me:
And little Birds do joyous ſing,
In ſtreames of pleaſure ſure I ſwim,
whilſt I learn how my Daddy got me.

Come ginn me then, my bonny Lad,
thou'ſt ſhall have all that I can let thee:
Con e give me then what's to be had,
Tickle my Pulſe and make me glad,
and ſhew me how my Daddy got me.

Enough my Lads, this time we's part,
gang here to morrow i'le allot the;
Oh! 'tis too long, thou'lt break my heart,
Leſs you a ſhorter time impart,
to ſhew again how Daddy got me.

I lig'd me down then by her ſide,
and muckly there I laid about me:
To get a Bantling I apply'd,
I ſpear'd her leave, but ſhe deny'd,
ſaid I'le ſhew how Daddy got me.

Then by this Kiſs and Violets blew,
when the Moon ſhines I will wait thee:
And ſo i'le bid thee now adieu,
My bonny Lad be ſure ye do,
and ſhew me how my Daddy got me.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball, in Pye Corner.

A Looking-Glaſs for a Chriſtian Family;

Or, A Warning for all People to Serve God.

Good people, in this Glaſs you may behold the joy and Comfort the Godly are in, the wicked being accurſed for evermore: Likewiſe the great cauſe the Lord ſends ſuch ſore Judgements among us for our Sins and Wickedneſs, and worſer he will ſend if we repent not in time.

The Tune is, *Aim not too High.*

My Gold is my God.

ALL you that fear the Lord that rules the ſky
And fear his holy Name that ſits on high:
Do but obſerve theſe Lines which I have pen'd;
I hope 'twill be a means your Lives to amend.

You ſee that Charity is fled and gone,
And Love and Unity is left alone:
Where as plain-dealing us'd to bear the ſway,
Deceit and Cozening it hath got the day.

Oh is it not a grievous ſight to ſee,
The Son againſt the Father for to be:
The Daughter curſe and ban her Mother dear,
To bring her up ſhe always took great care.

This is the cauſe this Land is puniſht ſore,
And ſtill I doubt it will be more and more:
The Lord his Judgements he doth on us ſend,
Becauſe we don't our wicked lives amend.

Do you not ſee in Town and City too,
How men and womens hearts are full of woe,
Sore ſick dear Friends, O this is all their cry,
Praying to God to eaſe their miſery.

The burning Fever, and pain i'th head is theirs,
And griping in the Belly's all their grief:
No eaſment can be had for it, nor cure,
But ſtill poor ſouls the ſame they muſt endure.

Therefore good people all both night and day,
Unto the Lord on our knees let us pray:
That he would be pleas'd to eaſe their pain,
And grant them to their former health again.

O England, England, whither wilt thou hie,
Thy Sins to God for vengeance they do cry
Thy Pride and Whoredom thou ſeek'ſt to maintain
And the true Word of God doſt ſtill refrain.

Oh ally Soul, where will thy Pride become?
When as grim Death appears to ſtrike thee home?
Then thy Rich Jewels and thy brave attire,
Will be but Fuel for Eternal Fire.

then thou wilt curſe the Pride that did thee wrong
And wiſh thou'ſt dyed when thou haſt been young:
But all's too late, and vain be ſure 'twill be,
To call for help to eaſe thy miſery.

When thou doſt on thy bed of languiſh lye,
Againſt thee then thy conſcience it will cry:
And witneſs all the Sins thou haſt commit,
Make thee apear for Heaven much unfit.

Then from thy Gold and Silver thou muſt part,
Though thou doſt leave it with a heavy heart:
But when death comes thou muſt not put him by,
Nothing ſo ſure that one day thou muſt dye.

Children ſee you your Parents do obey,
So Heaven will protect you night and day:
Servants be juſt to thoſe your Maſters be,
Then God will ſurely bleſs you ye ſhall ſee.

It grieves my very heart and ſoul to ſee,
How young Children to curſing given be:
Thoſe that can ſcarcely yet ſpeak one word plain,
Yet they can take the Name of God in vain.

But all you that are Mothers meek and Mild,
Do not you ſpare the Rod to ſpill the Child:
Apply the Twigs before they ſtubborn ſtand,
Leſt at laſt you cannot bend them with your hand.

Uphold not Children Neighbours for to wrong,
But look unto their ways in hand and tongue:
Let him be firſt a Lyer, he'l turn Theif,
Then thou'lt repent, when there is no relief.

Then ſilly Soul why wilt not thou amend,
Knowing that all things once will have an end:
All worldly pleaſures are but vanity,
None knows but that to morrow we muſt dye.

The Glutton ſhall with hunger pine away,
Drunkards the more they thirſt the more they may:
Swearers, and thoſe that do delight therein,
Be ſure in Heaven ſhall never favour win.

The Uſurer and thoſe that grind the poor
Are like to have a judgement very ſore:
He that doth ſeek the Widdows overthrow,
Will one day repent that e'er he did ſo.

But he that relieves the Widdow and Fatherleſs,
At the years end will never have the leſs:
What thou doſt give unto the Blind or Lame,
The Lord he will reſtore to thee again.

Suppoſe that thou had thouſands lying by,
And thou waſt ſick and full of miſery:
Would'ſt thou not give it all ſome eaſe to have?
But mind, O man, 'tan't Gold thy life can ſave.

And ſome ſo proud and lofty they are grown,
That a poor man in heart they ſcorn to own:
Becauſe their Riches that will fade away,
And both their Beds muſts be a clod of Clay.

Theſe things my Friends ſee that you do obſerve,
And from the word of God be ſure don't ſwerve:
For fear you ſhould repent when 'tis too late,
When you ſhall ask God mercy at his gate.

Thus Chriſtian friends you hear in every thing,
The difference between a wicked and good thing:
He that fears the Lord a bleſſed man is he,
But for the Wicked Damned ſhall he be.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Paſſenger.

A Looking-Glaſs for a Bad Husband: *Or,*

A Caveat for a Spend-thrift.

You that are guilty of that ſinful Crime
Of Drunkenneſs, ſtrive for to leave it off in time:
Lay up your Money, do not it vainly ſpend;
For in your greateſt need, it will be your beſt Friend.
Endeavour in your Youth, leſt in old Age you want;
For when that Poverty doth come, Friends will be ſcant.

To the Tune of, *The Poor Man's Comfort:* Or, *Digby.* By *T. L.*

YOu that are bad Husbands
I pray you draw near,
Good Counſel here's for you,
if you will give ear:
Then obſerve it rightly,
and bear it in mind,
A great deal of Benefit
in it you'l find.
Here you may learn how
to live gallant and brave,
If you will endeavour
for to get and ſave.
Then take care how in idle
your mony you ſpend,
For in time of need
it will be your beſt Friend.

You ſee that the times
are very hard grown,
Trading it is dead both
in Country and Town:
If a Man he han't where withal
him to maintain,
To make his complaint
it is all but in vain.
For money is ſcarce,
and Charity's cold:
Then ſave ſomething in youth
againſt you are old.
Then take care, &c.

Now you that intend
good Husbands to be,
Obſerve well this Rule
in every degree:
If you do get money
don't ſpend it in waſt,
For when it is gone,
you will want it at laſt.
To be careful and ſaving,
you muſt alwayes ſtrive,
O that is the right ready
way for to thrive.
Then take care how in waſt
thou doſt thy money ſpend,
For in time of need
it will be thy beſt Friend.

First at thy impl
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To get Food for th
and Cloaths for
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But keep it and ſa
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Take care and ref
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For that is the hig
unto Poverty.
Then take care how
thou doſt thy mon
For in time of need
it will be thy beſt

Refrain from the A
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To be thrifty and
let thy mind be
But if thou doſt ch
with a Friend fo
With a Flaggon
thou then maiſt
And when thou haſt
then to work aga
Some thing haſt
though it be but
Then take, &c.

If that thou art bl
with a good care
Be loving unto her
all dayes of thy
If ſhe gives thee g
do not it refrain
Thou't find at the
it will be for thy
Shun the company

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art bleſt
d careful Wife,
nto her
f thy Life.
thẽ good counſel,
efrain,
at the laſt
foꝛ thy gain.
mpany of Harlots,

foꝛ they'l thẽ betray,
And bꝛing both thy Body
and Soul to decay.
Then take &c.

Alſo unto Gameing
do not thy ſelf uſe,
To hazard thy money,
in danger to loſe.
Foꝛ many by gaming
confounds their Eſtate,
And then they repent it,
when it is too late.
Such idle courſe beſure
alwayes deſye,
Endeavour foꝛ to follow
good Husbandꝛy.
Then take &c.

But ſome there be that
will at an Ale-houſe ſit,
And waſte away credit,
both money and wit:
Until they have ſpent all,
they will nere quiet reſt,
But makes themſelves
woꝛſer then is any Beaſt.
So they can have their
full of ſtrong dꝛink, they don't care
Tho the belly and back
do go empty and bare.
Then take &c.

I heard of a Pꝛodigal
ſwaggering young Heir,
Who ſpent ſix hundꝛed pound
in leſs than two year:
He capoꝛ'd and vapoꝛ'd,
and took his delight;

He ranted in Taverns
both day and night:
But when all his Gold
it was waſted and gone,
O then he was ſlighted
by every one.
Then take &c.

And thus you may ſee
that bad Husbandꝛy
Will bꝛing a Man at laſt
unto beggaꝛy.
Foꝛ thoſe that are Spend-thrifts,
alwayes thred-bare be,
With their cloaths all toꝛn,
a ſad ſight foꝛ to ſee:
But thoſe that are careful
their mony to ſave,
They doth maintain their
Family gallant and bꝛave.
Then take &c.

To conclude, I adviſe
all good Fellows that are
In time, of the main chance
foꝛ to have a care.
Take hæd, and be ſaving
of that which thou haſt,
It is not good in plenty
foꝛ to make waſte.
Remember this Pꝛoverb,
and bear it in mind,
When Poverty comes,
Friendſhip is hard to find.
Then take care how in waſt
thou doſt thy money ſpend,
For in time of need
it will bꝛ thy beſt Friend.

FINIS.

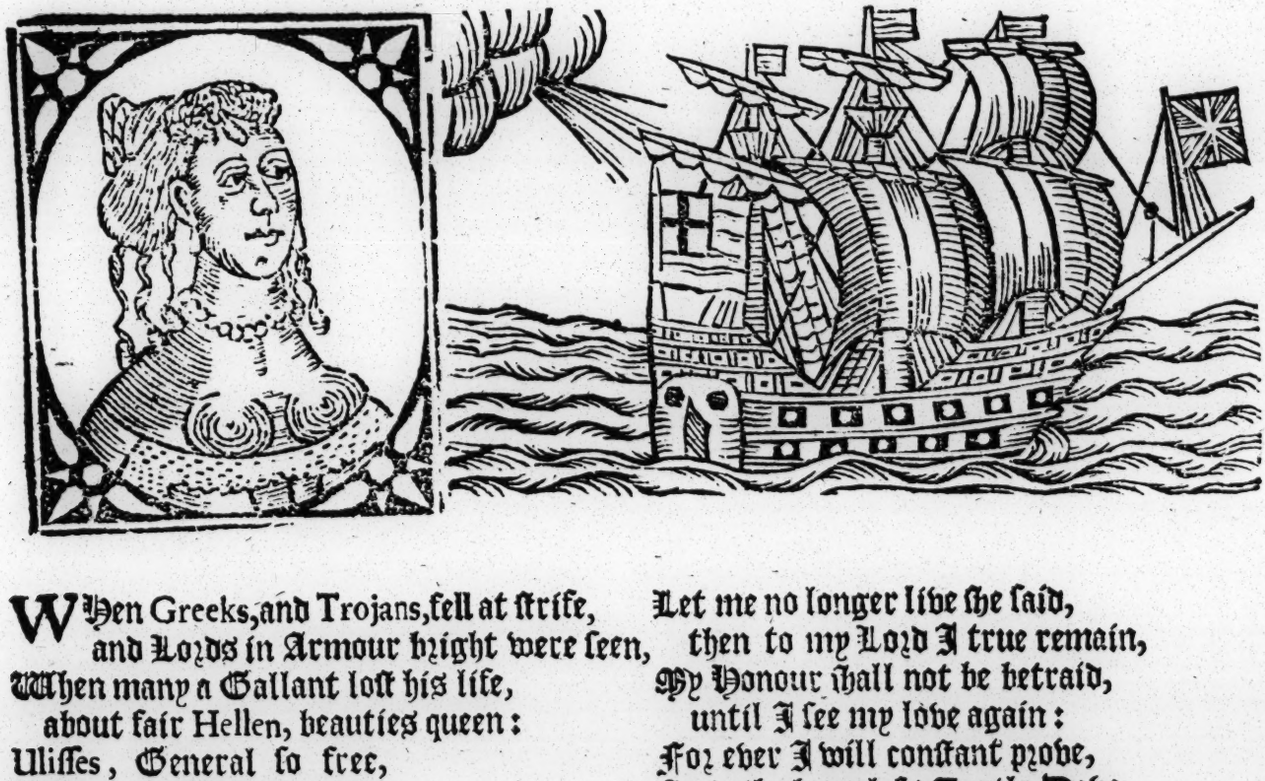
London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Paſſenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

A Looking-Glaſs for Ladies;
OR,
A mirrour for married-women.

Lively ſetting forth the rare Conſtancy, Chaſtity, Patience, and purity of *Penelope* the Wife of *Ulisſes*, one of the *Grecian* Generals, who during the Ten Years abſence of her Husband at the ſiege of *Troy*, was ſolicited, and importun'd, by numbers of Emminent Suitors; who attempted her chaſtity, and endeavoured to violate her Honour, but never could prevail. She addicted her ſelf wholly to Charity, and good Houſewifery, until her Husbands return. Which may ſerve as a Pattern for all Ladies, Gentlewomen, and others to Imitate her vertuous Example.

With Allowance.

Tune of, *Queen Dido*: or, *Troy Town*.



WHen Greeks, and Trojans, fell at ſtrife,
and Lords in Armour bright were ſeen,
When many a Gallant loſt his life,
about fair Hellen, beauties queen:
Ulisſes, General ſo free,
Did leave his dear Penelope.

When ſhe this woful news did hear,
that he would to the Warrs of Troy,
For grief ſhe ſhed full many a tear,
at parting from her onely joy;
Her Ladies all about her came,
To comfort up this Grecian Dame.

Ulisſes with a heavy heart,
unto her then did mildly ſay,
The time is come that we muſt part,
my honour calls me hence away;
Yet in my abſence dearest be,
My conſtant Wife Penelope.

Let me no longer live ſhe ſaid,
then to my Lord I true remain,
My Honour ſhall not be betraid,
until I ſee my love again:
For ever I will conſtant prove,
As is the harmleſs Turtle-Dove.

Thus did they part with heavy cheer,
And to the Ships his way he took;
Her tender eyes dropt many a tear,
ſtill caſting many a longing look:
She ſaw him on the Surges glide,
And unto Neptune thus ſhe cry'd.

Thou God, whoſe power is in the Deep,
and ruleſt in the Ocean Main;
My loving Lord in ſafety keep,
till he return to me again:
That I his perſon may behold,
Which I eſteem far more then Gold.

Hen ſtraight the ſhips with nimble ſayls,
were all conbey'd out of her ſight,
cruel fate ſhe then bewails,
nce ſhe had loſt her hearts delight:
w ſhall my practice be, quoth ſhe,
e vertue and humility.
patience I will put in ure,
nd charity I will extend,
ce for my woe, there is no cure,
e helpleſs now I will befriend:
e Widdow and the Fatherleſs,
ill relieve, when in diſtreſs.
us ſhe continued year by year,
n doing good to every one;
e fame was noiſed every where,
o young and old the ſame was known:
company that ſhe would mind,
ho were to vanity inclin'd.
an while Uliſſes fought for Fame,
Mongſt Trojans hazarding his Life,
ung Gallants hearing of her Name,
came flocking for to tempt his Wife:
r ſhe was lovely, young, and fair,
o Lady might with her compare.
ith coſtly gifts, and Jewels fine,
they did endeavour her to win,
lith Banquets, and the choiceſt Wine,
for to allure her unto Sin:
oſt perſons were of high degree,
ho courted fair Penelope.
lith modeſty and comely grace,
their Wanton Suits ſhe did deny;
o tempting charms could ere deface
her deareſt Husbands memory;
ut conſtant ſhe did ſtill remain,
oping to ſee him once again.

Her Book her daily practice was,
and that ſhe often did peruſe,
She ſeldom looked in her glaſs,
Powder, and Paint, ſhe did not uſe;
I wiſh all Ladies were as free
From Pride, as was Penelope.
She in her Needle took delight,
and likewiſe in her Spinning-wheel,
Her Maids about her, all, ſhe taught,
to uſe the Diſtaff, and the Reel:
The Spiders that on Rafters Twine,
Scarce Spins a thread more pure and fine.
Sometimes ſhe would bewail the loſs
and abſence of her deareſt love;
Sometimes ſhe thought the Seas to croſs,
her fortune on the Waves to prove:
I fear my Lord is ſlain, quoth ſhe,
He ſtays ſo from Penelope.
At length the Ten years Siege of Troy
did end, the flames the City burn'd,
Which to the Grecians was great joy,
to ſee the Towers to aſhes turn'd;
Then came Uliſſes home to ſee
His conſtant Dear, Penelope.
Then blame her not if ſhe was glad,
when ſhe her Lord again had ſeen:
O welcome home, my dear, ſhe ſaid,
a long time abſent you have been:
The wars ſhall never me deprive,
Of thee again whilſt I'me alive.
Young Ladies may example take,
and by this Leſſon they may learn,
And keep this pattern for her ſake,
'twixt vice and virtue to diſcern:
And let all women ſtrive to be,
As conſtant as Penelope.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright,* and *J. Clarke.*

A *Lookingglaſs for a covetous Miſer*:

OR,

Comfort to a Contented minde.

Being a ſerious diſcourſe between a Rich Miſer in the Weſt Country, and a poor Husband-man, as they accidentally met upon the way: Their diſpute being ſo tedious, and of ſo great concernment, A neighbour of theirs hearing them, took pains to write down the ſubject of their diſcourſe, after he had heard what had befallen to the Rich-man; He ſent a Letter to a friend of his in *London*, and deſired that he would get it Printed for an example to all unthankful men.

to the tune of, *the Fair Angel of England*; or, *the Tyrant*

COme liſten kind neighbours with heart and good will,
I promiſe you truely I think no man ill,
I'le onely inform you what news I do hear,
By Letters at London out of Devonſhire.
There was a rich miſer that hoarded up grain.
Likewiſe a poor Husbandman honeſt and plain
The miſer with ſorrow did look pail and wan,
And thus to diſputing this Couple began.

The Miſer.

WEll met honeſt neighbor the Miſer did ſay,
What is the beſt News at the Market to day;
How did they ſell Barley, their Wheat, & their Rye:
Declare the truth to me without any lye:
For I was ſore troubled laſt night in my ſleep,
With dreaming of matters which made me to weep,
I thought my whole Barn full of Barley and Wheat
The Rats, Mice, and Vermine, did ſeem for to eat.

Husband-man.

heat gave three shillings a strike I protest,
I'le assure you it was of the best;
Rye i'th market gave not half a crown,
ade some rich Misers to fret and to frown,
groats and two pence good Barley was sold;
the plain truth out a man may be bold,
e be contented good neighbour with me,
od and be thankful such plenty to see.

Miser.

me to thing what a Trade we shall drive,
ds and our livings will not make us thrive,
on of this now I will tell you plan
of the cheapnesse of all kinde of Grain.
ll sell Barley two thillings a strike,
resolved to throw plough i'th dike;
hold so cheap as it plainly appears,
undone within two or three years.

Husband-man.

ovetous wiser didst thou ever hear,
er undone in a plentiful year,
w how I lived and paid a great Rent,
rley for fifteen and yet was concent,
ful reasons Gods mercy is shown,
s the poor Ploughman two Bushels for one,
t store of Cattel with fodder and stuffe
s contented hath treasure enough.

Miser.

les me sadly this Tale should be told,
en lying by me that's full three years old.
ce bade five thillings a strike for't I think,
I'me perswaded that Barley doth stink
l thrash no more then our family spends,
hat next year it will make us amends
holds so Cheap as it plainly appears,
no more Corn yet this two or three years.

Husband-man.

h-man i,th Gospel spake thus, like a childe.
l down his Barnes that he larger might build
y he might sollace himself with deligh,
his Soul was required of him that same night

But I am contented I promise you true,
When corn will but last until God sendeth new;
Though misers do murmur thier grain they can't raise
Let poor men be thankful and give God the praise.

miser.

Example by Joseph in Egypt, wh have,
That in time of plenty men may their Corn save.
For fear leaft a Famine should be in the Land,
That we may have store-houses then at command
To furnish such people as then comes to buy,
You know that no wise man such things will deny,
If corn hold so cheap as it plainly appears,
I shall be undone within two or three years.

Husband-man.

You know that wise Salomon this doth rehearse,
that man that keeps back his corn, people will curse,
But he that with chearfulnesse selleth his grain
A blessing upon him will surely remain:
But some men to covetousnes are inclin'd,
E're they d bate a farthing they d see poor men pyn'd,
though misers do murmur their grain they can't raise,
Let poor men be thankful and give God the praise.

But mark what befel to this covetous Woam,
His house it was robbed before he got home,
His chests were broke open, his servants were bound
He lost in one hour two hundred pound,
This sure was a Judgement his neighbors did guess
Because he these words did so often expresse
If Grain hold so cheap as it plainly aprears
He should be undone within two or three years.

Concluding my story mark well what I say,
The poor of this Nation are bound for to pray.
That God would be pleased to help them at need.
That they may have bread their poor Children to feed
For Charity's cold enough as 'tis well known,
Good house-keeping likewise is now baad grown,
Take this admonition from me as a friend,
Praise God and be thankful that plenty doth send.

FINIS. T. J.

London, Printed, for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passinger* and *W. Whitwood*.

LOVE in a Bush:

OR,

The two Loyal Lovers Joy compleated.

She seem'd to slight her Hearts delight,
which caus'd him to complain:
But when she see his Loyalty,
she made him glad again.

Tune of, Oh so ungrateful a Creature. This may be printed. R. P.

ONe Evening in Summer season,
when each Lad walks with his Lass,
In the cool shades which are pleasing,
as by a Grove I did pass,
My wandring fancy contenting,
musing my self all alone,
I heard a young man lamenting,
making this sorrowful moan.

O cruel Maid! thus to slight me
whom you once loved so dear;
There is nothing can delight me,
since my fate is so severe,
Just in the height of my Blessing
to turn my pleasure to pain;
And when I should be possessing,
to vex me with her disdain.

You little Birds that flock hither,
and in this Grove do abide,
Witness how oft she vow'd never
nothing our Hearts should divide:
Yet now her love it is ended,
and I the cause cannot tell;
If I have ever offended,
it was in loving too well.

When I, with sorrow surrounded,
move her to pitty my pain,
The more I sue I am wounded
with the Darts of her disdain:
If that the love of another
makes her deny me relief,
Yet I for ever will love her,
though she's the cause of my grief.

O ye kind powers befriend me,
and in her Breast pitty move,
That she some comfort may send me,
since I so constant do prove:
Though she give me a denial,
thus by her unconstancy,
yet I will ever be loyal,
and her true Lover will dye.

When he had ended this Ditty,
he was about to depart;
Then a young Damosel most pretty
out of a Bush there did start:
Who to the young-man then going,
Let not sad Grief thée annoy:
Thus she said while Tears was flowing
with the Excess of her joy.

Dearest, since I unperceived
heard you your passion express,
And thereby my doubts relieved,
now I the truth will confess:
To try your Love I deny'd you,
which since I find to be true;
I will love no one beside you,
therefore bid Sorrow adieu.

Though I did seem so ungrateful
as your true Love do disdain,
yet in my heart I was faithful,
and so I still will remain:
Happy is she, my dear jewel,
that such a Lover can find;
Ah! who cou'd ever be cruel
to one so constant and kind.

All the sad grief you indured
was for my sake I do know;
Therefore you may be assured
that I my heart will bestow
On thæ without a denial;
witness ye Powers above,
That I will ever be loyal
and true to thæ my dear Love.

Thus with sweet kisses expressing
unto the young-man her mind,
Who wrapt with joy such a Blessing
so unexpected to find,
Gave her a thousand sweet Kisses,
both their joys then was compleat.
There is no Maiden but wishes
such a true Lover to meet.

Printed for James Bissel at the Bible and Harp in West Smithfield.

Love in a Miſt ;

A loving Couple once together met,
And changing words, a Paſſion did beget :
A Miſt before my eyes I have, quoth ſhe,
What doſt thou mean, my Boy, to do with me:
To the Tune of, *Hey boys up go we.*

A Thumping luſty Country Lad,
was tripping o're the Plain,
And meeting with a handſome Maid,
ſome talk did entertain :
Quoth he, thou art exceeding fair,
thou doſt my heart ſurpize,
Quoth ſhe, I prithee have a care,
There's a miſt before mine eyes.

Now is my heart thine own, quoth he,
ſo beautiful thou art,
That I muſt needs thy Captive be,
I feel ſuch deadly ſmart:
Quoth ſhe, if thou but Loyal prove,
i'le not thy love deſpiſe,
For I am almoſt fall'n in love,
With a miſt before mine eyes.

Said he, my love it is intire,
I love thee as my life,
If thou wilt grant me my deſire,
then thou ſhalt be my wife:
Imbracing her, he laid her down,
and juſt as down ſhe lies,
I pray thee now my fancy Crown,
Though a miſt's before mine eyes.

TO work they went immediately,
he touch'd her to the quick,
And so did please her Fantasie,
with this same pitty trick:
Quoth she, that Maid is surely mad,
that this same sport denies,
When she meets with a lusty Lad,
Though a mist's before her eyes.

Thus kissing and imbracing too,
upon the Green they lay,
She cry'd, I have not yet my due,
come let us longer play:
This is the pittiest kind of Trade,
that Love did e're devise,
Sure it is Cupid that hath made,
This mist before mine eyes.

A gentle fire within my breast,
methinks I now do feel,
The pleasure cannot be exprest,
no tongue can it reveal:
But if I were a Maid again,
I should my self despise,
'Tis pitty sport I tell you plain,
Though a mist's before mine eyes.

My Mother she was much too blame,
to me so much perswade,
Never to mind this pleasant Game,
but still to live a Maid:
For when she tells me so again,
her Counsel i'le despise,
I cannot see i'le tell her plain,
There's a mist before mine eyes.

Come let us try the tother touch,
for I have not enough,
She that doth at this pastime grutch,
doth sure mistake the stuff:
And as he entred then the Fort,
'tis mighty sweet, she crys,
Oh who would think this pitty sport
Casts mists before mine eyes.

She put this Youngster to his Trumps
till he began to blow,
But up and down she briskly jumps,
for sometimes 'twill be so:
Quoth she, i'le never after miss,
such opportunities,
For this is perfect Lovers bliss,
With a mist before mine eyes.

At last he forc'd was to retire,
which caused her to frown,
He hop'd that he had cool'd her fire;
and as he laid her down,
He thought it would good manners be,
again to see her rise:
And thou, quoth she, hast cured me,
Of the mist before mine eyes.

Printed for I. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt-spur-street.

The Love-Sick Maid: Or, *Cordelias* lamentation for the absence of her *Gerhard*.

To a Pleasant New Tune.

BE gone
Thou fatal fiery feavor, now be gone,
let Love alone,
Let his Etherial flames possess my breast,
His fires,
From thy consuming heat no aid requires,
for swift desires,
Transports my passion to a throne of rest;
Where I,
Who in the pride of health, did
never feel such warmth to move;
By sickness tam'd am so inflam'd,
I know no joys but love.
And he
That trifled many tedious hours
away, my love to try,
In little space had gain'd the grace,
to have more power than I.
Depart
Thou scorching fury, quick from me depart,
think not my heart,
To thy dull flame shall be a sacrifice;
A Maid
Dread Cupid now is on thy Altar laid,
by thee betray'd,
A Rich oblation to restore thine eyes:
But yet
My fair acknowledgement will
prove thou hast no craft,
To bend thy Bow against thy foe,
that aim'd to catch the shaft:
For if
That at my breast thy arrows
thou all at once let flie,
She that receives a thousand shrafts,
can do no more but dye.

No more
You learn'd physitians, tire your brains no more
pray give me o're,
Mine is a cure, in Physick never read;
Although
You skilful Doctors all the world doth know,
pray let me go.
You may as well make practice on the Dead.
But if
My Gerrard deign to view me
with the glory of his looks,
I make no doubt to live without
Physitians and their books.
'Tis he
That with his balmed kisses
can restore my latest breath;
That bliss is this, to gain a kiss
can save a maid from death?
To you
That tell me of another world, I bow,
and will allow
Your Sacred Precepts, if you'll grant me this,
That he
Whom I esteem of next the Deity,
may go with me,
Without whose presence there can be no bliss,
Go teach
your tenets of eternity,
to those that aged be,
And not perswade a lovesick maid,
there's any heaven but he.
But stay
Methinks an icy slumber
hath possest my frency brain;
Pray bid him dye if you see I
shall never wake again.

Come o
thou fe
Within th
The Lake
Of love be
Where flu
Whilst I
That by
desire t
With lids
am for
And she
That wai
my con
Is now a
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The War
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The Young-*Mans* Anſwer: Or, his Dying *Breath*,
Lamenting for his fair *Cordelias* Death.

To a Delightful New Tune.

ome on
thou fatal meſſenger from her that's gone
left I alone
thin that quenchleſs flame for ever fry;
Lake
lobe being kindled, wherein none can take
reſt, but wake,
ere ſlumber hath no power to cloſe the eye;
hilſt I.
at by my fair Cordelia
eſtre to take a ſleep,
th lids wide ſpread upon my bed
m forc'd a watch to keep:
o ſhe
at waited many tedious hours,
ny conſtancy to try,
now at reſt, while I oppreſt,
ain would but cannot dye.
ſpatch
ou ſcorching fury, quickly now diſpatch,
by Death I watch.
be releaſt from this tormenting flame;
e Dart
nt from dread Cupid, ſticks faſt in my heart,
I wanting art,
d not the power for to reſiſt the ſame
ough ſhe
ho by her late acknowledgment,
profeſt thou hadſt no craft,
from thy bow thou madſt her know
what power lay in the ſhaft:
t then
ou ſent'ſt another arrow
which me of hopes bereft,
oft like a foe to wound me ſo,
for whom no cure is left.

Wherefore
Did you Phyſitians give my miſtreſs o're,
had you no more
Experience, but what you in books have read?
Or why
(you learned Doctors) did you ceaſe to try
your skills, when I
might have revid'd her if ſhe'd not been dead?
And yet
Suppoſe that I in Perſon
had preſent been to view her;
Is there ſuch grace in any face
to work ſo great a cure?
But now
I'm come too late to kiſs her,
which were it not in vain,
After her death I'd ſpend my breath
to fetch her back again.
Unto
The fair Elizium thither will I go,
whereas I know
She is amongſt thoſe ſacred ours preſer'd,
Then I
Shall be admitted for to come ſo nigh,
pardon i'll cry
For my long abſence, wherein I have err'd:
And ſince
By her I was eſteem'd
ſo much on earth being here,
Hence for her ſake no reſt I'll take,
till I have found her there.
No more,
But only I deſire
to hear my paſſing bell;
That Virgins may lament the day
of Gerhards laſt farewel.

Printed by and for *A. M.* and ſold by the Bookſellers of London.

The Love-ſick

SERVING-MAN:

SHEWING

How he was Wounded with the Charms of a young Lady, and did not dare to reveal his Mind.

To the Tune of Iſe often for my Jenny ſtrove.

E'Er ſince I ſaw Clorinda's Eyes,
My Heart has felt a ſtrange ſurpize,
No Pen is able to reveal
The killing Torment which I feel;
Yet I dare not let her know it,
'Cauſe ſhe's Rich and I am Poor;
No Charms above her, oh! I love her,
and will do for evermore.

Oh! that I might but let her know
My Sighs, my Tears, my Care and Woe,
And how I'm tortured for her ſake,
She might ſome kind of pity take:
But I fear I ſhould offend her
Whom I dearly do adore;
No Charms above her, oh! I love her,
And will do for evermore.

Both Senſe and Reaſon tells me plain,
That I beſtowed my heart in vain,
Where no acceptance will be found,
No Ballom for this bleeding Wound:
She's a fair and youthfull Lady,
I a Servant mean and poor;
No Charms above her, &c.

I value not her Gold, her Pearl,
For was I either Lord or Earl,
My very Heart would be the ſame,
I raiſe her everlaſting Fame;
Yet in vain are all my Wiſhes,
They will not my Joys reſtore:
No Charms above her, &c.

Young Cupid bend thy Golden Bow,
And let thy ſilver Arrows flye,
That my fair charming Saint may know,
The pains of Love as well as I;
Tell her too, that I lye wounded,
She may then my Joys reſtore,
No Charms above her, &c.

Tho' now mine Eyes like Rivers run,
As here in Sorrows I condole;
Her Beauty like the Riſing Sun,
Can ſoon revive my droping Soul:
But if I may ne'er enjoy her,
Let me with a Dart be ſlain,
'Tis better kill me, then to fill me
With this Love tormenting pain.

The Young Lady's Anſwer.

Now in a Viſion, or a Dream,
Her Father's Serving-man did ſeem
Before her Preſence there to ſtand,
While Cupid held him by the Hand,
Saying, Lady you muſt love him,
Therefore now ſome pity ſhow;
Then don't deny him, nor defie him,
For it muſt and ſhall be ſo.

A Thouſand thoughts ran in her head,
As many Cupids round her Bed,
Which did like armed Angels ſtand,
With Golden Bows and Shafts in hand,
E'ery one was pleading for him,
And their Silver Shafts did ſhow,
Saying, Receive him, do not grieve him,
For it muſt and ſhall be ſo.

The youthfull Lady did reply,
What muſt I love, or muſt I dye?
Tell me, is there no other way
But this, to caſt my ſelf away,
On my Father's meaneſt Servant?
Well, I find it muſt be ſo,
I well approve him, needs muſt love him,
Though it proves my Overthrow.

I know my Father he will Frown,
And Ladies too of high Renown,
But yet I needs muſt love him ſtill,
Let all the World ſay what they will:
My ſoft Heart is now enflamed,
Love in e'ery Vein doth flow,
I'll freely take him, ne'er forſake him,
For it muſt and ſhall be ſo.

What tho' my noble Father dear
Diſowns his Daughter utterly,
I have Five Thouſand Pounds a year,
Of which no one can hinder me;
'Tis ſufficient to Maintain us,
Should my Father prove our Foe,
My Love I'll Marry, long not tarry,
For it muſt and ſhall be ſo.

What tho' a Serving-man he be,
Whoſe Subſtance is but mean and ſmall;
His proper Perſon pleaſes me,
True Love will make amends for all:
'Tis beyond all Gold or Treaſure,
Him alone my Heart doth crave,
I will not tarry, but will Marry,
And make him Lord of all I have.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare. J. Back.

Love without Measure.

OR, The Young-mans Delight, and the Maidens Joy.

This youngman woo'd a Damosel fair,
And call'd her his joy and dear,
But she was coy, as Maids will be,
And said he came with flattery.
But he did protest it was not so,
And at last brought her unto his bow:
Now they live in love, in peace, and joy,
And she very fain would have a boy.

To a rare new tune, called, *Du-Vals Delight*

I Late in the Country as I was walking
Viewing the Meadows so fresh and green
There I was aware of two Lovers a talking
Under a bush, but could hardly be seen,
I laid me down and I listen'd a while,
To hear if the man could the maiden beguile:
But the maid she was crafty, witty and loyal
Although many times he put her to th' tryal,
And in the conclusion thus he did her woo:

My dear love, my joy, and my honey,
No tongue can express how dear I love thee
Thou shalt never want for love nor money
If thou wilt but set thy affection on me,
For all the fair beauties that ever I saw
I still must submit and yield to thy Law;
Then unto thy dearest friend be not so cruel,
For thou art my comfort, my joy, & my jewel,
And so I shall count thee unth I dye.

Maid.

The Damosel unto him straightway reply'd,
Is it for this you hither me brought?
Your suit at this time it must be deny'd,
I am not a bird that's so easily caught:
For marriage I see is a costly game;
Besides (quoth she) i'm too young to marry,
This seven years I may very well tarry,
For sorrow and troubles come fast enough on.

A maiden (quoth she) knows but little sorrow,
Before that in wedlock band she is tyed;
She has very little to buy or to borrow,
& many times meets with a crost man beside:
Which is the worst grief a woman can have,
She'd better to be set quick in her grave
Than to have a man that is peevish & froward,
For men now a daies do prove so untoward,
'Tis hard for a maiden in them to put trust.

Man.

Yese words my dearest that you have spoken
Pierces the tender sick heart of mine,
let true love by you be known,
ough I am the bark, and you are the vine,
o' I am poor and thou art rich,
ght me not I thee beseech:
woman yet that ever was gained
ill be more brave and better maintained:
at I speak to thee I will perform.

say that marriage is a hard matter,
those that are single live best at ease;
with you I do scorn to cog or yet flatter,
ill speak my mind then say what you please:
e that is single I know she'd be wed,
it is an honour to obtain marriage-bed
refore my dearest do not abhor me,
mother did yield to a man before thee,
n why will thou not do as she has done?

Maid.

hat though my mother did make an adventure
was a great hazard the which she did run,
had her fortune which God he had sent her,
he unto her prov'd a right honest man:
such now a days are hard for to find,
n can so dissemble and turn with the wind,
y'l speak a maid fair and vow they love her:
i'm resolved a maiden to dye.

me men now a days have sweethearts a dozen
in the conclusion they'l marry with none,
ey make it their trade poor Girls to cozen,
ought I know you may be such a one:
ur tongue is so tipt & your words are so fair
ur countenance plainly shews what you are;
at you have been trading with girls i'th City
d wrong'd many maids, the more is the pitty,
you be a Batchellor I am mista'en.

Man.

! you'r mistaken much in this matter,
e words you speak I know you can't prove,
t with you I do scorn to cog or yet flatter,
r never did try if any could love,
But any but thee I vow and do swear,
Then prithee be merry and cast away care:
Be not so fickle, but look on me blithly,
For I am a Lad that is lusty and lively.

I'le hug thee and kiss thee ten times of a night
t'le promise no riches nor yet no great treasure,
But all that I have thou shalt it command,
Altho' i've but little my love's beyond measure,
Then prithee dear grant me thy heart & hand:
Then why should we make any longer delay,
But unto the Church now let us away;
The Bridemen and maids they for us do tarry,
Therefore my dear tell me when thou'lt marry,
if I go without thee I surely shall die.

Maid.

If that I thought you did not dissemble
I quickly should yield to what you request,
But mens tongues I see can run so nimble,
it's hard to trust any I do protest:
They can so cologue both flatter and lie,
With fair pretences a maiden to try, (um
They'l kiss them & hug them until they've won
And then they'l forsake um when they've undone
So 'tis good to be careful who they do trust. (um

Man.

My fairest and dearest, if e're I forsake thee,
I wish that nothing may ever thrive with me,
Come wealth or woe, no sorrow shall make me,
Or cause me once to prove disloyal to thee:
Then prithee look cheerful and take a sweet kiss
In token of love, no harm is in this:
Let not fickle fortune no longer you hinder,
From a good motion to keep us asunder,
But let our hearts be joyned in one.

The maiden she hearing what he had spoken,
She had no power to say him nay,
But gave him a kiss in love as a token,
As he unto Church should take her away.
Where they was married I after did hear;
Now he calls him honey, he calls her dear,
Tho' long, at last this Youngman did gain her,
Now in civil habit he bravely maintaines her,
Let this be a pattern for Lovers so true.

Printed for W Thackery, and T Passinger.

Loves better then Gold:

OR,

MONEY's an Aſs.

Come hear my Song, it does you all concern,
From it you may your own Misfortunes learn:
And yet 'tis vain, as hereby I ſhall prove,
For want of Money to neglect your Love.
To a New Delightful Tune, much in requeſt at Court.

Why ſhould friends and kindred gravely make thee,
Wrong thy ſelf, and cruelly forſake me,
Be ſtill my deareſt Miſtris, hang relations,
Loves above their dull conſiderations;
Let them live and want to heap up treaſure,
Whilſt that thee and I enjoy our pleaſure.

He that ſeeks a Miſtris in a portion.
Puts himſelf to uſe with damn'd extortion:
If he muſt be brib'd to copulation,
Por upon his love, 'tis out of fashion:
Where we like, no matter where th' eſtate is.
'Tis not love except he ſhews it gratis.

How to ſee the Miſer have I wondred,
Weighing out his paſſion by the hundred,
Ne'r conſulting birth or education,
Vertue without wealth's but prophanation:
Be ſhe old or ugly 'tis no matter,
So ſhe is is but rich he'l venture at her.

Joynture is a ſordid lay invention,
Quite beſide our nature and intention:
When we would agree it makes reſiſtance,
Finding tricks to keep us at a diſtance:
Then who poorly makes a new election,
Suffers wealth to Cuckold his affection.

SOuls are free and shou'd not be confin'd to,
Objects which the fancy has no mind to,
When a pretty female I importune?
Shall I lose her for her want of fortune?
'Tis a folly, sordid, and inhumane,
Thus to sell the pleasures of a woman.

More to me the pleasing of my mind is,
Than the far-fetcht wealth of both the Indies,
I've a soul above those drossy treasures,
Love does yield more sweet and lasting pleasures,
Such a joy as nothing can destroy it,
None describe it but they that do injoy it.

Yet the low-soul'd wretch may have his fancy,
I can value nothing but my Nancy:
She that has an eye so black and sprightful,
And a place I name not more delightful?
Such a mine as greater wealth affordeth,
That the wretched worldling ever hoardeth.

Rows of brightest and of shining pearls are,
Not so oriental as my girls are,
Rubies touch her lips, and gain more lustre,
Looking redder when that they have bust her,
Her red cheeks so fair she need not patch it,
There's none but the other cheek can match it:

Then for humour, wit and conversation,
Nothing can be like her in the Nation,
Always lively, airy, brisk and jolly,
Free from studied pride, and Melancholly?
Such she is, and her I love more dearly,
than the dame that has her thousands yearly.

There you cringe and make your best addresses,
But alass she likes not your careless;
Speak and Bow as well as e're you can Sir,
Ten to one if e're you get an answer:
When you're gone she crys a lawcy fellow,
Come to me without his white and yellow,

Ye that can and will this hag may marry,
But for me the jade is like to tarry;
Let her live till lust and age do grieve her,
Till she call her Money to relieve her;
Pay she covet Husbands without measure,
Always wish, but know not of her pleasure.

Still my girl and I will love each other,
Want of wealth shall ne'r my passion smother
Were she rich I could not love her better,
Were she poor I wou'd ne'r defeat her:
Whatsoever I have I must confess it,
She deserves, and therefore shall possess it.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Hospital-gate*, in *West-smithfield*.

Loves Boundleſs Power

OR,

The Charmed Lovers Happineſs Compleated.

Being a moſt Excellent New Play-Song, moſt Pleaſant and Delightful.

Doranus ſ, ies the Charming Nymph, whoſe Power
Wounds more then hers, who in a ſudden Showre
Brought Thunder-bearing *Jove* from lofty Skies,
To pay Devotion to her Stary Eyes:
He's Conquer'd, and entreats, to which ſhe yields
Phillis the Glory, both of Woods and Fields:
Does condeſend to Love, and Crowns his Wiſh,
With Joys tranſending any Mortal Bliſs.

To the Tune of, When Buſie Fame, *&c.*

Hail to the Mirtle Shade,
all hail to'th Nymphs of the field
Kings will not here Invade,
though Vertue all freedom yields:
Beauty here opens her arms,
to ſoften the Languiſhing mind,
And Phillis unlocks her Charms,
ah! Phillis ſo fair and unkind.

Phillis the Soul of Love,
the joy of the neighbouring Swains,
Phillis that Crowns the Grove,
and does guide the flowing Plains:
Phillis who ne'r had skill
to Paint, or to Patch, or be fine,
Yet Phillis whoſe eyes can kill,
that Nature hath made Divine.

Phillis whose Charming tongue,
makes labour and pain delight,
Phillis that makes the day long,
and shortens the lifelong nights.
Phillis whose Lips like May,
still laughs on those sweets they bring
Whose love ne'r knew decay,
but thence flows Eternal Spring.

Her eyes like Stars appear,
from her Angel-face they shine,
As Phœbus in his Sphear.
they dazel this Soul of mine;
Whilst Rosie Cheeks o're-spread,
with fragrant and rich Perfume,
There Cupid makes his Bed,
where choice pleasures ever bloom:

And pleasant Nectar Sips,
oh! where joys for ever grow,
Eke from her Coral Lips,
inclosing Pearls as white as Snow:
So Ravishing and fair,
no Mortal ever yet view'd,
Transports beyond compare,
which Cæsar would have subdu'd.

And force from him his Arms,
whilst he his great Conquest yields,
And bows to Phillis Charms,
triumphs of his Conquer'd Fields:
Laying his Garments down,
even at her Virgins feet,
In Romes Imperial Crown,
my bright Phillis Love to meet.

Or Alexander whom
the proud Eastern world obey'd,
Might here have sought a Room,
and in his Conquests laid:
What joys seiz'd when by'th Spring,
oh! I first beheld her face,
Such as bright Angels bring
to the Dying Saints apace.

I lowly bow'd to earth,
and kiss the humble ground,
Telling her of my Birth,
I and of my fatal Wound:
She smil'd upon me then,
and sighing, alas poor Swain,
So smil'd and sigh'd again,
and straight bid me not complain.

Then in her Ivory Arms,
she rais'd me softly, crying,
Alas! what can my Charms
so powerful prove in trying:
By Doranus to destroy,
then I leaning on her breast,
And whilst she call'd me joy,
I with trembling Lips them prest.

At which she laid her down
amongst the Lillies fair,
And there my Love did Crown,
with joys far beyond compare;
Such Heavenly transports none
upon earth could ever yield,
Except Phillis alone,
who Charms the Woods and Field.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guiltspur-Street.

Loves fierce deſire, and hopes of Recovery.

Or, A true and brief Deſcription of two Reſolved Lovers; whoſe Excellent wits, ſutable minds, and faithful hearts one to another, ſhall heedfully be ſpoken of in this following new made paper of Verſes.

To a delightful new tune, Or, Fair Angel of England.

NOw the Tyrant hath ſtolen
my deareſt away;
And I am confined
with Mopſa to ſtay:
Yet let Celia remember
how faithful i'le be,
Neither diſtance nor abſence
ſhall terrifie me.

In Volumns of ſighs,
I will ſend to my Dear,
And make my own heart
correſpond to my fear:
Till the Soul of my life
may be pleaſed to ſee,
How delightful her ſafeſt
return is to me.

It cheers my ſad heart
to remember her love,
Though malice hath cauſed
this ſudden remove:
And my mind is reſolved
what ever enſue,
Whether Sunſhine or thunder,
to be conſtant and true.

If my Bark ſail but ſafely
through this rugged Sea,
Though with contrary Wind,
much toſſed it be:
In the Haven of reſt,
and long lookt for content,
I'le chaunt forth melodious
Songs of merriment.

Till then i'le retreat to
the Foreſt and mourn;
Acteon ſhall ecchо
my Hound and my Horn.
No Reynard ſhall eſcape me
that runs on the way,
But patience perforce
I will make him to ſtay.

My heart hath enquired
of every Stone,
What convoy the Heavens
hath bequeath'd to my moan:
But for ought I can find,
holy Angels are agreed,
To rival my hopes,
and to ſlacken her ſpeed.

Therefore ſ
bewail n
Like the Turt
for the loſs
All the worlds
veration to
Till my Celia
in our loves

Celia her
her faith

Thy ſpeech
I have w
And how in ex
thou haſt wa
But I am reſo
thy ſorrows
To make thee
i'le ſoon co

'Tis neither
the Wolf, n
Nor ſhall Nyl
put me in fe
I'le ſwim thro
upon my ba
To find out n
whom I do

foze I'le ſit down, and
wail my ſad Fate,
Turtle I'le mourn
loſs of my mate:
oylds greateſt gloyies
on to me,
Celia and I,
loves may be free.

a her ſweet Reply to
er faithful friend.

peeches dear friend
ave well underſtood,
in exile
t wandred at the wood
n reſolved
rows to free,
e thee amends,
n come unto thee.
ther the Tyger,
olf, nor the Bear,
Nylus Crocodile
in fear:
through the Ocean
ny bare Breaſt,
out my Darling,
I do love beſt.

And when I have found him,
with double delight,
I'le comfort him kindly
by day and by night:
And I'le be more faithful
then the Turtle-Dove,
Which never at all did
prove falſe to her Love.

The fierce Baſiliſks that
kills with the eye,
Shall not have the power
once thee to come nigh:
I'le clip thee and hug thee
ſo cloſe in my arms,
And I'le venture my life
for to ſave thee from harms.

My Lap for thy head love,
a Pillow ſhall be,
And whilſt thou doſt ſleep,
I'le be careful of thee:
I'le wake, and I'le watch, and
I'le kiſs thee for joy,
And no Venomous Creature
ſhall my Love annoy.

The Satyrs ſhall Pipe,
and the Syrens ſhall ſing,
The wood-nimphs with muſick
ſhall make the Groves ring:
The Horn it ſhall ſound,
and the Hounds make a noiſe,
To recreate my Love
with teſt thouſand rare joys.

So now I am comming
to haſten the deed,
Pray Heaven and Gods Angels
to be my good ſpeed:
If fortune me favour, and
Seas quiet prove,
I ſoon will arrive at
the Port which I love.

Now Celia is gone to
find out her Dear,
His Heart that was ſad
to comfort and cheer:
No doubt but each other
they will lovingly greet,
When as they together
do lovingly meet.

L. P.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Paſſinger.

Loves fortune.

OR, *A faint-hearted Souldier will never win the Field.*

The Young-mans good fortune in wooing his Love:
She was Rich, and he but poor,
And ſhe vowed ſhe ne'r would love him more,
Yet Day and Night he took great pain,
And for to love her once again.

Tune is, *Sweet come love me once again.*

WAlking moſt early in a morning fair,
I heard a young-man thus did ſay,
O how do I live in deſpair,
for her that's ſweeter than the May:
But I will to her once again,
to ſee if ſhe'l me entertain,
With kiſſes ſweet I will her greet,
and for to love me once again.

Sweet-heart, ſaid he, tell me thy mind,
why thou ſhouldſt thus hard-hearted be:
Or why wilt thou prove thus unkind
to him that is ſo true to thee.
But for my part, I'm Royal in my heart,
and evermore will ſo remain;
Sweet kill not me with diſloyalty,
but vow to love me once again.

Kind Sir I thank you for your love,
but you are very much to blame,
To ſeek my thoughts thus for to prove,
pith fye away be gone for ſhame.
For many a maid hath been betray'd,
therefore in love I pray give o'er,
Hands off be gone, let me alone,
for I vow I ne'r will love thee more.

Alas dear love ſome pitty take
on me that loves you ſo intire;
My life lies bound unto a ſtake,
let me not burn in Cupids fire:
My heart ſo free in loving thee,
blind Cupid hath my ſences tane:
Some pitty move my deareſt love,
and now, &c.

Content thy ſelf love ſay no more,
for ſure thou art no match for me,
My Parents Rich and thine but poor,
and that may cauſe great miſery:
And thus I'le ſay both night and day,
a ſingle life I'le ne'r give o'er,
Therefore be gone, let me alone,
for I vow I'le never love thee more.

O be content my deareſt love,
on worldly means ſet not thy mind,
Tho thou be Rich and I but poor,
O be not thou to me unkind.
No pains I'le ſpare, but take great care,
thee for to pleaſe i'le take great pain;
Be not unkind but change thy mind,
and now come love me once again.

KInd Sir, I thank you for your love,
and for the pains that you would take ;
My mind you never can remove,
I pray you chuse some other mate :
For words are but wind & may prove unkind,
therefore leave off I pray give o'er ;
To live with thee i'le not combine
for I vow I'le never love thee more.

Hard hap had I to set my love
on one that cares so small for me,
No hopes have I but from above,
to change thy mind and fancy me ;
But yet I stand at thy command,
sweet kill not me with coy disdain,
Some pitty take and answer make,
that thou wilt love me again.

Sweet come tell me (if thou can)
the best way now this same to carry,
If I should yield both heart and hand,
to be thy Bride and for to marry :
For friends and kindreds love to get,
or surely it may breed great pain,
Procure the same, i'le thee respect,
I vow to love thee once again.

My dearest dear take thou no care,
but mark the words that I do say,
What lies in me I will not spare,
if thou wilt love and fancy me.
Let Father frown, let Mother chide,
a heart that's true will never stain,
Come life or death i'le stick to thee,
if thou wilt love me once again.

The Maid.

Five hundred pound my portion is,
and all this on thee I will bestow,
With heart and hand take here this kiss,
thou art my own and shall be so :
Come wealth or woe with thee i'le go,
through England, Scotland, France or Spain
Cupid hath told me it must be so,
and I vow to love thee once again.

All you true Lovers that hear this Song,
let this to you a pattern be :
Seek not your true Love for to wrong,
neither for Gold nor yet for fee.
He is my delight both day and night,
true love is worth a Golden Chain,
All you true Lovers is this not right,
to grant true love for love again.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.

433 BALLADS. A COLLECTION OF 334 BROADSIDE BALLADS, IN black letter, CHIEFLY BELONGING TO THE PERIOD OF THE RESTORATION. WITH WOODCUTS. MANY UNCUT, AND ALL IN EXCELLENT PRESERVATION. ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED, AND BOUND IN TWO OBLONG FOLIO VOLUMES, *half morocco, by W. Pratt, with a full list of contents in each vol.*

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the tune of "She cannot hold her Legs together." [By] T. R. *printed for Thomas Passenger at the three Bibles on London-bridge.* 12 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—36. The Contented Pilgrim : or, The Pilgrims troublesome Journey to his long home. Tune is "Let patience work for me," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—37. The Couragious Gallant : or, Cupid Degraded. To the tune of "Four-Pence-Half-Penny-Farthing," *printed for I. Deacon* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—38. The Counterfeit Court Lady : or, An Answer to "Your Humble Servant, Madam." To the tune of "Your Humble servant, Madam," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 8 stanzas, with 1 cut.—39. The Courtiers Health : or, The Merry Boyes of the Times. To a new tune, "Come Boyes fill us a Bumper," or, "My Lodging is on the Cold ground," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 7 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—40. The Countrey Farmer : or, The Buxome Virgin. To a new tune called, "New-Market, or King James's Jigg," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 7 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—41. The Answer to the Buxome Virgin : or, The Farmer well-fitted for slighting his first Love Honest Joan. To the tune of "The Countrey Farmer" . . . *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 8 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—42. The Country Lass for me. The tune is "Hey Boys up go we," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—43. The Country Lawyers Maid Joan, Containing her Languishing Lamentation for want of a Man. . . Tune of "Turn Coat of the Times," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.* 8 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—44. The Country Lovers : or, Wooing without Ceremony. Being the Successful Amours of Roger and Margaret. To the Tune of "Hail to the Mirtle Shades," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 6 stanzas, with 2 cuts. [On the same sheet is printed : Peggy's Answer to Hodge's Complaint. To the same tune. 4 stanzas, with 2 cuts.]—45. The Countryman's care in choosing a Wife : or, A Young Batchelor hard to be pleased. Tune of "He have one I love," &c. or, "The Yellow-hair'd Laddy," *no printer's name.* 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—46. The Country-mans Delight : or, The Happy Wooing. Being the Successful Love of John the Serving-Man, in his Courting of Joan the Dairy-Maid. To a new Play-House tune : or, "Dolly and Molly," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 14 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—47. The Country Mans Paradice. To the tune of "Philander," *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger.* 10 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—48. Courage Crowned with Conquest : or, A brief Relation, how that Valiant Knight and Heroick Champion Sir Glamour bravely fought with, and manfully slew, a . . . Dragon. To a pleasant new tune, *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright,* 1672. In 2 parts. 10 stanzas, with 2 romance cuts.—49. The Courteous Carman, and the Amorous Maid : or, The Carman's Whistle. To a new tune, called "The Carmans Whistle" : or, "Lord Willoughby's March," &c. *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, & T. Passenger.* 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—50. The Covetous-Minded Parents : or, The Languishing Young Gentlewoman. Tune is, "Farewell my dearest Dear," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* 9 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—51. The Covetous Mother : or, The terrible Overthrow of Two Loyal Lovers. Tune of "O so ungrateful a Creature," *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—52. The Crafty Barber of Deptford. Tune of "Daniel Cooper," *printed for John Clark Junior at the Horshoo in West-Smithfield.* 10 stanzas, with 5 cuts and music.—53. The Crafty Lass of the West : or, A Pleasant Ditty of a modest Maid, who mortgag'd her Maiden-Head

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for a High-Crown'd Hat. Tune of "Liggan-Water," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* 21 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—54. The Crafty Maid : or, The Young Man put to his Trumps. To the tune of "The Despairing Maid," or, "Fye, Love, fye," *printed for P. Brooksby in Pye-Corner.* 14 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—55. The Credulous Virgins complaint : or, Lovers made happy at last. To the tune of "Sawny will never be my love again," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 6 cuts.—56. Crums of Comfort for the Youngest Sister. To a pleasant new West country Tune, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 16 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—57. Cupid's conquest : or, Will the Shepherd and fair Kate of the Green. To the tune of "As I went forth to take the Air" : or, "My dearest dear and I must part," *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 16 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—58. Cvpids Covrtesie : in the wooing of fair Sabina. To a pleasant new Tune, *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.* 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—59. Lord Willoughby. Being a true Relation of a famous and Bloody Battel fought in Flanders . . . To the tune of "Lord Willoughby," &c. *printed for A. M. W. O. and T. Thackeray in Duck-Lane.* [Printed on back of No. 58.] 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—60. Cupids Golden Dart. . . Tune is "Down in an arbour devoted to Venus," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright and J. Clarke.* 11 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—61. Cupids revenge . . . *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, T. Passenger.* 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—62. The Virgin's Complaint against Young Men's Unkindness. To the tune of "Cupid's Courtesie," *printed for A. M. W. O. and T. Thackeray, at the Angel in Duck-lane.* 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts. [Printed on the back of 61.]—63. Cupid's Master-piece : or, Long Wisht for comes at last . . . Tune of "Cœlia's my Foe," *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 10 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—64. Cupids Tragedy. Being Corydon's Courtship : or, Philomel's Exaltation. To the tune of "The new Bory ; or, Will You be a Man of Fashion ?" *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts and music.—65. A dainty new Dialogue between Henry and Elizabeth . . . The tune is, "The Tyrant," *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—66. The Damosels Tragedy : or, True Love in Distress . . . To the tune of "Charon," &c. *printed for J. Back* . . . 8 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—67. Darby-shires Glory. To the tune of "I am a Jovial Batchellor," *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood,* 13 stanzas, with a cut.—68. The Deceiver Deceived : or, The Virgins Revenge. Tune of "Ah cruel bloody fate," *printed for J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger.* 9 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—69. The Delights of the Bottle : or, The Town-Gallants Declaration for Women and Wine. To a most Admirable New Tune, everywhere much in request, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—70. Dick the Plowman turn'd Doctor : or, The Love-Sick Maiden Cured. To the tune of "O Brother Roger," &c. *printed for C. Dennisson, at the Stationers-Arms within Aldgate.* 8 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—71. Directions for Damosels : or, The Maidens advice, in an answer to the Young mens Counseller. Tune of "All Trades," *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 10 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—72. The Discontented Plow-man. To the tune of "True Love rewarded," or, "Flora['s] Farewel," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, and I. Clarke.* 24 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—73. A Discription of Plain-dealing, Time, and Death, which all Men ought to mind, while they do live on earth . . . Written by Thomas Lamfire. To the tune of "A Letter for a Christian Family," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 24 stanzas,

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with 6 cuts.—74. The Disloyal Favourite : or, The unfortunate States-Man. Tune of "Sawny will ne'er be my Love again," *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passinger, and W. Whitwood.* 12 stanzas, with a cut. [Relates to Wentworth, Earl of Strafford.]—75. The Distressed Pilgrim. The tune is "Who can blame my Woe?" or, "I am a Jovial Batchelor." 12 stanzas, with a cut.—76. The doleful Dance and Song of Death ; Intituled, "Dance after my Pipe." To a pleasant new tune. 11 stanzas, with a cut. (ii.) A Godly Ballad of the Just Man Job . . . The tune is "The Merchant." 16 stanzas, *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.* [Two ballads on one sheet.]—77. Dolly and Molly : or, The Two Country Damsels Fortune at London. To an excellent new Play-House tune : or, "Bacon and Beans," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 20 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—78. The Dorsetshire Lovers : or, the Honest innocent Wooing between John the Farmer and his Sweet-heart Joan . . . To the tune of "The Scotch Hay-makers," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 8 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—79. The Doubting Virgin, and the Constant Young man. Tune of "The Repriev'd Captive," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 9 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—80. The Down-right Country-man ; or, The Faithful Dairy-Maid. The tune is, "Hey Boys up go we :" or, "Busie Fame," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 12 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—81. The Down-right Wooing of Honest John & Betty. To the tune of "Cold and Raw." By E. W., *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—82. The Dub'd Knight of the Forked Order . . . The tune is, "I am fallen away." By William Miles, *printed for W. Whitwood* . . . 15 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—83. The Dumb Lady ; or, No, no, not I ; I'le answer. To the tune of "The Doubtful [*sic*] Virgin," or "the new Borey," or "Will You be a Man of Fashion?" *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 8 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—84. The Dyers Destiny : or The Loving Wife's Help in time of Need. To the tune of "Why are my Eyes still flowing?" *printed for J. Blare at the Looking-glass on London-Bridge,* 8 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—85. The Dying Lovers Reprieve, or The Reward of True Love. "Tune of Digby's Farewel :" or "Give me the Lass," &c., *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke,* 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—86. The dying tears of a true Lover forsaken. The tune is "Come live with me," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger,* 20 stanzas, with a cut.—87. An easie way to tame a shrew, or the Young Plow-mans Frollick. To a delightful new tune ; or "The Collier of Croydon had Coles to sell," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 25 stanzas, with 3 small cuts.—88. Englands Darling, or Great Britains Joy and Hope on that Noble Prince James Duke of Monmouth. Tune of "Young Jemmy," or "Philander," *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger,* 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts (one intended to be a portrait).—89. England's New Bell-Man, Ringing into all Peoples Ears God's Dreadful Judgement to this Land and Kingdom by the great Eclipse of the Sun, March 29, 1652, the strange Effects to continue, 1654, 1655, 1656, to the Amazement of the Whole World. To the tune of "O Man in Desperation," *printed for A. M. W. O. and Tho. Thackeray at the Angel in Duck-Lane.* With 2 cuts. [A reprint of the contemporary ballad. About 1680.]—90. Englands Tribute of Tears on the Death of his Grace the Duke of Grafton, who received his Mortal Wound at the Siege of the City of Cork in Ireland on the 9th of October, 1690. Tune is "The Watch for a Wise Man's Observation :" or "Aim not too high," *printed for J. Millet, at the*

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Angel in Little-Brittain. 15 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—91. Kind William, or Constant Betty. To the tune of "The Doubting Virgin," *printed for J. Deacon in Gilt-spur-street.* 10 stanzas, with a cut. [Printed on the back of No. 90.]—92. Englands Triumph: or The Subjects Joy . . . *printed for J. Hose over-against Staples-Inn in Houlbourn, neer Grays-Inn-Laine.* 10 stanzas, with 2 cuts. [A reprint, about 1690, of a ballad on the Restoration.]—93. The English Fortune-Teller. The tune is "Ragged and Torn," &c., *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* With 3 cuts, one of rather superior execution.—94. An Excellent Medley . . . The tune is "Tarletons Medley," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.* With a large cut. 18 stanzas.—95. An Excellent new song; or, A True Touch of the Times. To the tune of "The Loyal Health;" or, "Why are my Eyes still flowing?" *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* 9 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—96. The Extravagant Youth, or, An Emblem of Prodigality. To the tune of "King James's Jigg;" or, "The Country Farmer," *printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Giltspur-street.* 8 stanzas, with a large and superior cut.—97. Fair Lucina Conquered by prevailing Cupid. To the tune of "Jenny Gin," or, "The fair one let me in," *printed for Josh. Coniers at the Black Raven in Duck-Lane.* 8 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—98. A Fairing for Young Men and Maids. To the tune of "the Winchester Wedding." By Tobias Bowne, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 8 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—99. Faithful Damon; or, Fair Celia obtained. To the tune of "the Doubting Virgin," *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 9 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—100. The Faithful Farmer: or, the Down-right Wooing betwixt Robin and Nancy. To the tune of "O, mother, Roger," &c. *printed for J. Blair* . . . 9 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—101. The Faithful Lovers of the West. By William Bunten. To the tune of "As I walkt forth to take the air," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 16 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—102. The Faithful woings of two Country Lovers. By J. W. *printed by E. C. for F. Coles, in Vine Street near Hatton Garden.* 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—103. The Faithful Young Man & Constant Maid: or, The Unexpressable Love between sweet William and fair Elenor. To the tune of "The Plowmans Health," *printed for J. Back* . . . 8 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—104. The Famous Fight at Malago: or, The Englishman's Victory over the Spaniards . . . To the tune of "Five Sail of Frigates bound for Malago," &c. *printed by and for W. O. for A. M. and sold by C. Bats in Pye-corner.* 12 stanzas, with a cut.—105. Fancies Favourite: or, The Mirror of the Times. To the tune of "Fancies Phœnix." By C. H. *Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 14 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—106. The Farmers Reformation: or, a Pattern for all Bad Husbands to amend their Lives. Tune of "The Ladyes of London," *printed for R. Kell, at the Blew Anchor near Pye-Corner.* 8 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—107. The Female Highway Hector: or, An Account of a Woman, who was lately arrang'd for robbing on the high-way in man's apparel . . . To an excellent new tune called "The Rant," *printed for C. Bates at the White Hart in West Smithfield.* 18 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—108. Flora's lamentable passion, Crown'd with unspeakable Joy and Comfort. To the tune of "Tender hearts of London city," *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—109. Folly plainly made Manifest by an Extravagant Husband. To the tune of "I have a Mistris of my own," *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—110. The Wiltshire Wedding, betwixt Daniel Doo-Well and Doll the Dairy-Maid. To an excellent North Country tune, *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 15

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stanzas, with 3 cuts. [Printed on the back of No. 109.]—111. The Fox too Cunning for the Lyon. To the tune of "The Three Cheaters," *printed for Charles Tyus on London Bridge.* With 2 curious cuts. In 2 parts. — 112. The Frantick Lover: or, The Wandring Young-Man, *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 16 stanzas, with 1 cut.—113. The Boatswains Call. [Duplicate of No. 19. Printed on back of No. 112.]—114. The French-mans Lamentation for the Great Loss of their Noble General Monsieur de Turenne. To the tune of "A Fig for France and Holland too," *printed for W. Thackery in Duck-lane, and J. Hose in Holbourn.* 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—115. Friendly Advice to Extravagants. Tune of "The rich Merchant-man," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, & T. Passenger.* 18 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—116. A friendly Caveat to all true Christians. Showing them the true way to Heaven. To the tune of "the Ladies fall," *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 22 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—117. The Fryer well fitted: or,

A merry Jest that once befell,
How a Maid put a Fryer to cool in the Well.

To a Merry Tune, *printed for W. Thackeray and T. Passenger.* With 4 cuts.—118. The Gallant Seamans return from the Indies, or the happy meeting of two Faithful lovers. Tune of "Five Sail of Frigots," or "Shrewsbury." By I. L., *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, T. Passenger.* 18 stanzas, with a large cut and the curious Sign of John Clark, with his name and the Bible and Harp, his device, as a headpiece.—119. Give me the Willow-Garlands, Or The Maidens Former Fear and Latter Comfort. To a dainty new tune, called "Give me the Willow-Garland." Subscribed L[awrence] P[rice], *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—120. A Godly new Ballad, Intituled, A Douzen of Points. With 2 cuts. (ii.) The Angel Gabriel, his Salutation to the Virgin Mary. Tune is "The blazing Torch," *printed for W. Thackeray and T. Passenger.* With one cut. [Two ballads on the same sheet.]—121. The Good-Fellows Counsel: or, the Bad Husbands Recantation. To the tune of "Tan Tivye." In two parts, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 13 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—122. The Good Fellows Frolick, or Kent Street Clubb. Tune of "Hey boys up go we," "Seamans mournful bride," or "the fair one let me in," *printed for J. Coniers in Duck Lane.* 11 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—123. Good News for the Nation, Or, The Citys joy and the Countries Happiness. Plainly shewing the great satisfaction and content, that all Loyal Subjects do enjoy by the new Election of members of Parliament. Tune of "Digbys farewel," or, "Packintons pound." In two parts, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with a cut.—124. The Gallant Seaman's Resolution, whose full Intent was to try his fortune at Sea, and at his Return to marry his Lanlady. Tune of "Think on thy loving Lanlady," *printed by and for A. Milbourn.* . . . With a cut. [Printed on back of No. 123.]—125. The Good Wives Fore-cast, or, The Kind and Loving Mothers Counsel to her Daughter after Marriage. Tune of "Why are my Eyes still flowing," &c., *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . . 8 stanzas, with two cuts.—126. Grist ground at Last, or, The Frolick in the Mill. Tune of "Give ear awhile," &c., or, "Winchester wedding," *printed for J. Clark, W. Thackeray and T. Passenger.* 7 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—127. A Groatsworth of Good Counsel for a Penny; or, The Bad Husband's Repentance. To the tune of "Packingtons Pound;" or, "Digby's farewel," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . With a cut.—128. Have at a Venture. Tune of "Hey boys up go we,"

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printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger. 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—129. The heavy heart and a light Purse. Being the good fellows vindication to all his fellow companions. . . . Tune of "My Lord Monks March to London," or, "Now we have our freedom," &c., *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger.* 15 stanzas, with a cut.—130. To her brown Beard. Tune of "Sweet is the Lass," or, "My maiden-head will not o're load me," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—131. Hey ho Hunt about, or, A pretty merry meeting of young men and Maids. The tune is, "the Couragious hartulesse [*sic*] healths," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.* 15 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—132. The High prized Pin-Box. Tune of "Let every man with Cap in's hand," &c., *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger.* 16 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—133. The honest Maidens Loyalty; or, The Young mans faithful constancy. To a pleasant new tune, "Wert thou more fairer," *printed for Richard Burton at the Horse-shoe in Smithfield.* 17 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—134. The honest Tradesmans Honour vindicated, or, The Bragadocia quel'd. The tune is "General Monk was a Noble man," &c. In two parts, *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 14 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—135. Innocent Love in Triumph: or, The Joys of Wedlock made Manifest. Being a most pleasant Delightful New May Song. To the tune of "The Oxford Bells," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 6 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—136. Jack Had-Lands Lamentation. To the tune of "It is Old Ale that has undone me," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 12 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—137. The jealous Lover satisfy'd. Tune of "The gallant Youth of Gravesend," *printed for J. Blare on London-Bridge.* 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—138. Jennies Answer to Sawny. Wherein Loves Cruelty is requited, or, The Inconstant Lover justly despised. To the tune of "Sawny will ne'r be my Love again," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—139. Jenny's Lamentation for the loss of her Jemmy. Tune of "Jenny Gin," or "Busie Fame." 8 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—140. Joan's Victory over her Fellow-Servants. Tune of "My own Sweet Nichol a Cod," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—141. Johnny Armstrong's last Goodnight. To a pretty Northern Tune, *printed by and for A. Milbourn.* . . . 24 stanzas, with one cut.—142. The Jolly Gentleman's Frolick: or, The City Ramble. To a Pleasant New Tune, *printed for C. Bates at the White-Hart in West Smithfield.* 20 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—143. The Joviall Crew: or, Beggars-Bush. To the tune of "From hunger and cold," &c., *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 10 stanzas, with one cut.—144. The May-pole Dancers: or, The Merry Morris. The tune is, "Top and top-gallant," &c., *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 11 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—145. Joyful News for Maids and Young Women. Being an Account of a Shipload of White-Puddings. . . . To the tune of "The blew Bells of Ireland," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.* 13 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—146. The Kind Mistress. To a pleasant new tune, call'd, "The German Princess's Travels, &c., *printed by and for W. O. and are sold by C. Bates.* . . . 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—147. The Ladies Delight: or, Narcissus his Love-Flower. To the tune of "Narcissus, come Kiss us," &c., *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 12 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—148. The Lady of Pleasure, or, The London Misses Frolick. To a Pleasant New Play-House Tune, *printed for J. Back at the Black Boy on London-Bridge.* 10 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—149. The lamentation of a bad Market, or, The Drounding of Three Children on the

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

Thames. Tune of "The Ladies Fall," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 23 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—150. The Life and Death of George of Oxford. To a pleasant new tune, called "Poor George," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 16 stanzas, with 2 cuts. —151. The Life and Death of the Famous Thomas Stukely: . . . Tune is, "King Henry's going to Bulloign," &c., *printed for A. M. W. O. and T. Thackeray at the Angel in Duck-Lane.* 23 stanzas, with a cut.—152. The Westminster Frolick: or, The Cuckold of his own procuring. Tune of "Hey boys up go we," *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.* 16 stanzas, with 5 cuts. [Printed on back of No. 151.]—153. The London Damsels fate by Unjust Tyranny: or, The Rash Lover. Tune of "Troy Town," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . . 19 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—154. The London lasses Hue-and-Cry after her Dearly Beloved Robin, whom she unluckily lost last Saturday night. To the tune of "The Rant," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.* 16 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—155. The Longing Virgins Choice: or, the Scotch Lasses Delight. "To a Modish new Scot[c]h tune, sung at the Duke's Playhouse," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 12 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—156. A Looking-Glass for a Christian Family; or, A Warning for all People to serve God. The tune is "Aim not too High," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.* 24 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—157. A Looking-Glass for a Bad Husband: or, A Caveat for a Spend-thrift. By T[homas] L[amfire?]. To the tune of "The Poor Mans Comfort:" or, "Digby," *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 11 stanzas, with 5 cuts. 158. A Looking-Glass for Ladies, or, A mirrour for married-women. Tune of "Queen Dido:" or, "Troy Town," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 18 stanzas, with 5 cuts. [The Story of Penelope.]—159. A Looking-Glass for a covetous Miser: or, Comfort to a Contented minde. To the tune of "The Fair Angel of England," or, "The Tyrant." 12 stanzas, subscribed T. J., with 1 cut. 160. Love in a Bush: or, The two Loyal Lovers Joy compleated. Tune of "Oh so Ungrateful a Creature," *printed for James Bissel at the Bible and Harp in West-Smithfield.* 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—161. Love in a Mist. To the tune of "Hey boys up go we," *printed for I. Deacon* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—162. The Love-Sick Maid: or, Cordelias lamentation for the absence of her Gerhard. To a pleasant new tune, *printed by and for A. M.* . . . With 3 cuts.—163. The Love-Sick Serving-Man, *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* 12 stanzas, with 1 cut.—164. Love without Measure: or, The Youngmans Delight and the Maidens Joy. To a rare new tune, called, "Du-Vals Delight," *printed for W. Thackery and T. Passenger.* 13 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—165. Loves better than Gold: or, Money's an Ass. To a new delightful tune, much in request at Court, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—166. Loves Boundless Power: or, The Charmed Lovers Happiness compleated. To the tune of "When Busie Fame," &c. *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—167. Love's fierce desire, and hopes of Recovery: or, A true and brief Description of two Resolved Lovers. To a delightful new tune, or, "Fair Angel of England," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.* 15 stanzas, subscribed L[awrence] P[rice], with 3 cuts.—168. Love's Fortune: or, A faint-hearted Souldier will never win the field. Tune is, "Sweet come love me once again," *printed for F. Coles,* &c. (as No. 167). 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts. VOL. II.—1. The Loves of Damon and Sappho:

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

or, The Shepherd Crown'd with good success. A pleasant new Play-house Song, to the tune of "Hail to the Myrtle Shades," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.* 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—2. The Loves of Jockey and Jenny: or, The Scotch Wedding. A most pleasant new Song, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 11 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—3. Loves Overthrow: or, A full and true account of a young Maid that lived in Exeter-Exchange-Court in the Strand. . . . To the tune of "Bateman," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—4. Loves Torments Cured by Death: or, Lovers Delay'd grow desperate. . . . To a pleasant New Court-tune: or "Phillis thou Soul of Love," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—5. Loves Triumph over Bashfulness: or, The Pleas of Honour and Chastity overruled. . . . To a Pleasant New Play-House tune, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—6. The Lovers Battle, Being a sore Combat fought between Mars and Venus. The tune is, "The Clorals Delight." By T. R., *printed for T. P. at the three Bibles on London Bridge.* 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—7. The Loving Lad and the Coy Lass. Being a pleasant and witty Discourse between a young Man and a Maid. To a pleasant new tune, *printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.* 26 stanzas, with one cut.—8. The Loving Shepherd: or, Phaon's humble Petition to Beautiful Phillis, who readily answered his Request, *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.* 8 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—9. A lamentable Ballad of the Lady's Fall, *W. Thackeray.* 4 cuts.—10. The loyal and true hearted Subjects good Will to King and Common-wealth. To the tune of "The Dukes wish: or, "Ile ask no more." By Thomas Houghton, *printed for Thomas Passenger at the three bibles on London-bridge.* 13 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—11. Loyal Constancy: or, The Seamans Love-Letter: written by John Blay a Board the *Henry* and *Elizabeth* riding at Leghorn. . . . Tune of "Cloris full of harmless thoughts," "Jenny Gin," [or,] "the fair one let me in," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 8 stanzas, with 7 cuts in two parts, the second containing Mary Foast's answer to John Blay.—12. A Duplicate of No. 9.—13. Loyalty unfeigned: or, The True Protestants Admonition. Being a Pleasant New Song, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 5 cuts, of which 3 are curious and early.—14. Luke Huttons Lamentation. . . . *printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.* With 3 cuts. [Full title in Hazlitt, but not this impression].—15. The Mad Man's Morice. . . . To a Pleasant new tune, *printed by and for A. M.* . . . 14 stanzas, with one cut.—16. The Maids Answer to the Batchelors Ballad: or, Love without Remedy. To the tune of "No more, silly Cupid": or, "The Duke of Monmouth's Jig," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—17. The maiden's reply to the Young mans Resolution." To the tune of "The Young Mans Resolution," *printed for J. Williamson at the Bible upon London Bridge.* 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—18. The Maidens Tragedy: or, A brief Account of a Young Damsel near Wolverhampton. . . . To the tune of "Russel's Farewell, *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.* 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—19. The Maltster caught in a Trap: or, The Witty Ale-Wife, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—20. The Mariner's Delight: or, The Seamen's Seven Wives, *printed for J. Conyers at the Raven in Duck-lane.* 8 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—21. Mark Noble's Frollick; who being stopp'd by the Constable near the Tower, was examin'd where he had been, whither he was going, and his Name and place where he dwelt.

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

. . . To the tune of "The New Rant," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.* 21 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—22. The Master-piece of Love-songs. To the tune of "The Week before Easter, the Day's long and clear," &c., *printed for A. M. W. O. and Tho. Thackeray at the Angel in Duck-lane.* 16 stanzas, with 2 cuts of superior execution.—23. A Tryal of skill, performed by a poor decayed Gentlewoman, who cheated a rich Grasier of Sevenscore pound, and left him a Child to keep. The tune is "Ragged and Torn," *printed for I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.* 16 stanzas, with 2 cuts. [Printed on back of No. 22].—24. The Merry Bag-Pipes: The Pleasant Pastime betwixt a Jolly Shepherd and a Country Damsel . . . To the tune of "March Boys," &c., *printed for C. Bates.* . . . 7 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—25. The merry Maid of Middlesex. To a delicate Northern tune: or, "The Maid that lost her way," *printed by E. Crowch for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright,* 12 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—26. The merry Maid of Shoreditch, Her Resolution and Good Counsel to all her Fellow Maids. The tune is "I have a Mistris of my own:" or, "Hold Buckle and Thong together," *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 9 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—27. A Merry Wedding: or, O brave Arthur of Bradley. To a pleasant new tune, &c., *printed by and for W. O. for A. M. and sold by J. Deacon, in Guilt-spur-street.* 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—28. The Milk Maid's Resolution. Tune, "Cupid's Trappan," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 16 stanzas, with 2 cuts (one of a milkmaid).—29. The Mistaken Lover: or, The Supposed Ungrateful Creature appears a True Pattern of Loyalty. To an Excellent New tune sung at Court, *printed for C. Dennisson at the Stationers-Arms within Aldgate.* 8 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—30. A Mock-Song: or, Love and no Love. To the tune of "Mars and Venus," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—31. Modesty Amazed: or, The Dorset-shire Damosell importunate with her Mother to know Rogers meaning in Wooing, *printed for J. Deacon at the Angel in Guiltspur-street without Newgate.* [A warning against a counterfeit edition is appended].—32. Tis Money makes a Man: or, The Good-Fellows Folly. To a pleasant new tune: "Bonny black Bess"; or, "Digby." By J. Wade, *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—33. The Late Duke of Monmouth's Lamentation. Tune of "On the Bank of a River": or, "Now the Fights done," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 7 stanzas, with one cut. In 2 parts.—34. The Mournful Shepherd: or, The Torment of loving, and not being Lov'd again. To a pleasant new tune, called "Could Man his wish obtain," &c. Play'd and sung at the King's Play-House, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . With 2 cuts.—35. The Mother and Daughter; or, A Dialogue betwixt them composed in Verse. The tune is, "Come, Sweet-heart, and embrace thine own": or, "The Dancing of Primrose-hill," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 13 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—36. A new and True Ballad of the Poet's Complaint: or, A newe Song to a newe Tune, of a young wench living in Holbourn. . . . To a pleasant new tune, called, "I am confirm'd," &c. *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 16 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—37. The New Courtier. Tune is, "Clovis, since thou hast fled away," &c. *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.* 12 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—38. A New Scotch Ballad of Jealous Nanny: or, False-hearted Willy turn'd True. To the tune of "Maggies Iealousie," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 8 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—39. The New Scotch-Jigg: or, The Bonny Cravat. Tune of "Jenny, come tye my," &c. *printed for W.*

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood. 15 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—40. The Second Part of the new Scotch-Jigg : or, Jenny's Reply to Johnnys Cravat. Tune of "Jenny, come tye my," &c. *printed for W. Thackeray, &c.* 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—41. A New Song of Lulla By : or, Father Peters's Policy Discovered. To the tune of "Greensleeves" : or, "My Mistress is to Bulling gone," *printed in the Year* 1688. 15 stanzas, with a curious cut.—42. Nick and Froth : or, The Good-fellows Complaint for want of full Measure. Tune of "We'l Drink this Old Ale no more, no more," *printed for R. Burton in West-Smith-field.* 20 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—43. The Nob[l]e Man's Generous Kindness : or, The Country-Mans Unexpected Happiness. To the tune of "The Two English Travellers," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 17 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—44. The Noble Prodigal : or, The young Heir newly come to his Estate. A newe Medly of six Ayres ("The Jews Concert," "Princess Royal," "Come hither my own Sweet Duck," "French Tricatees" *bis*, "A new Country Dance"). No imprint. 6 stanzas.—45. The Norfolk Lass : or, The Maid that was blown with Child. To the tune of "The King and Northern Man" : or, "Tommy Pots," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 15 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—46. The Northern Ladd : or, The Fair Maids Choice. To the tune of "There was a Lass in Cumberland," &c. *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 14 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—47. The Old Pudding-pye Woman set forth in her colours, &c. To a rare new tune much in use, or, "There was an Old Wife," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark.* 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—48. The Old Woman's Resolution . . . To the tune of "I Marry and thank ye too," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* 17 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—49. Opportunity Lost, or, The Scotch Lover Defeated. To a pleasant northern tune, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—50. The Oxford Health : or, The Jovial Loyalist. A new song. To the tune of "On the Bank of a River" : or, "Packington's Pound," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 9 stanzas, with 1 cut.—51. A Pattern of Love : or, The Faithful Lovers well met. To the tune of "The Cannons Rore," *printed for J. Blare* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—52. The Pensive Lover : or, the Damosels Crosses crown'd with Comfort. To the tune of "Grim King of the Ghosts," *printed for J. Blare* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—53. The Pensive Prisoner's Apology." Tune of "Love with unconfined wings" : or, "No, no, no, no, not yet," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts. In two parts.—54. The Plowman's Art in Wooing. Tune of "Cupid's Trappan," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 16 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—55. The Plough-man's Praise : In A Dialogue between a Mother and her Daughter. Tune of "The Evening Ramble," &c. *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 8 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—56. The Poet's Dream : or, The Great Out-cry and Lamentable Complaint of the Land against Bayliffs and their Dogs. To the tune of "Sawny," &c. *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 14 stanzas, with a cut, representing a bailiff and his dog.—57. The Politick Countreyman. Plainly setting forth the many misfortunes of those men, who have mist of their aim in choosing a wife. . . . Tune of "Hey boys up go we" : or, "Jenny Gin," *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger.* 10 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—58. A Posie of Rare Flowers : Gathered by a Young-man for his Mistris. To a pleasant new tune, *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.* 18 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—59 The Invincible Pride of Women : or, the London Tradesman's Lamentation. To the tune of "The Spinning-Wheel," *printed for P. Brooksby,*

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back. 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—60. The Prodigal's Resolution : or, My Father was born before me. To a pleasant new tune, *printed for F. Coles, J. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—61. A Prospective-Glass for Christians ; to behold the Reigning Sins of this Age . . . Tune of "Monstrous Women," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.* 9 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—62. The Protestant Seaman's Resolution to fight for King William : or, the Total Destruction of Popery in this Reformed Land and Nation. To the tune of "The Souldier's Daughter," *printed for J. Blare.* 9 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—63. Protestant Unity the best Policy to Defeat Popery and all its Bloody Practices. . . . A pleasant new song. To the tune of "Now, now the Fight's done," &c. *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.* 12 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—64. Pyramus and Thisbe : or, Love's Masterpiece. To the tune of "Digby's Farewel," *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 12 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—65. The Religious Man's Exhortation to all Persons of what Degree soever. . . . To the tune of "The Young Man's Legacy" : or, "Sinners Redemption," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 17 stanzas, with 6 cuts.—66. The Rich Farmer's Ruine ; who murmured at the Plenty of the Seasons . . . To the tune of "Why are my eyes still flowing?" as it is play'd on the Violin, *printed for J. Back* . . . 8 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—67. Robin Hood's Delight : . . . To the tune of "Robin Hood and Queen Katherine" ; or, "Robin Hood and the Shepherd," *printed for William Thackery, at the Angel, in Duck lane.* 24 stanzas, with 1 large cut.—68. The Noble Fisher-man : or, Robin Hood's Preferment . . . To the tune of "In Summer time," &c. *printed for W. Thackeray and T. Passinger.* 28 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—69. The Famous Battel between Robin Hood and the Curtal Fryar. To a new Northern tune, *printed for W. Thackeray, J. Millet, and A. Milbourn.* 39 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—70. The True Pattern of Loyalty : Being the Happy Agreement betwixt William and Susan . . . To the tune of "Charon make haste," &c. *printed for J. Blare* . . . 9 stanzas, with 3 cuts. [Printed on back of No. 69.]—71. The Roysters Ruine, in a Dialogue betwixt a Spend-thrift and a Whore . . . The tune is, "He that hath most Money is the best Man," *printed for T. Passenger* . . . 11 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—72. The Lord Russel's Farewel, who was Beheaded for High-Treason, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, July 21st, 1683. To the tune of "Tender Hearts of London City," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts and music.—73. The Seaman's Complaint for his Unkind Mistress of Wapping. To the tune of "I love you dearly, I love you well," &c. *printed for Charles Baker.* 28 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—74. The Seaman's Sorowful Bride, *printed for J. Deacon in Giltspur-street.* To the tune of "Ah ! Jenny Gin."—75. A Serious Discourse between two Lovers. To the tune of "When Sol will cast no Light" : or, "Deep in Love." T. Wade, *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 15 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—76. The School of Venus. Tune of "Hail to the Mirtle Shade," *printed for Josiah Blare* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—77. The Scolding Wife. To a pleasant new Tune, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 9 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—78. The Scolding Wives Vindication : or, An Answer to the Cuckold's Complaint. To the tune of "The Cuckold's Complaint," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* 16 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—79. The States-man's Last Will and Testament : or, His Worthy Legacies left to his beloved Cronies . . . Tune of "O, rare

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

Popery," *printed in the Year* 1689. 12 stanzas, with 1 cut. [Printed on the back of No. 78.]—80. The Scornful Maid, and the Constant Young-Man. Tune of "Times Changling I never will be": or, "Sawny": or, "A Fig for France." By T. Robins, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 13 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—81. The Scotch Lad's Moan: or, Pretty Maggie's Unkindness. To an excellent new Scotch tune, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 7 stanzas, with 2 cuts and music.—82. Scotch Moggy's Misfortune . . . To an excellent new tune, *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* 9 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—83. The Scotch Souldier's Kindness . . . To the tune of "The Crafty Wife," *printed for I. Deacon* . . . 10 stanzas, with 6 cuts.—84. The Scotch Wooing: or, Jockey of the Lough, and Jenny of the Lee. . . . To the tune of "Jockey's gone to the Wood," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 1 cut.—85. A Serious Discourse between two Lovers . . . J. Wade, *printed for W. Thackray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.* 15 stanzas, with 2 cuts. [Another edition of No. 75.]—86. The Shepherd's Complaint: and the Comforting Shepherdess. To the tune of "Mogg's Jealousie," *printed for J. White, at the White Swan, at the Bridge-foot, near Southwark.* 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—87. [Queen Elinor's Confession,] Shewing how King Henry, with the Earl Marshal, in Fryars Habits, came to her . . . *printed for C. Bates, at the White Hart, in West Smithfield.* 20 stanzas, with a large cut. [The first line of the title is cut off; this is a different edition from that mentioned by Hazlitt, art. "Eleanor," No. 2.]—88. A Ship-load of Waggery: or, Clouded Merriment to please young men and maids. To a new tune: or, "Cloris Awake," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—89. A soluntary [*sic*] Song for all stubborn Sinners to amend their Lives and evil Ways. To the tune of "The Sinner's Redemption," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 19 stanzas, with 2 cuts. In 2 parts.—90. The Sorrowful Citizen: or, The Couragious Plow-Man. To the Tune of "The Country Farmer," *printed for J. Blare* . . . 9 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—91. The Sorrowfull Damsels Lamentation for want of a Husband. To the tune of "The Country Farmer," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 9 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—92. The Sorrowful Mother: or, the Pious Daughter's Last Farewel. To the tune of "Troy-Town," *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 14 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—93. The Soldier's Fortune: or, The Taking of Mardike, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . With 2 cuts.—94. The Souldier his Salutation to the wary Wench of Worcester. To a pleasant Scottish tune, call'd "Lowdens Delight." No imprint. In 2 parts. 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—95. The Springs Glory: or, A precious Posie for Pretty Maidens. The tune is "Monk hath confounded," &c. *I. P. printed for W. Gilbertson.* 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts. In 2 parts.—96. Strephon and Cloris: or, The Coy Shepherd and the Kind Shepherdess. To a pleasant New Play-house tune; or, "Love will find out the way," *printed for I. Clarke, at the Horsshooe, in West Smithfield.* 15 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—97. The Subtile Damosel: or, Good Counsel for Maids. To the tune of "The new made Gentlewoman." By J. Wade, *printed for Richard Hardy at the Horseshoe in West Smithfield.* 15 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—98. The Subtil Miss of London: or, The Ranting Hector well fitted by this cunning Miss. To the tune of "The two English Travellers," *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 19 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—99. The Taunton Maids delight: or, Hey for the honest Woosted-Comber. The tune is "I have a good old mother at home," &c. T. L[anfire ?], *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 14 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—100. The three Worthy Butchers of the North. To a pleasant new tune. Paul Burges, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 25 stanzas, with a cut.—101.

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

Tobias' Advice : or, A Remedy for a Ranting Young-Man. Tune of "Daniel Cooper." By Tobias Bowne, *printed for P. Brooksby in Py-Corner.* 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—102. Tobias Observation. Tune of "The Country Farmer." By Tobias Bowne, *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 11 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—103. Tom Tell-truth. To the tune of "Tantara-ra ra Tantivee," *printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.* 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—104. The Trappand Cuckold maker : or, Yea-and-Nay well fitted. Tune is "O mother, Roger," &c. *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 9 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—105. The Trapanned Taylor : or, A Warning to all Taylors to beware how they marry. To the tune of "How many Crowns and pounds have I spent," &c. *printed for F. Coles, J. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 20 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—106. The Troubles of these Times. To the tune of "A Lesson for all true Christians," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 14 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—107. A True Character of Sundry Trades and Callings : or, A New Ditty of Innocent Mirth. To the tune of "Old Simon the King," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—108. The Poor Man's Prayer for Peace in these sorrowful Times of Trouble . . . To the tune of "Game at Cards," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—109. True Love Exalted ; or, A Dialogue between a courteous young Knight of the City of London, and a Searge Weavers Daughter of Devonshire. The tune is "Tender Hearts," &c. *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 17 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—110. True Love Unvail'd : or the Coy Lady Over-come at last. To a rare new tune : or, "The French Minnim," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—111. The true Lover's Admonition. The tune is, "So sweet is the Lass that loves me," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—112. [The] True Lovers Extremity : or, The Maidens Miserable Moan. To the tune of "Charon, make haste," &c. *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 7 stanzas, with 3 cuts and music.—113. The True-Lovers Ghost. To the tune of "Tender Hearts of London City," *printed for J. Deacon* . . . 14 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—114. The True-Lovers Good-morrow. The tune is, "As at noon Dulcina rested," *printed for Will. Thackeray, at the Angel in Duck-Lane, J. M. and A. M.* 12 stanzas, 2 cuts.—115. The true-Lovers Happiness : or, Nothing venture, nothing have. Tune of "Amintas on the new-made Hay" : or, "Loyal Lovers," *printed for W. Thackeray, E. M. and A. M.* 14 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—116. The Two-Penny Whore ; In a Dialogue between a Spend-thrift and a Whore. The tune is, "He that has the most Money is the best Man," *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passinger, and W. Whitwood.* 11 stanzas, with 3 cuts. [Printed on back of No. 115.] 117. The True Lovers Knot Untied. To the tune of "Frogs Galliard," &c. *printed by and for W. O. and A. M.* . . . 25 stanzas, with 2 cuts. [The Story of the Lady Arabella.]—118. The True-Lovers Holidaies : or, the Wooing, Winning, and Wedding of a fair Damosel, performed by a Souldier, being one of the Auxiliaries. To the tune of "No body else shall plunder but I." L[aurence] P[rice?], *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.* 10 stanzas, with 2 small cuts.—119. The True-Lovers Tragedy : Being an Incomparable Ballad of a Gentleman and his Lady, that both killed themselves for love, under the disguised names of Philander and Phillis. To the tune of "Ah ! Cruel Bloody Fate," *printed for P. Brooksby* . . . 10 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—120. A duplicate of No. 75.—121. A duplicate of No. 23.—122. A Turn-Coat of the Times. Tune is "The King's Delight" : or "True Love is a Gift for a Queen," *printed for William Thackeray at*

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

the Angel in Duck-lane. 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—123. The Undaunted Seaman; who resolved to fight for his King and Country. To the tune of "I often for my Jenny Strove," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare and J. Back.* 10 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—124. Unfeigned Friendship: or, the Loyalist's Cordial Advice. . . . To a new Playhouse tune, called, "How happy's the Mate": or, "Can Life be a Blessing," &c. *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.* 11 stanzas, with 6 cuts.—125. The Unfortunate Fencer: or, the Couragious Farmer of Gloucester-shire. To the tune of "The Spinning Wheel," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* 11 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—126. The Unfortunate Lady: or, the Young Lover's fatal Tragedy. To the tune of "The Languishing Swain," *printed for J. Blare.* . . . 14 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—127. The Unfortunate Welch-Man: or, The Untimely Death of Scotch Jockey. To the tune of "The Country Farmer," *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 8 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—128. The Ungrateful Rebel: or, Gracious Clemency rewarded with Villany. Tune is "The Turn-Coat of the Times," *printed for N. Sliggen.* 6 stanzas, with 1 cut.—129. The Ungrateful Son: or, An Example of God's Justice upon the abuseful Disobedience of a False-hearted and Cruel Son to his Aged Father. To the tune of "Kentish Miracle," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* 13 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—130. The Unsatisfied Lover's Lamentation. Tune of "Hey, boys, up go we," *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger.* 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—131. The Valiant Commander, with his Resolute Lady. To a New Northern tune, called, "I would give ten thousand pounds," &c. or "Ned Smith," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. W., J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.* 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—132. Virginity grown troublesome: or, the Younger Sisters Lamentation for want of a Husband. To a pleasant New West Country tune, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 20 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—133. The Virgins Tragedy: or the Faithful Maiden and the Faithless Young man. Tune is "Jenny Gin," or, "fair one let me in," *printed for J. Conyers.* . . . 13 stanzas (including the epitaph), with 4 cuts.—134. Sir Walter Raleigh sailing in the Low-lands, shewing how the famous Ship called the *Sweet Trinity*, was taken by a false Gally. . . . To the tune of, "The Sailing in the Low-lands," *printed for J. Conyers.* . . . 14 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—135. The Wandering Virgin: or, The Coy Lass well fitted. To the tune of "Cloris, awake," or, "the loving Chambermaid," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 13 stanzas, with 2 cuts. In two parts.—136. A Warning for all Lewd Lovers. . . . To the tune of "Sir Andrew Barton," &c. *printed by and for W. O. for A. M. and sold by J. Deacon.* . . . 31 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—137. A Warning-Voice for all Wicked Livers. . . . To the tune of "The Rich Merchantman," *printed for I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. T. and T. Passenger.* 13 stanzas, with 7 cuts.—138. A Warning for all Worldlings to learn to Dye. The tune is "The Ladies fall," *printed by F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.* 16 stanzas, with a large cut. In two parts.—139. A way to wooe a witty Wench. To a pleasant new tune, or, "Mulgraves March," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright and J. Clark.* 14 stanzas, with one cut. In two parts.—140. The Wealthy Grasiers Joyes compleated: or, The Shepherd's beautiful Daughter obtained. Tune of "Ladies of London," &c. *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 8 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—141. The Welsh Fortune-Teller: or, Sheffery Morgan's Observation of the Stars as he sat upon a Mountain in Wales. To the tune of "Touch

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*

of the Times," *printed for G. Conyers on Ludgate-Hill.* 7 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—142. The West Country Dialogue: or, A Pleasant Ditty between Anniseed-Robin the Miller, and his Brother Jack the Ploughman. . . To the tune of "O Folly, desperate Folly," &c. *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 9 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—143. The West-Country Jigg: or, Love in Due Season. To a pleasant new tune called, "New Exeter," *printed for T. Brooksby.* . . . 12 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—144. The West-Country Maid's Advice. To the tune of "Hey boys up go we," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 9 stanzas, with 5 cuts.—145. The West-Country Miser: or, An Unconscionable Farmer's Miserable End. Tune of "Love's a sweet passion": or "Fond Boy," &c. *printed for J. Wolrah in Holbourn.* 11 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—146. The West-Country Lawyer: or, The Witty Maid's Good Fortune. To the tune of "The Baffled Knight," *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 19 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—147. The West Country Wedding: or, The Merry conceited Couple. Tune of "When Sol will cast no light": or, "My pretty little Rogue," *printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger and W. Whitwood.* (ii). The Westminster Frolick: or, A Cuckold is a good man's Fellow. Tune of "Hey boys up go we," or, "Alas poor thing!" *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—148. Stand too't Whetston-Park Ladies: or, The Country Lasses farewel to Sorrow. To the tune of "Never a Penny of Money," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 12 stanzas, with one cut.—149. The Winchester Wedding: or, Ralph of Reading and Black Bess of the Green. To a New Country Dance: or, "The King's Jigg," *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 7 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—150. Money makes the Mare to go, or, An Excellent new Song of the Scittle Shirking Sharpers. To the tune of "Four-pence-half-penny-farthing," *printed for I. Deacon* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts. [Printed on the back of 149].—151. The Witty Damsel of Devonshire. . . . Tune of "Here I live, there I live": or, "The Two English Travellers," *printed by P. Brooksby, I. Deacon, I. Blare, and J. Back.* 16 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—152. Englands Mercies in the Midst of Miserys: or, The Poor Man's Comfort in a time of Trouble. To the tune of "Packington's Pound," or, "Digby's Farewell," *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts. [On the back of 151].—153. The Woman Warrior: being an Account of a young Woman who lived in Cow-Cross. . . . To the tune of "Let the Soldiers Rejoice," *printed for Charles Bates next to the Crown Tavern in West Smith-field.* 11 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—154. The Woman's just Complaint: or, Man's Deceitfulness in Love. To a pleasant New play-house tune, much in request, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—155. The Woman's Victory: or, The Conceited Cuckold cudgel'd into good Qualities by his fair and virtuous Wife. To the tune of "The languishing Swain," &c. *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 20 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—156. The Wonder of Wonders: or, An Excellent Song of a Six-Legged Creature. Tune of "Old Simon the King," *printed for James Bissel at the Bible and Harp in West-Smithfield.* . . . 8 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—157. The Wonderful Praise of Money: or, An account of the many Evils that attend the ill vse thereof. Tune of "Ye Ladies of London," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 9 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—158. A Word in Season: or, Now or never. A pleasant new tune of "Sweet use your time," &c. *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passinger.* 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—159. The World turn'd up-side down: or, Money grown Troublesome. Tune of "Packington's Pound," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—160.

LOT 433. BALLADS—*continued.*
You'l never get her up : or, Love in a Tree, *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—161. Young Jemmy : or, The Princely Shepherd. To a pleasant new Play-house tune : or, "In January last" : or, "The Gowlin," *printed for P. Brooksby.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—162. The Young-Man's Complaint for the Loss of his Mistris. To an excellent new tune "I have lost my dear Mistris," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* 18 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—163. The Young Man's Counsellour : or, the most deserved praise of those sweet Complexioned Damsels of the Black and Brown. Tune of "All Trades," *printed for J. Deacon.* 11 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—164. The Young Man's Joys compleated. To the tune of "O so Ungrateful a Creature," *printed for J. Blare.* . . . 9 stanzas, with 4 cuts and music.—165. A young Man put to his Shifts : or, The Ranting Young Mans Resolution. To the tune of "Cupid's Trappan," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger,* 20 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—166. The Young-Mans Unfortunate Destiny. To the tune of "The Doubting Virgin," *printed for J. Deacon.* . . . 10 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—There is added "The Young Man's Victory over the Power of the Devil," *printed by T. Brooksby.*

434 BALLADS, in black letter. A folio volume, *in half morocco*, containing the following :—

1. Anne Askew, intituled, "I am a Woman Poor and Blind." [*No printer's name, place, or date, but printed at London*, about 1660.] Printed in two columns, with a woodcut. 22 4-line stanzas.—2. An Answer to the Maidens Frollick : or, The Taylors Resolution to be reveng'd of these Petticoat-Press-Masters by Bob-tailing their Gowns and Petticoats for the future more than ever they have done heretofore. To the tune of "An Orange." Licensed according to Order. *Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* [About 1690]. 13 4-line stanzas, with 2 woodcuts.—3. The Ballad of the Cloak : or, The Cloak's Knavery. To the tune of "From Hunger and Cold" : or, "Packington's Pound," *printed for A. M., W. O., and T. Thackeray in Duck-lane.* [About 1700.] With a woodcut.—4. Chastities Conquest : or, No touching before Marriage. A new song . . . to the tune of "Canst thou not weave Bone-lace" . . . *printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball near the Bear Tavern in Pye-corner.* [About 1690.] 6 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—5. Cupid's Courtesie, *printed by and for W. O. for A. M.*—6. Coridon and Parthenia. The Languishing Shepherd made Happy : or, Faithful Love Rewarded. Being a most pleasant and delectable new play song. To the tune of "When busie Fame," &c. *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackery, and T. Passinger.* [About 1680.] 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts. —7. Cupids Court of Equity . . . Tune of "When first I bid my Love Good-Morrow," *printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball near the Hospital-Gate, in West-Smith-field.* [About 1690.] 16 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—8. The Dumb Maid : or, The Young Gallant trappan'd. To a new tune call'd "Dum, dum, dum" : or, "I would I were in my own Country," &c. *printed by and for W. O.* [*and*] *A. M. and are to be sold by C. Bates, in Pye-corner* [About 1690.] 10 stanzas, with 4 cuts.— 9. The Female Ramblers : or, the three buxome Lassies of Northampton-shire. Containing their Pastime at the Naggs-Head, together with many Intrigues that followed thereupon. Tune is "Let Cæsar live long," *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.*

LOT 434. BALLADS—*continued.*

[About 1690.] 9 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—10. Flora's Farewel: or, The Shepherd's Love Passion Song . . . . To a Delicate Tune; or, "A thousand times my love commend," *printed for A. Milbourn, W. Onley, and T. Thackeray at the Angel in Duck-lane.* [About 1690.] In two parts. 22 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—11. John's Earnest Request: or, Betty's compassionate love extended to him in a time of distress . . . To a pleasant new tune much in request, *printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-Ball in Pye-corner.* [About 1690.] 9 stanzas, with 3 cuts.—12. The Lamentation of Mr. Pages Wife of Plimouth: who being enforced to wed against her will, did consent to his Murder for the love of George Strangwidge, for which fact they suffered death at Barstable in Devonshire. The tune is "Fortune my Foe," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, W. Gilbertson, and J. Wright.* [About 1660.] 48 stanzas, printed in 4 columns. [The second and third parts contain the "Lamentation of George Strangwidge" and the "Complaint of Mrs. Page."]—13. The most Rare and Excellent History of the Dutchess of Suffolk's Calamity. To the tune of "Queen Dido," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.* [About 1660.] 27 stanzas, printed in 4 columns, with 2 large cuts.—14. A new Ballad of the Souldier and Peggy. To a new Northern tune, *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.* [About 1660.] 13 stanzas, printed in 4 columns, with 2 cuts.—15. The Northern Ditty: or, the Scotch-man out-witted by the Country Damsel. To an excellent new Scotch tune of "Cold and Raw the North did blow." &c. A song much in request at Court, *printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* [About 1690.] 7 stanzas, with 4 cuts.—16. The Popes Pedigree: or, the Twineing of a Wheelband, shewing the rise and first Pedigrees of mortals in[habit]ing beneath the moon. Being a most pleasant and new song . . . To a pleasant new tune: or, "London is a brave town," *printed for J. Conyers at the Black Raven in Holbourn.* [About 1690.] 10 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—17. A rare example of a vertuous Maid in Paris, who was by her own Mother procured to be put in Prison, thinking thereby to compel her to Popery, but she continued to the end, and finished her life in the Fire. Tune is, "O man in Desperation," *printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark.* [About 1670.] 12 stanzas, printed in two columns.—18. Portion of a black letter Ballad of S. George of England.—19. The West-Country Wooing: or, the Merry Conceited Couple. To the tune of "When Sol will cast no light," or, "My pretty little rogue," *printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-ball in West-Smithfield.* [About 1680.] 12 stanzas, with 2 cuts.—20. The Woman to the Plow and the Man to the Hen-Roost: or, A fine way to cure a Cot-Quean. The tune is, "I have for all good wives a Song," *printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.* [About 1670.] By Martin Packer. In four columns, with 4 cuts.—21. Pedigree Education and Marriage of Robin Hood, roman letter, woodcuts, *Northampton, for R. Dicey, n. d.*—22. Newes from the River of Thames, with Music, *printed on the frozen Thames,* 1683.—23. News from the frost fair upon the River of Thames, *woodcut, probably unique, printed for T. Wright, J. Clark, etc.*

*** From Corser's Collection.

435 BALLADS. An oblong folio volume, *bound in half green morocco, by Rivière,* containing:—

1. King Lear and his Three Daughters, *printed and sold in Aldermary Church Yard.* In four columns, with a large cut.—2. Cupid's Courtesie: or, the Young Gallant Foil'd at his own Weapon. He

LOT 435. BALLADS—*continued.*

scorned Cupid and his Dart, until he felt a wounded Heart. To a most pleasant Northern tune, &c. *printed by and for W. O. for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers.* [About 1680.] 14 stanzas, printed in 4 columns, black letter, with 2 cuts.—3. The Golden Bull: or, The Garland of Love's Craftiness. In 4 parts, *printed and sold in Bow-Church-Yard.* In 4 columns.—4. A Godly Warning to all young Maidens: or, Jermain's Wife and Young Bateman, *printed and sold in Bow-church Yard.* In 4 columns. With a woodcut.—5. An Excellent Ballad of a Dreadful Combat Fought between Moore of Moore-hall and the Dragon of Wantley, *printed and sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard.* With a cut. In 4 columns.—6. The Great Boobee. To the tune of "Salleeger's Round." [*No imprint.*] In 4 columns, with a woodcut in 2 compartments.—7. An Unhappy Memorable Song of the Hunting of Chevy-Chase, *printed and sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard.* In 4 columns, with a cut.—8. A Ballad of the Cloak's Knavery. To an excellent new tune, much in request. [*No imprint.*] In 3 columns, with a cut.—9. The Woeful Lamentation of Jane Shore, *printed and sold in Bow-Church-Yard.* In 5 columns.—10. An Excellent Ballad of a Prince of England's Courtship to the King of Frances's Daughter. [*No imprint.*] In 5 columns, with 2 cuts.—11. Roman Charity: A Worthy Example of a Virtuous Wife, who fed her Father with her own Milk . . . *printed and sold in Bow-Church-Yard.* In 5 columns, with a cut.—12. The Old Ballad of the Three Jolly Butchers and ten Highwaymen, *sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard.* In 3 columns, with 3 cuts.—13. Constance and Anthony: or, True Love Rewarded with Loyalty. [*No imprint.*] In 4 columns, with 2 cuts.—14. Bonny Dundee: or, Jockey's Deliverance. Being his valiant Escape from Dundee and the Parson's Daughter, whom he had court'd. To an excellent tune, called "Bonny Dundee," *printed and sold in Bow-Church Yard.* In 2 columns, with a cut.—15. The Children in the Wood . . . *printed and sold at the Printing Office in Bow-Church-Yard.* In 5 columns, with 6 cuts.—16. The Dutchess of Suffolk's Calamity. To the tune of "Queen Dido." [*No imprint.*] In 4 columns, with cuts.—17. Constance and Anthony: or, True Love rewarded with Loyalty. [*No imprint.*] In 4 columns, with 2 cuts.—18. The Bride's Burial. Tune of the "Lady's Fall." [*No imprint.*] In 4 columns, with a large cut. 19. The Northern Lord. In 4 parts, *printed and sold at the Printing-office in Bow-Church-Yard.* In 4 columns.—20. Poor Robin's Dream: Commonly called Poor Charity. Tune "The New Pack of Cards" . . . *Bow Church Yard.* In 3 columns, with 3 cuts.—21. A New Summons to Horn-Fair, *printed in Stone-Cutter-Street.* In 3 columns, with a very large and curious woodcut in 2 compartments.—22. A New Summons to all the merry wagtail Jades to attend at Horn-Fair, *printed and sold in Stonecutter's-Street, near the Fleet-market.* In 3 columns, with a large cut in 2 compartments, different from No. 21. The burden is "Cuckolds all a-row . . ."—23. News from Frost-Fair, Upon the River of Thames. Being a description of the Booths, Tents, Accommodations, Frollicks, Sports and Humours, of those innumerable Crouds of Resorters; the like never before Published. To the tune of, "Come from the Temple to the Bed," &c. *printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.* 10 stanzas, with a large cut. Black letter. The frost of 1683 is referred to as having happened "not many years ago."—24. A Sea-Fight betwixt Sir George Byng and the Spaniard, *printed and sold in Bow-*

The Loves of
Damon and Sappho:

OR: The Shepherd Crown'd with good ſucceſs.

You Lovers all that would ſucceſsful be;
Be not too baſhful, but in Love be free:
Time but your paſſion and you'l never fail,
There is a time when you'l be ſure prevail.
Maids will deny, its true, but ſoon will yield,
If once you charge, they ſoon will loſe the Field:
Though they deny, it is but for a faſhion,
For when they do, they have the greateſt paſſion.

A pleaſant New Play-houſe Song, To the Tune of, *Hail to the Myrtle Shades.*

COme turn thy Roſie face,
leave bluſhing at me my Dear,
Let's kindly now imbrace,
whilſt Cupid does baniſh all fear:
The Neighbouring Swains are gone
to water their Flocks you ſee:
And now we are all alone,
in pleaſure let us be free.

I fancy now to be
like Adam in Paradice;
Then let me taſte the Tree
of pleaſures, and be not nice:
For Beauty fades away,
Old Age it will waſte it quite:
And time for none will ſtay,
then let's purſue Delight.

Under this Spreading Shade,
all near to this Chryſtial Spring,
Our vows they ſhall be pay'd,
while th'Birds do pleaſantly ſing:
A yielding in your Eyes,
my Sappho I do behold:
Then let us act our joys,
before that our paſſion's cold.

The blooming Spices smell,
and Summer is in her Pride,
Come let us sport a while,
and Sappho shall be my Bride:
With Flowers I'le Crown thy brow,
thou shalt be Queen of the Field:
Where all plenty does grow,
Oh then my fair Sappho yield.

See Earth Embroyder'd smiles,
and all things do gay appear:
While time our Love beguiles,
come blush no more my dear:
Let's search for joys unknown,
and each of us trade in bliss:
Fair Nymph we are alone,
in you shall no more resist.

Alas, my Damon, fie,
do not a poor Nymph betray:
A Virgin I will dye,
Diana I will obey:
Then think, kind Swain, no more
to flatter your self with Love:
God Cupid I'le ne'r adore,
nor rank him with powers above.

O say not so my joy,
for Beauty's ne'r made in vain:
Not use is to destroy
what the powers above ordain:

Hark how the Birds invite,
and Love with their Song do charm
Alluring to delight,
while thus we hold arm in arm.

No more sweet Damon spare,
my blushes that do arise:
O fie kind Shepheard forbear,
and do not a Maid surprize.
I am too young for Love,
and must not as yet be won:
Oh help ye Powers above,
or I shall be quite undone.

In vain fair Nymph you strive,
for passion will have its way:
And he that did love contrive,
in these shades you must obey.
Alas, I resistance loose,
and now can resist no more:
What coy I did refuse,
Loves pleasures do over-pow'r.

Witness this pleasant Grove,
I to denyal was bent:
Had not you forced my love,
but now I shall ne'r repent:
No, never my Dear, for we
our mutual joys will encrease:
So happy we will be,
and live in an endless peace.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.

The Loves of Jockey *and* Jenny:
OR,
The Scotch Wedding.

A most pleasant New Song.

AH! Jenny Gin, your Eyn do kill,
you'l let me tell my pain;
Guid Faith Ise lov'd against my will,
but would not break my Chain:
I came was call'd a bonny Lad,
till that fair face of yours,
Betray'd the freedom once I had,
and all my blither hours.

And now, wey's me like winter looks,
my faded shawring ey'n;
And on the banks of shaddowing
I pass the tedious time: (Brooks,
Ile call the streams that glide soft on,
to witness if they see,
On all the banks they glide along,
so true a Swain as me.

Jockey.

Wey's me, can Jenny doubt my love,
when au the Lasses see,
That I done slight each mikle Dove,
and languish but for thee?
Ise have Five Acres of good Land,
both Sheep and muckle Kine;
And au for Jenny to Command,
sweet Jenny then be mine.

Jenny.

Wey's me when Jockey kens my stoze
he's will repent his pain;
And au his mickle suit give o'ze,
pooz Jenny he'l disdain,

Jockey.

Now by this blasted Oak I swear,
I'se cannot chuse but moan:
Does Jenny think I'se love foz Geer,
ne 'tis her self alone.

Ise have a pail to milk the Ews,
two Dishes and four Spoon;
Besides Cheese-Fats the Curds to
a Pot and two new Shoon: (screw
A Ladle, Spit and Dripping-Pan,
two Stools and one Straw-Bed;
On which pooz Jockey wad full fain
get Jennys Maiden-head.

Jenny

May if mine Jockey be so stoz'd,
we's ne no moze to buy;
Geud faith I'se have a muckle hoard,
that will the rest supply:
I'se have two Cheeses made of whey,
a Pudding Tub and Pan;
To fry Tripe on the Wadding-day,
if Jockey be the Man.

Geud faith, since Jenny's pleas'd to
her Love-sick humble Swain; (bless
I'se by this shade do now profess,
I'se constant will remain:
Yea, byth agreement now I'se swear,
I'se auways loving prove:
So that each Lass shall envy her,
to see how well I'se love.

If Jockeys Riches will not do,
thy Jenny will not fail,
To take her Kettle and go Brew
a cragg of Nappy Ale:
A strike of Mault with pain and care,
well Houswiv'd may do well;
'Tis stock enough for we pooz Folk,
that Brew good Ale to sell.

Jenny.

Then let us gang to muckle Iohn,
that he may tye the Knot;
That I your joys may hasten on,
sin, 'tis kind Jockeys Lott:
With au his heart Jockey will gang,
and happy shall he be:
To hugg his Jenny au night long,
in mickle mirth and glee.

Then good sir, Donkin, by your leave,
a Wadding we mun have;
Dost see the Skippets and Belloons,
with Lads and Lasses brave?
I'se Jockey take thee Jenny true,
to be my wadded Wife;
Forsake my Loons and Lubber-Lows,
to please thee all my life.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-Ball, in West-smithfield.

Loves Overthrow;

OR,

A full and true account of a young Maid that lived in

Exeter-Exchange-Court, in the *Strand*, who being deeply in Love with a young Serving-man, whose care was so great, that he would not marry till he was in a good Condition to maintain a Wife; which resolution of his bred jealousie in her; whereupon in reality of his Love, he presented her with a Ring, but she afterwads dispairing of his Constancy, disdainfully returned him the Ring again, and within a short time after poysoned her self; And now she lies buried near the *May-Pole* in the *Strand*, with a Stake drove through her body; Being there Bruied the Thirteenth day of *May* last.

To the Tune of, *Bateman.*

ALL you that know what 'tis to love,
come mourn a while with me,
For unto you I will declare,
a mournful Tragedy:
A fair and comely Damsel did
live lately in the Strand,
Whose fancy taught her to obey,
loves power and strict command.

So that she deeply fell in Love
with a young Serving-man,
Who Loyal unto her did prove,
yet here her woe began:
Each others Love they did imbrace,
and joyntly did agree,
That in a very little space,
they both should Marry'd be.

The Young-man he was full of care,
and fearful to ingage
Himself in Wedlock, which did put
this Maid into a rage:
She loved him exceeding well,
and so he loved too,
But 'cause he made a small demur,
she knew not what to do.

He did intend all should do well,
e're he would Marry'd be,
And never take a Wife to bring
her into misery:
So for this cause he did delay,
and Marriage did prolong,
Till she from reason went astray,
now mind my mournful Song.

She did mistake his good intent,
poor silly harmless Maid,
And cry'd, she knew not what he meant,
of him she was afraid:
Quoth she, if he should prove unkind,
what would become of me?
He fickle is I now do find,
and deals deceitfully.

If Fortune will not be my friend,
and teach him to be kind,
My life will quickly have an end,
my death draws near I find:
Thus discontented did she live,
and could not quiet be,
For nothing could her pains remove,
hatch'd up by Jealousie.

Her fears did every day increase,
least he should faithless be,
Her panting heart could find no ease,
a mournful Soul was she:
At last she fell into dispair,
and Satan prompt her on,
To draw her Soul into a snare,
and thus her woe begun.

In hourly Torments still was she,
and could not be content,
But for to set her troubles free,
this way to work she went:
To Holbourn she one day did go,
and pasion was her guide;
Which did procure her overthrow,
and made her go aside.

Then with a Cup of Poyson strong,
she ends her mournful Life,
'Cause she before her time did long,
to be a married Wife:
After this Poyson she had took,
a week she lay in pain,
Thinking her Love had her forsook,
which made her to complain.

And now she Buried is likewise,
near the May-pole in the Strand,
A Stake is through her body drave,
as we do understand:
Then Maidens all be sure take heed,
in Love you ne'r dispair,
Since Jealousie caus'd this cruel deed,
true Lovers all beware.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, in West-smithfield.

Loves Torments Eaſed by Death: Or,

Lovers Delay'd, grow Deſperate.

Being a Relation how a young Gallant thinking he was deſpiſed by *Cloris*, poyſoned himſelf, the which the Nymph underſtanding by a Letter that ſhe found lying by him, ran Diſtracted, &c.

Cevus *by Loves fierce Shaft tormented lyes,*
Diſpairing of all Cure, ſelf-poyſon'd Dyes:
Leaving a Letter that contain'd the cauſe
Of his ſad fate, which Cloris *finds, does pauſe,*
A while upon them with the ſenſe of grief,
Diſtracted grows, admitting no relief.

To a pleaſant New Court-Tune: Or, *Phillis thou ſoul of Love.*

BEauty thou Throne of Graces,
Bright Queen of Charmed faces,
Thou Goddeſs of endleſs Paſſion,
Thou Tyrant of the Nation:
Thou Soul that doth incharm us,
Thou Fury ſent to harm us;
How happy thou'd we be?
Proud foe wer't not for thee.

Numerous ſhining Glories,
Adorn my Lovely Cloris;
Her Face as bright as Summer,
Her Pride did well become her:
Her Praiſe above was given,
Each Angel flew from Heaven;
And ſmiling clap'd his Wing,
For joy to hear her ſing.

My Soul was ſtill admiring,
Her falſhood ſtill aſpiring:
I ſtrongly did beſiege her,
Yet ne'r durſt diſobleige her,
But ſhe like frofty weather,
Nip'd all my Buds together:
Believing me untrue,
My poor heart did undoe.

WIth cruelty purſuing,
Until ſhe prov'd my ruine:
My youthful joys conſuming,
And blaſted love juſt blooming:
Which muſt have fatal ending,
Now Death on me's deſcending,
Ver'ling torments new,
My poor heart to ſubdue.

Grief ſhall no more diſtreſs me,
Nor wounding love oppreſs me:
This mortal Poyſon taſted,
To ſhades below I'm haſted:
'Tis done ye cruel powers,
Death now that Love devours,
With his bright Shaft ſtrikes through,
My heart for ever true.

Which Cloris Love undoing,
Was forc'd upon ſad ruine;
No more the Light deſiring,
But to dark ſhades retiring,
Among Ghoſts to be telling,
In my Elizium dwelling,
How thinking me untrue,
My poor heart did undoe.

Fair Tyranneſs I leave thee,
Thy Charms of Life bereave me;
Under this ſhade where Eying,
The firſt I will be dying:
Farewel my hope for ever,
My Love and Life together:
But this the World ſhall ſhew
What did my heart undoe.

Which he no ſooner ſaying,
But from his boſome drawing,
He by him lay'd the Paper,
When with a ſigh his Vapour
Of Life from Earth aſcended,
And ſo his torments ended:
Whom Cloris thought untrue,
And his heart did undoe.

He no ſooner dying,
But Cloris that way prying,
Beheld her cruel conqueſt,
At which with fear being Non-pluſt:
She ſtarted, but deſire
Made her full ſoon draw nigher:
Whereby the Knot ſhe knew,
Which did his heart undoe.

And that her charming Beauty,
To which he long pay'd duty,
Had been his overthrowing,
Which ſhe no ſooner knowing:
But ſigh'd, woes me, and crying,
Alas! while I was trying,
His conſtancy ſo true,
I did his heart undoe.

The which no longer bearing,
But golden Treſſes tearing,
Her Ivory Breaſt ſtill ſmiting,
Diſtraction ſo inciting:
And frantick loud did clamour,
Nor could the Wood-Nymphs tame her,
But crying falſe untrue,
That coud'ſt thy Love undoe.

She through the Groves does wander,
Traceing each Meander,
Againſt the Fates exclaiming,
And her own hard heart blaming:
And comfortleſs deceived,
But quite of ſenſe bereaved,
She crys, Ah me! untrue,
That could my Love undoe.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-Ball, in Weſt-ſmith-field.

Love's Triumph over Bashfulne

OR, *The Pleas of* HONOUR *and* CHASTITY *ov*

Being a pleasant New Play-Song by way of Dialogue between *Celia*

When *Love* raises up his Arms, all force must yield,
He will be Victor, his must be the Field:
Vain is Resistance, no force could e're withstand
The swift-wing'd shafts sent by his nimble hand:

Celia brings Honour, Chastity
Not dreaming but they can re
But that they were not proof t
For through them all, Love di

To a Pleasant new Play-House Tune.

On the Banks of a River, close under a shade,
Young Celia and Strephon one evening were lay'd;
The youth pleaded strongly for the fruits of his Love
But Honour had won her his flames to reprove:
She cry'd where's the lustre when clouds shade the Sun
Or what is Rich Nectar, the taste being gone,
Amongst flowers on the stalk, sweetest odours do dwell,
The Rose being gathered, it looseth its smell.

Strephon.

My dearest of Nymphs the brisk Shepherd reply'd,
If e're thou wouldst argue, begin on Loves-side:
In matters of State, let all reason be shown.
But Love is a power will be rul'd by his own:
Nor need the coy Lasses be counted so rare,
For scandal can't touch the chast and the Fair:
Most scarce are the joys Loves Alimbeck does fill,
And Roses are sweetest when brought to the Still.

Celia.

Alas cry'd the Nymph, when my Beauty is gone,
Love will take wing and will leave us to moan;
But Honour's more lasting where vertue does reign,
It finds no decay, but for aye will remain:

And freshly will blossom, although
When Love is forgotten it trop
O think of Diana the Hunters
How she for her vertue renowned

Strephon.

No more of these fancies then
But let this coole shade pour co
For what were such creatures
Or why was Love sent this gre
If's power be so weak to fond
And such a bright beauty could
No more of this coyness, my C
Let's riot in pleasures and new

Celia.

The Nymph with such blushes
Turn'd from him her face, whi
Her Ivory white shoulders, an
Forbear now to tempt thus a ha
To such fond enjoyments as be
'Tis pleasures more lasting swe
For lost Virgin-honour there's
And she that doth loose it no lo

nefs:

Y over-ruled.

Celia and *Strephon.*

naſtity, and fame,
can reſiſt the ſame;
roof the Nymph ſoon found,
ove did her boſome wound.

though in the Grave,
trophies will have,
nters chaſt Queen,
wned hath been,
phon.
then Strephon reply'd,
our coy bluſhes now hide,
ures by Heaven firſt made,
is great world to invade;
fond Vertue to yield,
could chaſe him the Field:
my Celia no more,
d never give o're.
elia.
uſhes that uſhers the morn,
e, whilſt fair treſſes adorn
rs, and faintly thus ſaid
us a harmleſs young Maid:
s as vertue will maim
ng ſweet Strephon I aim,
here's nought can repair,
no longer is fair.

Strephon.

Yet ſighing, the Shepherd his Suit did renew,
And implor'd that ſince ſhe her kind heart did ſubdue
She'd own the poor victim her eyes did obtain,
And no longer requite his kind love with diſdain:
But whilſt the young Kids & the lams they did play
And the bleating flocks o're the plains they did ſtray:
Upon the blew bed of ſweet Violets that ſhe,
Would yield, yield him her, and for ever be free.

Celia.

Muſt I break all my vows, the fair nymph did return,
With eyes that like Phebus at noon-day did burn,
Oh what will the World of poor Celia then ſay,
If ſhe ſhould the laws of Loves Archer obey:
Who his Bow and his Shafts ſo oft have diſpis'd,
And ſtill ſmil'd at thoſe o're whom love tyranniz'd:
But why ſhould I name it, I may do ſo ſtill,
With that a ſoft ſigh her fair boſome did fill.

Strephon.

Which Strephon well noting full ſoon he eſpyes,
A yielding to love in bright Celias bright eyes,
And though coyly ſhe ſeemes his ſuit to gain-ſay,
Yet he found by her glances ſhe ſoon would obey;
When he in his arms the fair nymph did embrace,
And cry'd my ſweet Celia, O turn not thy face:
For the world is benighted, the Sun once away,
And your eyes turned from me no longer 'tis day.

Celia.

Then ſighing and blushing they long time ſat mute,
No longer being able 'gainſt love to diſpute:
O honour ſhe cry'd muſt I bid thee adieu?
And what I have heard of love muſt I prove true?
But alas ſhould I yield now dear Strephon, and there
Her ſighs and her bluſhes the reſt did declare,
Which the Shepherd to ſmother embrac'd with a kiſs
And after ſome ſtrugling ſhe yielded to bliſs.

And under the Shade by a murmering Spring,
Loves ſweets they enjoy'd, whilſt birds they do Sing
And warble their Ditties the Lovers to chear,
Who offer'd to Venus without any fear:
No more ſhe her honour oppoſes to love,
But under each Shade does the pleaſure approve;
Though bluſhing ſeems coy, yet ſhe burns with deſire
And in her ſoft breaſt ſhe does cherish Loves Fire.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Sign of the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.

The Lovers Battle,

Being a ſore Combat fought between Mars and Venus, at a place called Cunney Caſtle, under Belly-hill.

Bold *Mars* like to a warrier ſtout great brags did make in field
But *Venus* ſhe gave him the rout. and forc't him for to yeild,
Then *Mars* drew out his Rapier ſtrong thinking to win the day,
But *Venus* charg'd him ſo ſore he was glad he got away.
The Tune is, The *Chorals delight*.

AS I by chance abroad was walking,
under a pleaſant ſhadow tree,
There Mars and Venus I heard talking
not thinking I had been ſo nigh,
Then I drew near and ſate down by them
they not thinking I had been ſo nigh them,
For to hear their complementing
And to ſee ſome jovial ſport
How Mars fair Venus there did court.

Said Mars I am the god of battle
I and Maſter of the field,
I love to hear the Muſquets rattle
I am well armed with lance & ſheild,
Oh I can make the World to wonder,
And break the bands of peace aſunder,
I can conquer Towns and Nations,
Be they ne're ſo ſtout or ſtrong
Bold Mars can lay them all along.

The ſtouteſt he which ever drew Rapier
if Mars do meet him in the field:
Though like a warrier he doth vapor
I care not for his ſphear or ſhello,
For I can make loud Cannons thunder
And I can cut his Troops aſunder,
If my Granado's I let fly ſir,
I will make the proudeſt foe to yeild
Or elſe by Mars he dies in field.

There is no Town which in this Nation
no Hall, nor Tower, Caſtle, nor Fort,
But I can ſoon make alteration
if they delight with me to ſport,
For the ſtrongeſt Caſtle, Town or Tower
I can conquer in an hour
If cloſe ſeige I once do lay too't,
My men will to me ſtoutly ſtand
And ſoon the ſame we can command.

BOld Mars I think you do but vapor
a challenge with you I will make
A Castle I know defies your Rapier
your men and you cannot it take,
If that you please but for to try it
Your men and you must dearly buy it
E're you do gain the Fort or Castle,
You will be forc't for to retreat
For 'tis three to one you will be beat.

Venus come show to me that favor,
to let me know where this castle doth stand
I will not rest till won I have her
and make her yield at my command,
This Castle I pray thee let me know it
And the ready way to go unto it,
And I will thank you for your pain,
For close siege I will lay out right
And I vow to storm it Day or Night.

The ready way unto this Castle
I can direct you very well,
For through thigh alley you must rattle
if I the truth to you must tell,
Hard by Bum-lane if you do but mind it
Under Belly hill there you may find it
This Castle is well fortifi'd
If you against it siege do lay
It is three to one you'r beat away.

Then in a rage Mars drew his Rapier
and vowed this castle he would take,
So up thigh alley he did vapor,
and towards Bum-lane he strait did make,
Under belly-hill he found a center
Where his lance soon did enter,
Clap to clap to Mars then cry'd,
And close siege with his men he lay
But in the end bold Mars did loose the Day.

For Venus boldly did so charge him
with service hot in open field,
By her valor stout she almost scar'd him
which made him and his men to yield,
How now bold Mars stout Venus cry'd
The battle is mine who dare deny it
I thought bold Mars you did but vapor
For no such courage I can see
So she kickt Mars out of her center.

When Mars he see he was so beaten
he took his leave with Venus fair,
In a rage these words he fell a speaking
my lance is spoyl'd I greatly fear,
Farewel thigh alley where I first did enter
Farewel bum alley and belly hill center,
And farewel Venus Castle fair,
I never will come at thee again
For I have lost my labor and my pain.

By *T. R.*

London, Printed for T. P. at the three Bibles on London Bridge.

The loving Lad, and the Coy *Laſs.*

[*Being a pleaſant and witty Diſcourſe between a young Man and a Maid.*

To a pleaſant New Tune.

Man.

All haile thou bright and bonny Laſs,
my joy and onely ſweeting,
Good Fortune now hath brought to paſſe,
that we ſhould have a meeting.

That ſo I might behold thy face
and ſpeak my mind unto thee,
And ſince here is a fitting place,
I do intend to wooe thee.

For I long time have lov'd thee well,
but yet I never did ſhow it,
Becauſe indeed the truth to tell,
I durſt not let thee know it.

For fear thou ſhouldſt my love diſdain,
and ſo in coynes ſhun me,
And not my perſon entertain,
which would have quite undone me.

But now I have more courage gain'd
and am reſolvd to try thee,
For my affection is unfeign'd
how canſt thou then deny me.

Maid

I prethee Will be ſoft and ſweet,
methinks you are too haſty,
O talk no more of wooing yet
for fear your Maſter baſte ye.

You are as yet a Prentice Will.
then leave ſuch fond adventures,
And think not of a wife untill,
y'ave ſerv'd out your indentures.

For why I think there's no time loſt,
but you may longer tarry
Your age is twenty years at moſt,
a litle to young to marry.

Then take my councel if you pleaſe,
and reſt a while contented,
Forbear ſuch raſh attempts as theſe,
which oft times are repented,

Man.

Indeed I wiſh I able were,
to follow your direction,
But little doſt thou know my Dear,
the ſtrength of my affection.

The Second part, to the ſame Tune.

FOr where true love the heart doth ſway
in any Loyal Lover
He cannot brook one weeks delay,
but muſt his mind diſcover.

Love burns ſo hot within my breaſt
that if I ſhould conceal it,
Beſure 'twould never let me reſt,
untill I did reveal it,

Therefore ſweet loving Miſtreſſe Jane,
conſider my condition,
My heart with love is almoſt ſlain,
O! prove a kind Phyſitian.

Maid.

Fye, fye, thou art a flattering youth,
I do not like thy carriage,
Leave off ſuch toys for in good truth,
they will thee quite diſparage.

Think it not ſtrange that I am coy,
or that I have deny'd thee.
I never will affect a Boy,
what ever doth betide me,

Herein I do thee not diſgrace,
but ſpeak as doth behove me
For thou never hadſt a Manlike face,
therefore I cannot love thee.

Man.

Oh my Dear that's a killing word,
I prethee henceforth forbear it,
And let thy ſweet lips ſome comfort afford
ſpeak kindly that I may hear it.

I prize thee more than Gold or Pearl,
thou art my onely Jewel,
Then prethee do not frown my Girle,
why ſhouldſt thou be ſo cruel.

If thou continueſt to deny,
and thus in ſcorn to ſlight me,
Then ſurely I for love muſt dye,
Oh! do not ſo requite me.

But if thou'lt grant me love at laſt,
and yield thy ſelf unto me,
My grief and ſorrows which are paſt,
no harme at all can do me.

For in thy love I ſhall rejoyce
even as it will behove me,
And thou ſhalt find (my onely choice)
how dearly I do love thee.

Maid

If that indeed your words be true,
and you do ſo affect me,
Grant this requeſt and that will ſhew,
how much you do reſpect me,

Live for my ſake a ſingle life,
untill ſeven years be ended,
And then for to become your wife,
I fully am intended.

But if the ſame you do refuſe,
great cauſe I have to ſuſpect you,
Another mate you may go chuſe,
for I will never affect you.

Man

My Dear that is a difficult talk,
and yet I tell the truly,
Since thou art pleaſ,d the ſame to aſk
I will perform it duely,

Full ſeven years ſpace for thy ſweet ſake
a Batchelor I'le tarry,
And eke all other Maids forſake
with my True-love to marry.

Now give me leave to kiſſe thy hand.

Maid

my leave is quickly gained,

Man.

The ſweeteſt Damoſel in the Land,
at laſt I have obtained.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Paſſinger.

The Loving Shepherd:

Or, *Phaon*'s humble Petition to Beautiful *Phillis*, who readily anſwered his Requeſt.

To an Excellent New Tune much in Requeſt. *Licenſed according to Order,*

When firſt on my Phillis I caſt my eye,
I wiſht to enjoy her or elſe to dye,
When firſt on my Phillis I caſt my eye,
I wiſht to enjoy her or elſe to dye,
But ſhe was ſo cruel ſhe would not give
One token of love, that I might live,
Phillis, ſaid I, remove your diſdain,
And yield ſome relief to your reſtleſs Swain.

O what Torments I indure both day and night,
I ne'er can enjoy her nor take delight;
O what Torments I indure both day and night,
I ne'er can enjoy her, nor take delight;
But then ſhe cry'd out, O ye Gods be kind,
The pleaſures of love has poſſeſt my mind;
Thus all the night long our paſtime was ſweet,
Till at length our joys call'd us faſt a ſleep.

When from those soft slumbers we did awake,
She bid me my sorrowful sighs forsake;
When from those soft slumbers we did awake,
She bid me my sorrowful sighs to take,
Since she in a Vision of love beheld,
Those innocent joys which her heart had fill'd,
So that she cou'd no ways my suit deny,
Fair Phillis was wounded as well as I.

So soon as I found her to love inclyne,
No joy in the world was so great as mine,
So soon as I found her to love inclyne,
No joy in the world was so great as mine,
Instead of the frowns which had wounded me,
I taken was then with an Extasie,
Said I loving Phillis whom I adore,
Grant me but thy favour I ask no more.

For thou art my Jewel and only joy,
Which can all my trouble and grief destroy,
For thou art my Jewel and only joy,
Which can all my trouble and grief destroy,
And since thou art willing to grant me love,
I tell thee by all the Powers above,
There's none in the World I adore but thee,
Fair Phillis my Amorous love, said he.

Kind Phaon sure my passionate pains I feel,
That I can no longer my love conceal,
Kind Phaon such passionate flames I feel,
That I can no longer my love conceal,
The Conquering power of Cupid's dart,
Will make me surrender my yielding heart,
And thou shalt enjoy it my dear said she,
For why I can give it to none but thee.

But after all you ungrateful prove
To Phillis, your faithful and intire love,
But if after all you ungrateful prove,
To Phillis your faithful and intire love;
In slighting the Favours which I bestow,
My eyes will like Rivers and Fountains flow,
For true love it is a tormenting pain,
When ever requited with sad disdain.

Fair Phillis by all the Powers Divine,
For ever, for ever I will be thine,
Fair Phillis by all the Powers Divine,
For ever, for ever I will be thine;
In Bowers of Pleasure our days we'll spend,
Fair Phillis my true and intire Friend,
Young Cupids with garlands shall crown my dear
Who does like the Goddess of Love appear.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

A Lamentable Ballad of the Lady's Fall.

Tune is, In Peascod time.

MArk well my heavy doleful Tale,
poor Lovers all,
And heedfully bear in your breast
a gallant Ladies fall:
Long was she woo'd e're she was won,
to lead a wedded life,
But sorrow wrought her overthrow,
before she was a wife.

Too soon alas she gave consent
to yield unto his will,
Though he protested to be true,
and faithful to her still:
She felt her body altered quite,
her bright hue waxed pale,
Her fair red cheeks turn'd colour white,
her strength began to fail.

So that with many a sorrowful sigh,
this beauteous Maiden mild,
With grievous heart perceiv'd her self
to be conceiv'd with Child:
She kept it from her fathers sight,
as close as close might be,
And so put on her silken gown,
none might her swelling see.

Unto her Lover secretly
she did her self bewray,
And walking with him hand in hand,
these words to him did say:
Behold, said she, a Maids distress,
my love, brought to thy bow,
Behold I go with Child by thee,
The little Babe springs in my Womb
to hear the Fathers voice,
Let it not be a Bastard call'd,
sith I made thee my choice:
Come, come, my love, perform thy vow
and wed me out of hand,
O leave me not in this extream,
in grief alwayes to stand.

Think on thy former promise made,
thy vows and oaths each one,
Remember with what bitter tears
to me thou mad'st thy moan:
Convey me to some secret place,
and marry me with speed,
Or with thy Rapier end my life,
e're further shame proceed.

Alas my dearest Love, quoth he,
my greatest joy on earth,
Which way can I convey thee hence,
without a sudden Death?
Thy friends they be of high degree,
and I of mean estate,
Full hard it is to get therefrom
out of thy Fathers gate.

Dread not thy self to save my fame,
and if thou taken be,
My self will step between the blows
and take the harm on me:
So shall I scape Dishonour quite,
if so I should be slain,

Pd not fear any further harm,
my self will so devise,
I will go away with thee,
een of mortal eyes:
uised like some pritty Page,
e meet thee in the dark,
ll alone i'le come to thee,
d by my Fathers Park.
there, quoth he, I'le meet my love,
God do lend me life,
this day month without all fail,
oill make thee my wife:
with a sweet and loving kiss,
ey parted presently,
at their parting brinish tears,
ood in each others eye.
engthy the wished day was come,
herehy this lovely Maid,
th lovely eyes, and strange attire,
r her true lover staid:
en any person she espy'd,
me riding o're the plain,
thought it was her own true love,
ut all her hopes were vain.
en did she weep and sore bewail,
er most unhappy state,
en did she speak these woful words,
hen succourless she sat:
alse forsworn and faithless wretch,
disloyal to thy love,
thou forgot thy promise made,
nd wilt thou perjur'd prove?
d east thou now forsaken me,
n this my great distress,
end my days in open shame,
which thou might'st well redress?
s worthy the time I did believe,
hat flattering tongue of thine,
ould God that I had never seen,
he tears of thy false Eyne.
d thus with many a sorrowful sigh
homewards she went again,

In travel strong she fell that night,
with many a bitter throw,
What woful pangs she felt that night,
doth each good woman know.
She called up her waiting-Maid,
that lay at her Beds-feet,
Who musing at her Mistris woe,
did strait begin to weep:
Weep not, said she, but shut the door,
and windows round about,
Let none bewail my wretched case,
but keep all persons out.
O Mistris call your Mother dear,
[illegible]
And of some skilful Mid-wives help,
the better you may speed:
Call not my Mother for thy life,
nor call no women here,
Tho Mid-wives help comes now too late,
my death I do not fear.
With that the Babe sprang in her Womb,
no Creature being nigh,
And with a sigh that broke her heart,
this galland Dame did dye:
This living little Infant young,
the mother being dead,
Resign'd his new received breath,
to him that had him made.
Next morning came her Lover true,
affrighted at this news,
And he for sorrow slew himself,
whom each one did accuse:
The mother with the new-born Babe,
were both laid in one grave,
Their Parents overcome with woe,
no joy of them could have.
Take heed you dainty Damosels all,
of flattering words beware,
And of the honour of your name,
have you a special care:
Too true alas this story is,
as many one can tell.

The loyal and true hearted Subjects good Will to King and Common-wealth.

For all the Merchants that with Lead doth trade,
And Miners, I theſe Verſes here have made,
For their ſweet pleaſure mirth, and great delight,
I took the pains theſe Verſes to indite,
But my good will to King and Country here
To all true ſubjects plainly ſhall appear.
To the Tune of, The Dukes wiſh, or ile ask no more.

Miners of Minerals where e're you be
You Lead Merchants that Trade by Sea
From the Shore,
Bow down a while and give Ear tome
And ile ask no more,

I would have a Score with Me quick.
With a Rib of Me thirty foot thick,
That's great Store,
That would yeild me ten Thouland Lead a (Mark
And, &c.

This Ore I'd have both ſole and ſtool
Or elſe you'd count me an unwiſe fool,
Of Wit poor,
And Wind my Workmens heat to cool,
And, &c.

This Ore I'd have from Water frée,
To the depth of Seventy ſeven and three
That's fourſcore,
And Ten Thouland yards of length to be
And, &c.

THen would I build up ſtately Coes
And would poſſeſs my ground with Stoes,
All Yen beforе,
So that no Ranglers could me oppoſe,
And i'de ask no more.

Then Lead I would deſire to ſee
At fifty pound a fodder to be,
And never Lower,
Likewiſe all Trading good to be,
And, &c.

And then I would deſire to ſee
Each man worth fifty pound to be,
None i'd have poor,
And to live in peace and Unity,
And, &c.

Likewiſe I would deſire to ſee
Two ſons born to his Majeſty,
Them i'd adore,
And the Crown worn by the Heir to be
And, &c.

And then a Bride I'de take to me,
A Virgin pure I'de have her to be,
Her I'de adore,
And one to be come of honeſty,
And, &c.

Then if Fortune of us ſmil'd
I'd have her to conceive with child,
Her death before,
And to be delivered of two Sons meek & mild
And, &c.

My Sons I would bring up ſo well
With learning high for to excel
Ten thouſand ſcore,
And to obey the true Goſpel
And &c.

My Heir I would deſire to ſee
Chief Counſellor to His Majeſty
My death before,
And the Youngeſt Chief Admiral of the Sea
And, &c.

Then i'd deſire the true Goſpel
Might increaſe and among us dwel,
They are ſinners poor, (Hell,
And then our Souls by Chriſt to be freed from
Then i'd ask no more.

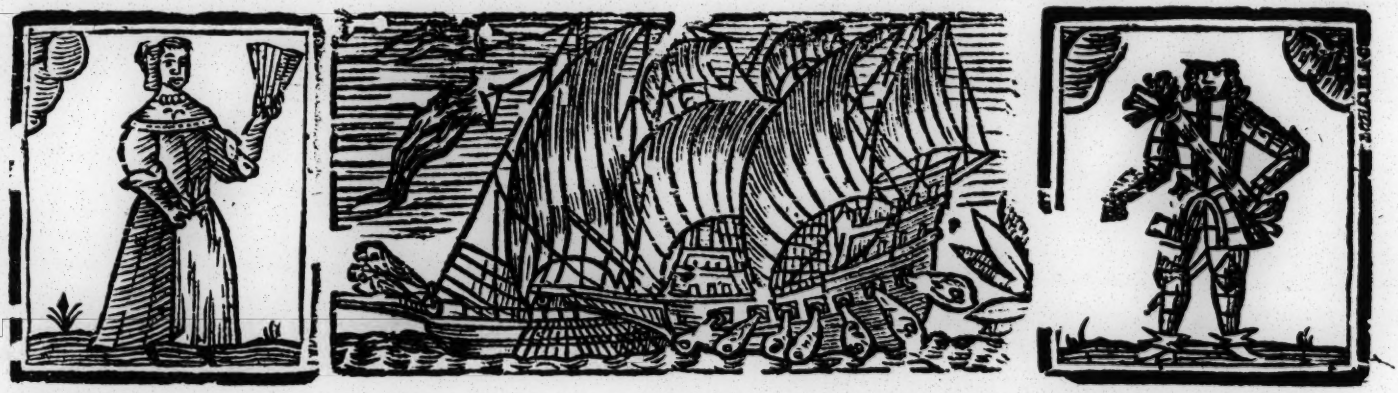
By Thomas Houghton.

Printed for Thomas Paſſenger at the three bibles on London-bridge.

Loyal Conſtancy ; *Or*, The Seamans Love-Letter:

Written by *John Blay* on Board the *Henry* and *Elizabeth* riding at *Leghorn*, to his Dear Miſtris *Mary Foart*, now living near *Wapping*, exhorting her to continue in her wonted love and conſtancy according to their mutual promiſes paſt between them, in order to their happy Union and Marriage, as ſoon as he ſhall return from this Voyage to *England*.

Tune of, Cloris *full of harmleſs thoughts*; Jenny Gin. *The fair one let me in.*



TIll from Leghorn I do return,
ſtil I conſtant to me prove;
Let none impart, or ſhare thy heart,
but only me thy love;
Let no brisk Boy thy love injoy,
or rob me of my treaſure;
But may we kiſs injoying bliſs,
poſſeſt of earthly pleaſure.

Ah charming fair one of my heart,
how wretched now am I;
Since from thee I am forc'd to part,
and leave felicity:
All night I lye, I ſigh and groan,
ſtill thinking of the bliſs;
We oft times have injoy'd alone,
with ſmile and amorous kiſs.

When night grows dark, I ſteer my Bark,
to loves long-wiſht for Port; (
But ſtill I find the winds unkind,
I cannot reach the Port;
Tempeſtuous waves my heart inſlaves
my troubled Bark does roul;
Nothing I ſee, unleſs't be thee,
can eaſe my troubled ſoul.

With ſerious thoughts I ſpend my hours,
ſtill thinking of your charms,
Till ſleep my drowſie ſence o're-powers,
and brings thee to my arms;
Where in a Dream I thee imbrace,
and think the world's my own,
But when I wake, O then alas,
my earthly joy is gone.

With early look, when day appears,
I rouſe me up from ſleep;
I find my Pillow ſtrew'd with tears,
your abſence cauſ'd me weep:
Thus never ſhall I be at eaſe,
till like two Turtles we
May ſtill be Billing when we pleaſe,
and live at liberty.

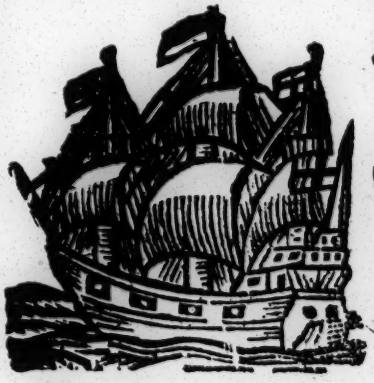
Ah Mary Foart thou lovely Maid,
wut in my heart moſt dear;
May ſtorms and tempeſts me invade,
when Mary is not there:
Though London youths do ſeek the prize,
to take and bare away;
Yet ſhe that's vertuous, chaſte, and wiſe,
will own her Love

John Bay.

Vertue the Reward of Conſtancy; Or, *Mrs. Mary Foart's* Love-Letter and Anſwer to her dear heart *John Blay* at *Leghorn*:

Wherein ſhe proteſts her conſtancy and happineſs in the injoyment of his love; which ſhe writ to him in Verſe, as his was to her: and ſhowing the ſame to a Friend of hers for his approbation, he cauſed both the *Letter* and the *Anſwer* to be publiſh'd. to vindicate the *Maids* honour and conſtancy, which ſome ſly young-men living near, had endeavoured to traduce, and by that means to break off the match, which they had deſigned otherways.

To the ſame Tune.



Her Anſwer.

My dear to thee i'le ſurely be
as chaſt as Ice or ſnow;
I'le waſt the nights in our delights,
till Nilus over-flow:
Let not Spains beauty gain thy duty,
nor win thee by her charms;
But may I ſtill, ſpight of all ill,
imbrace thee in my arms.

In shady Grove made fit for love,
I ſit and waſte my hours,
Sigh and cry tears from my eye,
diſtill like Pearly ſhowres.
Nor can I reſt, till I am bleſt,
with thee whom I eſteem,
Though fancy may my griefs betray,
there's nothing in a Dream.

Like one in chains, tortur'd with pains,
I dayly rave and tear,
Fearing ſome wave might be a Grave,
for to incloſe my Dear;
Not all the Gods that rules the Seas,
if I once ſee thy face,
Shall me betray, or bear away
my love from my imbrace.

May Boreas be once kind to me,
fill every troubled Sail,
May Merchants leap, and Seamen skip,
ſince love does now prevail:
May winds once bear to me my Dear,
and fix me on thy breaſt,
Then ſhall I be, injoying thee,
of happineſs poſſeſt.

In ſweet delights we'l ſpend the nights,
no ſtorms ſhall cauſe us fear;
Lockt in my arms, guarded from harms,
I will ſecure my Dear.
Then ſhall I ſurely be at eaſe,
when like two Turtles we,
May bill and kiſs even when we pleaſe,
injoying liberty.

Remember me my Dear John Blay,
as I thee on the Shore,
Let not Italian Dames betray,
thy heart keep well in ſtore.
No London youths ſhall e're perſuade
my love by falſe report;
For thee i'le live or dye a Maid,
thy Dear Heart

Mary Foart.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-ball, in Weſt-ſmithfield.

The Loyal Maids good

Counſel to all her Fellow-Maids.

To be carefull of wanton Young-men,
They'll promiſe they love you again and again:
But if they get their will of you before you are wed
You may look a new ſweetheart and a new Maiden-head:
And believe no falſe youngmen that will diſſemble and lye,
Left they ſend you away with ſalt Tears in your Eye.

To the Tune of, *Come hither my own ſweet Duck.*

This may be Printed, R. P.

YOung Maidens I pray you be carefull,
and hearken then unto me,
And be ſure to keep your Maiden-head
when in Company that you be;
For young-men are ſo falſe-hearted,
as many do's plainly ſee,
They'll ſware and lye and give you fine Words,
they'll deceive you if it may be,
And onely to bring you to their Bow,
for to fulfil their will:
I pray young Maidens be wiſe in this,
for good Counſell means no ill.

They'll make you believe that they love you,
to draw your hearts away,
When it is nothing elſe but to prove you,
for to ſhow you Venus play:
And when you have yielded to their Will
oftentimes it ne'er comes to good,
They're as falſe as Judas, ſo many are ill
if it be rightly underſtood:
But only to bring you to their Bow,
for to fulfill their Will:
I pray young Maidens be wiſe in this,
for good Counſell means no ill.

The ſecond part to the ſame Tune.

They will have you to the Bear and Wine,
and there Money they will not ſpare,
But there is a thing above your knee,
but of that take ſpecial Care,
Or elſe you may be overthrown:
the ſport it will move them ſo,
Then you may curſe the time you kept Company:
all this is true you know,
And onely to bring you to their Bow, &c.

They'll bow in your ear, and to you will ſwear,
there ſhall never be no ſtrife,
And tell you you are there Love and their Dear,
and they'll make you their one ſweet Wife:
When all are lyes that ſome men deviſe,
they'll undoe you and away they will goe;
Be carefull of this when they flaver and kiſs,
fond Love it is falſe you do know:
And onely to bring, &c.

They'll wake you all night for their own delight,
and keep you you cannot ſleep,
And many will ſeek to do you a ſpite
to lying bobbing and hey ho to meet:
And if they can bring there purpoſe about
then they will deſire no more,
Then he will be gone like a falſe hearted Man,
and brag on't he has made you a Whore:
And only to bring you to their Bow,

There is many a Maid has been ſerved ſo,
both in London and the Country too;
When a falſe-hearted Lover a Maiden does woe,
then all the skill he can ſhow he will do:
But now pretty Maidens be rul'd by a fool,
when ſhe proffers ſuch kindneſs, I ſay,
And give them mock for mock, let them not come (under your Smock,
if they do they will ſhow you ſome play.
And only to bring you to their Bow,

It is very hard for a Maiden to truſt
ſome Young men's Conſtancy,
They are ſo cunning and ſo unjuſt
as the World do's plainly ſee;
They ſtrive to make a Maid a Mother
before they will make her their Wife,
He is but a Knave, if he were my own Brother,
to deſtroy a poor Maid ſo with grief,
When they ſeek for to bring them to their Bow,

Content your ſelves, now pretty Maids,
in cloſing up the ſame,
There is many thouſands of honeſt Young-men
of Credit and in good Fame,
If you can chuſe amongſt thoſe Men;
and let the worſer ſort then ſtay,
But have a care of your Maiden-head
keep it till your Wedding-day:
Some will ſtrive to bring you to their Bow,

She was a Maid that did ſet out this Song,
ſhe was thirty before ſhe was Wed,
She had great care of every one,
to ſave her Maiden-head.
At laſt their came an honeſt Man
and made her his own dear Wife:
If ſhe had yielded to ſome that came before
ſhe had been undone all the days of her life:

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye-corner.*

Loyalty unfeigned, Or,

The true Protestants Admonition.

Being a Pleasant New SONG.

Two dangerous Rocks on either hand appear,
We now 'twixt *Scilla* and *Caribdis* steer,
Our Pilot's Care (you'l say) had need be great
It had so, for on each hand stands a Fate.

On either hand to Saile we suffer wrack,
Either to Starboard or the Larboard Tack,
Therefore in Wisdom he has thought it best
To Saile foreright, for there the danger's least.

To the Tune of, *Busie Fame, Young Phœon*, or, *The Fathers Exhortation.*

HOld fast thy Sword & Scepter Charles
sad Times may else come on
The murmurs that do dayly rise
smell Rank of Forty One.
When Subjects give their Kings advice
what their Exyence should be
It is a sign they love no Kings
or Kings themselves would be.

But mark the Papists wills a while
and you will find them great
How willing they are to act a new,
from forty one to eight;
The world against them doth complain,
their cruelties abhor,
That take delight in curled Plots
to raise up civil War.

They Plotted our late troubles here,
though others pushed them on,
Fanaticks they were in the Rear,
but Papists in the Van:
Whilst those who first embroyl'd the State
did laugh at our sad woes,
When they beheld our strong debate
turn'd to unfriendly blows.

Till three great Nations sweat in blood,
and many thousands slain,
The bosome of the Earth bestrew'd,
like dewey drops of Rain;
Then was the time that Rome laugh'd loud,
stand spotted with our rage,
Till thrusting in amongst the Croud,
that did fierce Battel wage.

Against the Lords anointed King,
perswading 'twas the way
The Royal Power to nought to bring,
by killing him boye sway,
This Jesuitick Doctrine sown,
(Oh fatal for to tell)
Trampl'd upon the sacred Crown,
by it the Mitre fell.

Thus Church & State bled whilst Rom's whore
the Scarlet Beast did ride,
The many headed factions bore
her in her greatest Pride;
And patiently sustain'd the Yoak
from which they deem'd them free,
For then Religion was a Cloak
to cover Tyranny.

Nor can it be more grievous sure
then when the proud Command
Of Usurpation we indure,
curb'd by our Equals hands:
Princes are noble, and what they
impose we can disgust,
In their commands we God obey,
for they dispence Heav'ns trust.

Then let us all beware in time,
that Rome don't us deceive,
And evermore abhor the crime
of such as seek Geneve:
Let the blood-thirsty Papists all,
and slaughter seeking Crew,
Of Scismaticks before the fall,
great Monarch just and true.

Then will the Nation rest in peace,
both Church and State will be
Founded on perfect happiness
Great Charles's Monarchy
Will then its former Lustre gain,
France then will stand in awe,
Who now does triumph o're the slain,
and gives the Nations Law.

Remember Kings are gods on Earth,
for Heaven 'tis they bear sway,
And are most sacred from their Birth,
which binds us to obey:
Then let such perish who deny
obedience to the Laws,
That do repine at Majesty,
or seek the Good Old Cause.

Printed for P. Brooksby in West Smithfield

Luke Huttons Lamentation, which he wrote the day before his Death, being condemned to be hang'd at *York*, for his *Robberies* and *Treſpaſſes* committed thereabouts.

To the Tune of, *wandring and wavering.*

I Am a poor Priſoner condemned to die
ah woe is me, woe is me, for my great folly
Faſt fettered in Irons in place where I lye
be warned young wantons, hemp paſſeth green holly.
My Parents were of good degree
By whom I would not ruled be
Lord Jeſus receive me, with mercy relieve me,
Receive O ſweet Saviour, my Spirit unto thee.

My name is Hutton, yea Luke of bad life
ah woe is me, &c.
which on the high-way did rob Man and Wife
be warned
Inticed by many a graceleſs mate
whoſe Counſel I repent too late.
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.
Not twenty years Old (alas) was I
ah woe is me, &c.
when I began this Felony
be warned
with me went ſtill twelve yeomen tall
which I did my twelve Apoſtles call
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

There was no Squire nor Baron bold
ah woe is me, &c.
That rode by the way with ſilver and gold
be warned
But I and my Apoſtles gay
would lighten their load ere they went away.
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

This news procured my Kinsfolks grief
ah woe is me, &c.
That hearing I was a famous Thief
be warned
They wept, they wailed, they wrung their hands
That thus I ſhould hazzard life and lands
Lord Jeſus forgive me &c.
They made me a Jaylor a little before
oh woe is me, &c.
To keep in Priſon Offendors ſore
be warned
But ſuch a Jaylor was never known
I went and let them out every one.
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

I wis this ſorrow ſore grieved me
ah woe is me, &c.
Such proper men ſhould hanged be
be warned
My Office then I did defie
And ran away for company.
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

Three years I lived upon the Spoil
ah woe is me, &c.
Giving many an Earl the foyl
be warned
Yet did I never kill man nor wife
Though lewdly long I led my life.
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

But all too bad my deeds have been
ah woe is me, &c.
Offending my Country, and my good Queen
be warned
All men in York-ſhire talk of me
A ſtronger Thief there could not be
Lord Jeſus forgive me, with mercy relieve me,
Receive O Sweet Saviour, my Spirit unto thee.

UPon Saint Lukes day was I born
ah woe is me, ah woe is me, for my, &c,
who want of Grace hath made me scorn
be warned young wantons, hemp, &c.
In honour of my Birth-day then
I rob'd in bravery nineteen men
Lord Jesus forgive me, with mercy relieve me,
Receive O sweet Saviour, my Spirit unto thee.

The Country were to hear this wrong
ah woe is me, &c.
With Hues and Cryes, persued me long
be warned
Though long I scap'd. yet loe at the last
At Loudon I was in Newgate cast.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.

Where I did lye with grieved mind
ah woe is me, &c.
Although my Keeper was gentle and kind
be warned
Yet was he not so kind as I
To let me go at liberty.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.

At last the Sheriff of York-shire came
ah woe is me, &c.
And in a Warrant he had my name
be warned
Quoth he at York thou must be try'd
With me therefore hence must thou ride
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.

Like pangs of Death his words did sound
ah woe is me, &c.
My hands and arms full fast he bound
be warned
God Sir, quoth I, I had rather slay
I have no heart to ride that way.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.
When no intreaty would prevail
ah woe is me, &c.

I called for Wine, Beer, and Ale
be warned
And when my heart was in woful case
I drank to my friends with a smiling face
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.

With clubs and staves I was guarded then
ah woe is me, &c.
I never before had such waiting men
be warned
If they had ridden before me amain
Ee-shrew me if I had call'd them again
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.

And when unto York that I was come
ah woe is me, &c.
Each one on me did cast his doom
be warned
And whilst you live, this sentence note
Evil men can never have good report.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.

Before the Judges then I was brought
ah woe is me, &c.
But sure I had a careful thought
be warned
Nine-score Indictments and seventeen
Against me there were red and seen.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.

And each of those were fellony found
ah woe is me, &c.
Which did my heart with sorrow wound
be warned
What should I herein longer stay
For this I was condemned that day.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.

My Death each hour I did attand
ah woe is me, &c.
In prayers and tears my time I did spend
be warned
And all my loving friends that Day
I did intreat for me to pray.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.

I have deserved Death long since
ah woe is me, &c.
A viler sinner lived not than I
be warned
Ou Friends I hoped life to save
But I am fitted for the grave.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.

Adieu my loving friends each one
ah woe is me, &c.
Think on me Lords when I am gone
be warned
When on the Ladder you do me view
Think I am neerer Heaven then you.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.

FINIS. L. Hutton.

London, Printed for *J. Wright*, *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passenger*.

The Mad Man's Morice; or,

A warning for young-men to have a care,
How they in Love intangled are:
Wherein by experience you shall find,
His trouble and grief with discontent of mind.
To a pleasant new Tune.

HEard you not lately of a Man,
that went besides his Wits,
And naked through the Streets he ran,
wrapt in his frantick fits:
My honest Neighbours, it is I,
hark how the People flout me,
See where the mad man comes they cry,
with all the Boys about me,
Into a Pond stark naked I ran,
and cast away my Cloaths Sir,
Without the help o' any man,
made shift to get away Sir,
How I got out I have forgot,
I do not well remember,
Or whether it was cold or hot,
in June or in December.
Tom Bedlam's but a cage to me,
I speak in sober sadness,
For more strange villans do I see,
then he in all his madness;
When first to me this chance befel,
about the Market walkt I,
With Capons feathers in my Cap,
and to my self thus talkt I:

Did you not see my Love of late,
like Titan in her glory?
Did you not know she was my mate,
and I must write her story:
With Pen of Gold on Silver Leaf,
I will so much befriend her,
For why I am of that belief,
none can so well commend her.

Saw you not Angels in her eyes,
whilst that she was a speaking?
Smelt you not smells like Paradise,
between two rubies breaking,
Is not her hair more pure then gold,
of finest Spiders spinning:
Methinks in her I do behold,
my joys and woes beginning.

Is not a dimple in her Cheek
each eye a star that's starting
Is not all graces install'd in her,
each step all joys imparting:
Methinks I see her in a cloud,
with graces round about her;
To them I call and cry aloud,
I cannot live without her.

Then raging towards the sky I rove
thinking to catch her hand,
O then to Jove I call and cry,
to let her by me stand;
I look behind and there I saw
my shaddow me beguile,
I wish she were as near to me,
which makes my Worship smile.

There is no creature can compare,
with my beloved Nancy,
Thus I built Castles in the Air,
this is the fruit of fancy:
My thoughts mount high above the sky,
of none I stand in awe,
Although my body here doth lye,
upon a Pad of Straw.

I was as good a harmless youth,
before base Cupid caught me;
Of his own Mother with her charms
into this case hath brought me:
Stript and whipt now must I be,
in Bedlam bound in chains
God People now you all may see
what love hath for his pains.

When I was young as others are,
with Gallants did I flourish,
O then I was the properest Lad,
that was in all the Parish:
The Bracelet which I us'd to wear,
about my arms so tender,
Are turned into iron plates
about my body slender.

My silken suits do now decay
my cups of gold are vanished:
And all my friends do wear away,
as I from them were banished:
My silver cups are turn'd to earth
i'm jeer'd of every Clown:
I was a better man by birth,
till fortune cast me down.

I am out of frame and temper too,
though I am somewhat chearful,
O this can love and fancy do,
if that you be not careful:
O set a Watch before your eyes,
least they betray your heart:
And make you slaves to vanities,
to act a mad mans part.

Declare this to each Mothers Son
unto each honest Lad:
Let them not do as I have done,
lest they like me grow mad:
If Cupid strike, be sure of this,
let reason rule affection,
So shall thou never do amiss,
by reasons good direction.

I have no more to say to you,
my keepers now doth chide me,
Now must I bid you all adieu,
God knows what will betide me;
To picking straws now must I go,
my time in Bedlam spending,
God folks you your beginning know,
but do not know your ending.

Printed by and for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers of London.

The Maids anſvver to the Batchelors Ballad.

Or, *Love without Remedy.*

Thou Scriber! unto whom the Vulgar crew,
Gives ſmall applauſe, yet more then is thy due;
Whoſe Brazen Brow, a wither'd Wreath adorns,
Which better wou'd become a pair of Horns:
Know we contemn thee: thy Malicious Pen
Can have no influence on the minds of men:
In our diſpraiſe, in vain thou ſeek'ſt to write,
True, thou mayſt ſhew thy teeth, but canſt not bite.
Alas! rude Boy; Love is a generous pain,
Which minds ignoble, cannot entertain:
Therefore thy accuſations are unjuſt,
In giving Love the Character of Luſt.

With Allowance, By Ro. L'Eſtrange.

To the Tune of; *No more ſilly Cupid*: Or, The Duke of *Monmouth's* Jig.

Who's here ſo ingenious
miſpending his time,
In railing at Venus,
In hopes to diſparage,
Love, Women, and marriage,
By pittiful rhime:
He thinks he's ingenious
and ſlyly the youngſter intices;
But we eaſily find,
How the youth is inclin'd,
by his tricks and devices.

He plainly diſcovers
his amorous arts,
And calls 'em blind lovers,
Who after enjoyment,
can find new employment,
to fetter their hearts:
He plainly diſcovers
a nature ſo rude and ingrateful,
That after Compliance,
he bids us defiance,
and ſays we grow hateful.

Then who but an Harlot
would yield to the will
Of ev'ry ſuch Varlet,
That loves at his leiſure,
And onely takes pleaſure,
in ſhewing his ſkill:
Sure none but an harlot, (on,
would yield to the luſtful perſuaſ-
of fellows in Shammy,
who onely cry Dam,me,
to ſerve their occaſions.

The gawdy young Sinner,
whoſe blood is a fire,
May fool a beginner,
and treat her with Coaches,
to mighty debauches,
and gain his deſire:
Alas! for the Sinner,
that covets ſuch ſweetneſs as this
he ſeldom does fail, (is!
of a ſting in the tail,
with his wenches and Miſſes.

THis makes him look meager,
a wantoning Elf,
His mind is so eager
to humour his lewdness,
that by his expences,
he ruines himself:
This makes him so meager,
he's nothing but pox and diseases,
so after enjoying,
the pleasure is cloying,
and quickly displeases.

Then shew me the woman,
in City or Town,
Tho' never so common,
With such a lewd fellow,
so tawny and yellow,
will laugh and lye down:
For sure she's no Woman
that trades with a son for a Whore,
who having enjoy'd her,
will strait-way avoid her,
and see her no more.

The passionate Lover,
that's caught in his youth,
May plainly discover
that all his persuasions
are subtle evasions,
and far from the truth:
For he that's a Lover,
and courteth sincerely and truly,
may keep his affection
in civil subjection,
from being unruly.

But let the fond Bully,
his fancy employ,
He never can fully
by lying in suspition,
the sweets of fruition,
true lovers enjoy:
In spight of the Bully,
the pleasure of Conjugal kisses,
is always delightful
and far the more frightful,
of temporal blisses.

And yet for the Gallant,
we must not deny:
But that he's so valiant
as stoutly to threaten,
the girl shall be beaten,
that will not comply:
Beware of the Gallant!
I vow he's a desperate creature,
If any abuse him,
Or dare to refuse him,
he swears he will beat her.

Sir Fopling, your Servant!
the man's in a pett:
What makes you so fervent?
You burn in displeasure,
pray cool at your leisure:
that's all you will get:
Your Servant, Sir Fopling,
say all, and do more than you can sir,
'Tis still my opinion,
We shall have dominion,
take that for an answer.

Printed for P. Brooksby, the at Golden-ball near the Hospital-gate, in West smith-field.

The maidens reply to the Young mans Reſolution.

Wherein ſhe fits him in his kind,
And lets him know her ſetled mind,
She can as well live ſingle and not marry
As well as he without a wife can tarry.

To the Tune of the Young Mans Reſolution.

COme prethée young man do not ſout
no: think that I do wait your leiſure
When for: a husband I look out,
I can have ſweet-hearts at my pleaſure:
But for: to fit you in your kind
and let you know that I can tarry;
I'le tell you plain what you ſhall find
and when I mean with you to marry.

When young men do true-hearted prove,
and leave off their diſſimulation
When mountains in the water move,
and peace ſhall be in every Nation:
When Whales in little diſhes ſwim,
and Caſtles on their backs can carry
And ſlovens they go neat and trim,
O.hen my Love and I will marry.

When women go upon their heads
and butchers loſe the ſenſe of feeling;
When Papiſts throw away their beads
and drunkards they do leave off reeling
When Brewers are Protectors made,
and in great winds away are hurried
And painted whores leave off their trade
O then my Love and ile be married.

When Cherries grow on thiſtle tops,
and Roſes are on nettles budding,
When women hate good ſugar-ſops
and hungry dogs will eat no pudding:
When Gold is ſtrown about the ſtreets
and lies from June till January,
And every Coward kills all he meets
O then my Love and I will marry.

WHen Ladies ceaſe to long for fruit
and Cavaléers do all turn Quakers,
When fools do learned men confute
and Coblers they turn Comfit-makers:
When Art & Ignorance agree
and live together not vary
And Peaſecods grow on every tree,
O then my Love and I will marry.

When timerous Hearts the Hounds purſue
and Patridges kills Hawks i'th dozen:
When Newgate thieves do all prove true
and quite forſake to cheat and cozen,
When Landlors do refuſe their Rent,
and for the ſame they needs will tarry
And when no Fiſh is eat in Lent,
O then my Love and I will marry.

When Chriſtmas pies are out of date
and good roaſt beef is out of ſeaſon
When Children do Plumb-pottage hate
and Traytors they do love no treaſon
When Uſurers give away their gold
and unthrifts they grow wiſe and wary,
And them are young that once were old,
O then my Love and I will marry.

When pretty maids for ſweet-hearts mourn,
and women goes to men a wooing
When Ice doth in the water burn
then there is like to be wiſe doing
When it rains daggers double hatcht,
And Hay is made in February
Or when the old one ſhe is catcht
O then my Love and I will marry

When Madam leaves to paint her face,
and Vizard masks are out of faſhion,
When Courtiers they will wear no lace
and froward folks are not in paſſion
When we the French new faſhins teach
and ſend them over Charon's Ferry,
And Kanters leave in tubs to preach
O then my Love and I will marry.

When wild-géeſe fly into Cooks ſhops,
and ſayes unto the Cooks come take me,
And Larks do fall as thick as hops
into the pies & ſayes come bake me
When Beggars all turn Gentlemen
and boggs of Gold about them carry,
Juſt at that time, and not till then,
I mean with thee my Love to marry.

Printed for *J. Williamſon* at the *Bible* upon *London Bridge*.

The Maidens Tragedy:

OR,

A brief Account of a Young Damſel near *Wolverhampton*, who Cut her Throat in Deſpair, becauſe ſhe could not have the Man ſhe Loved.

To the Tune of Ruſſel's Farewell. Licenſed according to Order.

NEar Wolverhampton liv'd a Maid,
who fell into Deſpair;
Her yielding Heart was ſoon betray'd
into Love's fatal Snare:
A Young-man courted her, we find,
and ſeeming Love did ſhow;
But after all, he prov'd unkind,
which wrought her Overthrow.

Here to I languiſh in diſtreſs,
the youthfull Damſel cry'd,
To ſee his moſt unfaithfulneſs,
all round on ev'ry ſide,
I nothing ſee but Clouds of Grief,
and Storms of bitter woe,
It's Death alone muſt yield Relief,
Love proves my Overthrow.

False-hearted Thomas call to mind,
the ſolemn Vows you made,
That you wou'd never prove unkind,
and can you now degrade
Your Loyal Lover now at laſt;
and fill my Heart with woe;
Which will my Life and Glory blaſt,
and prove my Overthrow.

I Courted was, both day and night,
at length I gave Consent;
This done, my Love he strait did slight,
and leaves me to lament
As if he took delight to see
mine Eyes like Fountains flow;
Oh most ungratefull Man, said she,
Love proves my Overthrow.

Not long agoe he did adore
my very Charms he cry'd;
Was ever Man so false before,
in all the World beside!
A harmless Lover to deceive
and drown in Tears of Woe;
This World I am resolv'd to leave
Love proves, &c.

The killing Torment that I feel
doth such a Passion raise
That I no longer can conceal
the Sorrows of my days;
I'll hasten Death this very day,
to ease my Heart of Woe;
I find there is no other way,
Love proves my Overthrow.

Thus being fill'd with Discontent,
she took a bloody Knife,
In desperate sort resolv'd and bent
to cut the Thread of Life:
Down from her Throat the reeking Gore,
in purple streams did flow,
And though she lay a week and more,
it prov'd her Overthrow.

With Grief and Sorrow compass'd round,
she languish'd night and day;
At length her fatal bleeding Wound
did take her quite away:
And all along before she dy'd,
her Eyes with Tears did flow,
Likewise she wrung her hands and cry'd,
Love proves my Overthrow.

Farewell to him who is the Cause,
of all my grief and care;
Had he been true to Cupid's Laws,
I solemnly declare
We might have liv'd in happiness
in Love and Peace I know;
But Sorrows doth my Soul oppress
and proves my Overthrow.

Though now at present he may have
Content, and Pleasure find,
When I am sleeping in my Grave
he then will call to mind
Who caus'd this present wretched State,
and fill his Heart with Woe,
And then he may repent too late
my dismal Overthrow.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

The Maltſter caught in

Or, *The Witty Ale-Wife.*

This Ale-wife ſhe was run upon the Maltſter's ſcore
Full Twenty-pounds for Malt, I think, and more:
But he deſir'd a bit of Venus *Game,*
And I think he paid full dearly for the ſame:
He made a Diſcharge I ſay for once,

And glad he was that he
He was lamfateed till hi
He has made a vow he'l
The Ale-wifes Husban
That made him ſtink a

Tune is, *What ſhould a young woman do with an old man:* Or, Di

I Pray you draw near and attend now a while,
Here's a pretty new Ditty will make you to ſmile;
The truth of the buſineſs you need not to fear
Of a notable Jeſt was done in Hartford-ſhire:
A luſty brave Malt-man in that Country did dwell
That lov'd a fair woman, many people can tell;
But if you'l be pleas'd to attend here and mind,
He was fitted very finely and ſerv'd in his kind.

A dainty brave Ale-wife that lived him near,
That bought her Malt of him to brew her ſtrong Beer,
For he was kind hearted, and loving, and free,
But ſhe paid him in's ear, as you plainly ſhall ſee:
She was run Twenty pounds for Malt on the ſcore,
But he aimed a Barrel of Beer for to bore;
But he was deceived, he was caught in a ſnare,
She was too cunning for him now I do ſwear.

One day he did chanc
But for fear he ſhould
The Ale-wife was be
And the Malt-man hi
With ſeeing ſweet B
That Cupid had ſtruc
He put forth a queſt
She anſwer'd him

For all you're my Mal
I'le ne'r wrong my C
That I ſhould defile
To be ſuch a Whore
Thou needs not to fe
There will be no bod
She hearing him
Thought ſhe, I wi

t in a Trap

hat he could ſave his Stones:
l till his bones were ſore;
w he'l ne'r come there no more;
Husband did ſo belabour him,
ink and piſs for very ſhame.
Or, Digbys *Farewel.*

d chance to lok for ſome money,
ſhould fail he deſir'd ſome Coney;
was beautyful and very fair,
man his ſenſes was all on a fire
weet Babies in the Ale-wife's eyes,
ad ſtruck him with a luſtfull ſurpize;
a queſtion, and did her ſalute;
'd him honeſtly with a civil diſpute:

ny Maſter man your ſute's all in vain,
y my Conſcience my Credit to ſtain,
defile my own Husbands Bed,
Whore to ſet Horns on his Head.
ot to fear, that will be no diſgrace,
no body near us in this place.
y him eager, and ſo earneſtly bent,
e, I will fit him, ile his purpoſe prevent.

And now ſhe contrives an invention I ſwear,
To pay him the money, and trap him in a ſnare
And tells him if he will but ſtay till next day
He ſhould have his deſire to ſport and to play:
My Husband to morrow he will be from home,
And then Sir again (if you pleaſe) you may come;
And reſt your ſelf ſatisfied, and be content,
Keep every thing cloſe, and all dangers prevent.

Then the Maltſter was pleas'd in the ſtory we find,
He was ſweetly contented, it pleaſed his mind:
He ſaid, ile be a good friend if thou be to me true;
But ſhe was an honeſt woman I tell unto you:
Then ſhe to her Husband did tell all her mind,
Be ruled by me, and we'l fit him in's kind:
And ſo then the Ale-wife laid for him a ſnare,
To make her husband acquainted it was all her care.

Then this Plot was contriv'd with her husbands conſent
To pay off the Maltſter & give him content:
Next day then this Maltſter did come to this Dame,
But he was well rewarded I think for the ſame:
Her Husband was in ambuſh, and ſhe on the bed,
And the Maltſter fell to embracing & nothing did dread
But before he could his work then begin,
Her husband immediately fell upon him.

What ſirrah, do you mean to make a whore of my wife?
Muſt I be a Cuckeld all the days of my life?
And with a good Cudgel he banged his bones,
And made him believe he would cut out his ſtones;
So by head and by ears he pull'd him o' th' Floore,
That the Maltſter bepiſt him; he loudly did roar,
All the money you owe me i'le freely forgive,
If you'l ſave my Life and let me now live.

No ſirrah, i'le Geld you and put you to ſorrow,
You had enough of your own, you need not to borrow;
O then he did beg on his knees very ſore,
If you'l forgive me i'le do ſo no more.
O now ſaith the Ale-man i'le do it for once,
Your pittyful begging hath ſaved your ſtones;
you ſay you will quit me all ſcores very large,
Then take Pen and Paper and write a diſcharge.

The thing it was done and they quitted the ſcore,
And he turned the Maltſter out of the door,
And gave him a charge he ſhould come no more there,
And take for a warning or he ſhall pay for it dear.
He went ſneaking away, and was ſorely deſtroyed,
And paid for the thing that he never injoyed:
And now I intend to let my Pen reſt,
Every man with's own wife, I think that the beſt.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the ball in Py-Corner.

The Mariner's Delight,

OR, The Seaman's SEAVEN WIVES.

Being a pleaſant new Song; ſhewing how a Seaman call'd *Anthony* courted a young Maid whoſe Name is *Suſan*, in *London*: and (with great difficulty) gain'd her affection; Notwithſtanding he had ſeaven Wives, all alive at that time: and at laſt was diſcovered, to the great advantage and ſatisfaction of the Vertuous Maid and all her Relations. From which every Woman, Widow and Maid may learn how to be wary, and cautions in their Courting.

To the Tune of, Hail to the Mirtle Shades.

My Dearest I muſt to the Sea;
I'm come now to bid thee adieu:
But pray thee be conſtant to me,
as I ſhall prove real, and true:
The Wind and the Storms may blow,
and make a tempeſtuous Sea;
But (whitherſoever I go
my Heart it remaineth with thee.

Dear Anthony, Suſan reply'd,
I love you with Soul, and with Life;
But (I'm ſure) you are baſely belie'd
If you reckon to make me your Wife.
I'm told that you have a whole ſcore
of Sweethearts therefore 'tis in vain,
To think that you'l make me a Whore,
My credit to blemiſh, and ſtain.

He ſeem'd as ore'helmed with care;
And ſince by all that is good:
The Fowls that Fly in the Air;
and Fiſhes that ſwim in the Flood
Before that he prov'd a falſe Lover
To her that he had by the hands
No Water the Ocean ſhould cover,
nor green Graſs grow on the Land.

Then Sulan began to look grave,
and sorry for doubting his Love
And modestly Pardon did crave;
perswaded he real would prove.
Then after a Glass of Canary,
and such as the house could afford
The Seaman could no longer tarry,
but kiss'd her and streight went aboard.

Poor Sulan (for Grief) she did cry,
to think that her Sweet-heart was gone,
And left her to sigh and to die
in love and in sorrow alone.
But (thinking upon his returning)
to languish she thought it in vain?
Therefore she left off her fond mourning,
expecting to see him again.

But 'ere a Month was overpast,
the hopes of her Marriage was gone,
And Sorrow her Face did o'recast,
her Heart was as cold as a Stone,
A Maid that was with her acquainted
inform'd her of Anthony's Life;
Her shame and disgrace she prevented,
and kept her from being his Wife.

A wife in Virginia he had,
and three more in England and Waile;
In Holland a Phraw he did Wad,
a couple he marri'd in Cailes.
But Anthony brave he was brisk,
and past for a Batchellor still;
And ready was for the next Frisk,
and Women he had at his Will.

Then Maids that are honest and chast,
and you that are light (like the Wind
And Widows that still are contest
To be ever loving and kind
Learn wisdom from what I have told
For words they are made but of Air
A Vertuous woman's worth Gold;
and Men that are honest are rare.

Printed for *J Conyers* at the *Raven* in *Duck-lain.*

Mark Noble's Frollick

Who being

Stopp'd by the Conſtable near the Tower, was examin'd where he been; whither he was going; and his Name and place where he dwelt: to which he answered, where the Conſtable would have been glad to have been, and where he was going he not go for his Ears; as likewiſe his Name, which he call'd Twenty Shillings; with an account of what followed, and how he came off.

To the Tune of The New Kant.

Licenſed according to Order

ONe night at a very late hour,
a Watch-maker home did repair;
When coming along by the Tower,
was ſtopt by the Conſtable there.

Friend, come before Mr. Conſtable,
to ſee what his Worſhip will ſay;
You'd have me do more than I'm able;
I fear I ſhall fall by the way.

Sir, tell me, and do not deceive me,
where have you been playing your part?
Kind Mr Conſtable believe me,
where you'd have been with all your Hea

Sweet Bacchus in Bumpers were flowi
which Liquor all mortal Men cheers,
And now after all I am going,
where you dare not come for your Ears.

ck;

e he had
h he anſwe-
ing he dare
with an Ac-

ne,
part?

ur Heart.

flowing,
ers,

Ears.

Your Words they are ſawcy and evil,
this may be a Charge to your Purſe:
For why? you are ſomething uncivil,
to anſwer a Conſtable thus.

Oh, where do you dwell with a whennion?
croſs Humours we will not allow,
Sir, out of the King's own Dominion,
pray, what can ye ſay to me now?

Pray what is your Name, you croſs Villain?
be ſure that you anſwer me true;
Why Sir, It is juſt Twenty Shilling,
I think I have ſatisfied you.

What Trade are you, Brewer or Baker?
or do you a Waterman ply?
No Sir, I'm an honeſt Watch-maker,
my Trade I will never deny.

Have you e'er a Watch you can ſhow, Sir?
we'll ſee how it ſuites with our Clocks;
Yes, Faith and a Conſtable too, Sir,
I wiſh you were all in the Stocks.

You ſawcy impertinent Fellow,
becauſe you have anſwer'd me ſo,
Although your mad Brains they be mellow,
this Night to a Priſon you go.

Therefore without any more dodging,
the Lanthorns was lighted ſtreightway;
They guarded him to his ſtrong Lodging,
to lye there while Nine the next day.

Next Morning the Conſtable brought him
before a Juſtice to appear,
And earneſtly then he beſought him,
a ſorrowfull Story to hear,

Of all the Tranſactions he told them
to which the good Juſtice reply'd;
From Liberty he would withold him,
till the Naked Truth ſhould be try'd.

The Tradeſman returned this Anſwer,
the Truth I will never deny;
If I may ſpeak without Offence, Sir,
I ſcorn to be catch'd in a Lye.

I ſaid nothing which was unfitting,
as ſolemnly here I proteſs;
The King he is King of Great Brittain,
and I live in Brittain the Leſs.

The next thing that cauſes the Trouble,
my Name he would have me to ſhow,
The which is right honeſt Mark Noble,
and that's Twenty Shillings you know.

Then asking me where I was going,
and I being void of all Fears,
Right readily made him this Anſwer,
where he dare not go for his Ears.

I rambl'd all day, yet the Centre,
at night was to lye by my Wife,
Inſtead of his Ears ſhould he venture,
I'Faith it might coſt him his Life.

Now when he had giv'n this Relation,
of all that had paſt in the Night,
It yielded moſt pleaſant Diverſion,
the Juſtice he laughed outright.

It ſeems that a Glaſs of Canary
conducted the Gallant along;
I find that he's nothing but merry,
intending no manner of wrong.

Therefore I will free him from Priſon,
without any Charges or Fees;
It being no more than right reaſon,
you watch not for ſuch Men as theſe.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

The Maſter-piece of Love-ſongs:

A Dialogue betwixt a bold KEEPER *and a* LADY *gay,*
He woo'd his LORD's *Daughter, and carried the day;*
But ſoon after Marriage was forc'd for to fight,
With his Lord and ſix Gentlemen, for his own Right;
He cut them, and hew'd them, and paid them with blows,
And made them his Friends, that before were his Foes.

To the Tune of, The Week before *Eaſter*, the Day's long and clear, *&c.*

IT was a bold keeper
that chaſed the deer,
Of a ſtouter bold ſpirit
you never did hear,
And he loved a Lady
of beauty moſt clear,
And now you ſhall hear of his wooing:

Keeper.] O pitty fair Lady,
the ſuit which I move,
For I'm deep in affection,
and toſſed in love;
For you are the Lady,
the turtle, and dove,
Whereon I have caſt my affection.

Lady.] O Keeper forbear,
I ſhall thus anſwer thee,
I am a match for a Lord
of a high degree;
For my birth and yours
they not equal be,
Therefore Keeper forbear your wooing.

K.] This repulſe it maketh
me ſadly to grieve;
And true 'tis we all came
from Adam and Eve,
One loving word to my life
is a reprieve,
Tho I am linked faſt in Cupid's priſon.

L.] O why ſhould you ſay
you're a priſoner to me;
O hold, forbear Keeper,
for that may not be:
We both may have matches
fitter for each degree;
Then forbear, and take this for an an-

[ſwer,

K.] No, not for an answer,
that I shall it take,
And yet this denial
makes my heart to ake;
And I shall lay down
my life at the stake,
T'obtain the favour of my Lady.

L.] It is a meer madness
your life to lay down,
What will people say?
'There's an end of a clown,
'That past many dangers
'till fortune did frown,
And now died a pretended lover.

K.] The name of a clown
in my heart I do scorn,
Being nobly descended,
and a gentleman born:
Yet I am a Keeper
that must be forlorn,
Except you can love me fair Lady.

L.] Well Keeper, I perceive
thou hast a good heart,
Well thou art com-
pacted in every part:
If my Lord did know,
we should both suffer smart.
My father would be so offended.

K.] Lady if you will consent
to be my bride,
I will gird my sword
and buckler by my side,
And then to the Church
in private we'll ride,
Where we will be married fair Lady.

She then gave consent,
and away they did ride,
The valiant bold Keeper,
and his lovely bride,
Not fearing of danger
what ever betide,
For she was a valiant young Lady.

Being married, he returned
back speedily,
And riding along
her father did espy:
Alack, quoth the Lady,
one or both shall dye. [Lady.
Fear nothing, quoth the Keeper, fair

The Lord he came posting
so fast as he could hie;
And six lusty gentlemen
for company:
Quoth he to the Keeper,
Villain thou shalt dye,
For deluding away my fair daughter.

Come on, quoth the Keeper,
'tis no time to prattle,
I see by your swords
you're prepar'd for battle:
With his sword and buckler
he made them to rattle: [Keeper.
The Lady did hold the horse for the

He cut them and hew'd them
on the place he did stand:
O then, quoth the Lord,
bold Keeper hold thy hand.
If you'll give your daughter
thirty thousand in land, [Keeper.
You shall not dye by the hand of the

Keeper, quoth the Lady,
'tis too small a portion.
Peace, quoth the Lord, daughter
let your will be done;
I will love thy husband,
and thee ever own.
Thus a Keeper gained a fair Lady.

Licensed and Entered.

LONDON:
Printed for *A. M. W. O.* and *Tho. Thackray* at the *Angel* in *Duck-lane.*

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A Tryal of skill, performed by a poor decayed Gentlewoman,

Who cheated a rich Grasier of Sevenscore pound, and left him a Child to keep.
If you will know, then listen a while, | And you shall know that which will make you smile.
The Tune is, *Ragged and Torn.*

KInd Country-men list to my Ditty,
I pray you what ever you be,
I know that my case you will pitty,
I pray then take warning byme:
Sevenscore pounds I did lose,
besides a fine Babe at Nurse:
My Sweet-heart she did me abuse,
and left me no Coin in my Purse:
Take heed of bad women therefore,
by women are men overthrown,
And rich men are often made Poor,
when as they keep more then their own.

I brought some Cattel to Town,
and sold them for Sevenscore pound;
But money-less then I went home,
with sorrow encompassed round:
A dainty fine Cloak-bag I had,
within it my treasure I laid,
My fortune now maketh me sad,
to think how that I was betray'd
Take heed &c.

As through Cheapside I did pass,
mistrusting no manner of harm,
I met with a proud decay'd Lass,
with a pretty fine Child in her arm:
She seemed in habit, to be
a Gentlewoman that was made poor,
She asked releif then of me,
then I thought to have made her my whore
Quoth she, pray yield some releif,
these words then unto me she said,
Unto a poor wretch full of grief,
a poor Gentlewoman decay'd:
Fair Mistris quoth I, I do grieve,
to see you so distressed be,
But I all your wants will relieve
if you will be ruled by me:
Take heed, &c.

Go with me unto my Inn,
and there you shall lye at your ease,
You never was brought up to Spin,
but Gentlemens humours to please:
I'le tell them that you are my wife,
and this is my Child that you have,
'Twas I that did breed all the strife,
and with my self plaid the Knave.
Take heed, &c.

She seemed to be over-joyd,
and cast a Sheeps eye upon me,
She could not be better imploy'd,
and so we did quickly agree:
When unto the Inn I did come,
her fingers did itch at my Pelf,
I call'd for a large fair Room,
for my Wife my Child and my self:
Take heed of bad women therefore,
by women are men overthrown,
And rich men are often made poor,

A Dainty fine Supper we had,
and brought up unto us with speed.
But all the charge in that shot me
I paid for it soundly indeed:
Now when she had sup'd I kist her,
and she was as willing as I,
But would to God that I had mist her,
and her decay'd Gentility:
Take heed of bad women therefore,
by women are men overthrown,
And rich men are often made Poor,
when as they keep more then their own.

Down stairs then softly she went,
and call'd for my Cloack-bag with speed
This Harlot was surely-bent,
for to undoe me with speed,
My night-cloaths are in it quoth she,
such mischief in Harlots are rife,
He gave her my Cloak-bag most free,
as thinking she had been my wife:
Take heed, &c.

She cunningly slunk out of doors,
when no body did her mind,
I may bid a pox of all Whores,
for leaving her Bastard behind:
Now farewell my seven-score pound,
Lul-a-by must be my Song,
I'me left like a Horse in the pound,
'tis I that must suffer the wrong:
Take heed, &c.

I call'd her to come unto bed,
not thinking I had been undone,
I look't like a man had been dead,
when as I perceiv'd she was gone:
I fretted, I fum'd, and swore,
the Child had got a new Dad'
And when I began for to rore,
the people did think I was mad:
Take heed, &c.

The Chamberlain run up amain,
sir, what is the matter, quoth he,
O call back that woman again,
for she hath quite ruined me:
She leaveth her Bastard behind her,
on purpose to shorten my life,
O prithee see if thou canst find her,
for why? she is none of my wife:
Take heed, &c.

But where is my Cloak-bag I pray,
for therein lies all my gains:
I craven your wife by my fay,
then would you were hang'd for your pains
You called your wife and your honey,
why should not your wife then be bold,
To have the command of your money,
your Cloak-bag, your Silver and Gold:
Take heed, &c.

The Child lay crying apace,
and I lay swearing as fast,
To understand rightly my case,
the Inn keeper came at the last:
When he understood the matter,
he said he was glad 'twas no worse,
He told me that he would not flatter,
for I must provide me a nurse:
Take heed, &c.

I'm sorry you met with this Harlot,
the cause of your sorrow and grief,
But you would have made her your Harlot,
if she had not proved a Thief:
You wanted a bit for your Cat,
to purge out your mad mallencholly,
I pray you think wisely of that,
for you have paid well for your folly:
Take heed, &c.

This was all the comfort he gave,
I was never so beguil'd,
The folks in the house did out-brave me,
and bid me provide for my Child:
I carried my Child unto Nurse,
to end all the trouble and strife,
With never a groat in my Purse,
I went unto my Wife:
Take heed, &c.

No wonder that meat is so dear,
the Grasier so pincheth the Poor,
But now it doth it doth plainly appear,
the Grasier maintaineth a Whore:
Since Wenches so chargable are,
the Grasier had need to be witty,
If ever it should be his care,
to fetch his loss out of the City.
Take heed of bad women therefore, &c.

FINIS.

Printed for I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.

THE MERRY

BAG-PIP

The Pleaſant Paſtime betwixt a Jolly Shepherd and a

on a *Mid-Summers-Day* in the Morning.

To the Tune of, *March Boys*, &c. Licenſed according

A Shepherd ſat him under a Thorn,
he pull'd out his Pipe and began for to play,
It was on a Mid-Summers-day in the morn,
for honour of that Holy-day:
A Ditty he did Chant along,
goes to the Tune of Cater-Bordee,
And this was the burthen of his Song,
if thou wilt Pipe Lad, I'll Dance to thee,
To thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee, &c.

And whilſt this Harmony he did make,
a Country Damſel from the Town,
A Basket on her Arm ſhe had,
a-gathering Ruſhes on the Down:

Her Bongrace was of we
from the Sun's hot Be
And thus ſhe began when
if thou wilt Pipe Lad, I'll

Then he pull'd out his P
whilſt tempting on her
But when his quivering
how ſweetly then this
S[illegible] ſtop'd all jumps and
ſhe kept all time with
And looking on him, ſigh
if thou wilt Pipe Lad, I'll
To thee, to thee, derry, der

PES:

nd a Country Damsel,

cording to Order.

of wended Straw,
t Beams her Face is free
when she him saw,
l, I'll Dance to thee, &c.

is Pipe and began to sound,
n her Back she lay,
ering note she found,
his Lass could play:
s and she reveal'd,
with harmony,
sighing said,
, I'll dance to thee,
derry, to thee, &c.

She never so much as blusht at all,
the Musick was so charming sweet,
But e'er and anon to him she'd call,
and bid him be active, turn and meet:
As thou art a bonny Shepherd's Swain,
I am a Lass am come to woose thee.
To play me another double strain,
and doubt not but I will Dance to thee,
To thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee, &c.

Altho' I am but a silly Maid,
who ne'r was brought up at Dancing-School,
But yet to the Jig that thou hast plaid,
you find that I can keep time and rule:
Now see that you keep your stops aright,
for Shepherd I am resolv'd to view thee,
And play me the Damsel's chief Delight,
then never doubt but I'll Dance to thee,
To thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee, &c.

The Shepherd again did tune his Pipe,
and plaid her a Lesson loud and shrill,
The Damsel his Face did often wipe,
with many a thank for his good will:
And said I was ne'r so pleas'd before,
and this is the first time that I knew thee.
Come play me this very Jigg once more,
and never doubt but I'll Dance to thee,
To thee, to thee, derry, derry, uo thee, &c.

The Shepherd he said, as I am a Man,
I have kept playing from Morning till Noon.
Thou know'st I can do no more then I can,
my Pipe is clearly out of Tune;
To ruine a Shepherd I'll not seek,
said she, for why should I undo thee,
I can come again to the Down next week,
and thou shalt Pipe and I'll dance to thee,
To thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee.

FINIS.

Printed for C. Bates next door to the Crown-Tavern
in West-Smithfield.

The merry *Maid* of *Middleſex*.

O R,

A pretty Song made by a pretty Maid,
Which had ſeven Suitors, ſhe her ſelf ſo ſaid,
And yet (poor ſoul) ſhe hath been ſtrangely croſt,
And through her Mothers means, her Sweet-heart's loſt:
But yet ſhe is reſolved in this Sonnet,
To have a Husband, whatſoer'e comes on it.

To a dilicate Northern Tune: Or, *The Maid that loſt her way.*

IT was not long agone
since Cupid with his Dart,
Shot through my tender skin,
and prickt my love-ſick heart
And ſince that deſprate time,
I am ſo love-ſick grown,
I neither can nor will
no longer lye alone:
Let Father angry be.
let mother brawl, and chide,
A Husband I will have,
what ever me betide,

It is well known that I
am fiftæn years of oge,
Yet live as weary a life,
as a Bird pen'd in a Cage.
Therefore Young-men I pray,
give eare unto my ſong,
And you ſhall kno[illegible]hat,
my Parents di[illegible]g:
But now let Fa[illegible]

Seven Suitors in one day,
unto me came a woing,
And every one of them would
fain with me be doing:
Firſt Will the Weaver came
with Silks & Ribonds brave,
And out of his pure love,
theſe Tokens to me gave,
Let Father fret and frown, &c.

Full many a honied kiſſe
the Weaver did me give,
Which was enough to make
a dying Maid to live:
But yet my Parents would
not give me their conſent,
That I ſhould marry with him,
which makes me to lament.
But now let Father frown,
let Mother brawl, and chide,
A Husband I will have
what ever me betide.

NEre To
he brou
And wōld ha
for to hav
My Mothe
would not
whereby I d
and ſweet-
But now let
let Mothe
A Husband I
what ever

Then Sam
brought
To fit my p
as he did
But at the
his hand
Which ma
and ſozel
But now let

George Glo
a pair of
Such as y
do uſe to
And theret
he kiſt u
And then
break u
But now let

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

Ere Tom the Taylor trim,
ye brought me a brave new
gold have gave itme (gown
to have laid me down,
Mother ſtandind by,
uld not thereto agree,
eby I did both loſe my gown
ſweet-heart, woe is me.
ow let Father frown,
Mother brawl and chide:
band I will have,
t ever me betide,

Sam the Shoo-maker
ought me a pair of ſhoes
t my pretty feet
he did often uſe:
at the drawing on
hand by chance did ſlip,
ch made my Mother ver,
d ſorely bite the Lip,
ow let Father greive, &c.

ge Glover he gave me
air of dainty Gloves,
as your braveſt Batchlors
uſe to give their Loves;
therewithal kind heart,
kiſt me tenderly:
then my Mother ſhe did ſcon
eak up our company.
ow let Father angery be, &c.

There came a bonny Lad,
a Vintner neat and fine,
And in his hand he brought
a bottle of Muskadine,
And bad me for to drink
as long as I could pull:
For he had an intent
to fill my belly full:
At which my Mother ſhe
began to frown and chide,
Yet I will have a Husband
what ever me betide.

A nimble Tapſter next
gave me a gay gold Ring,
And promiſed to beſtow
on me a better thing:
But in the bringing he
had wondrous ill luck,
My Mother ſhe did chance to ſee
and would not let us truck.
But now let Father frown, &c.

Then came a noble Spark,
a Souldier ſtout and bold,
And quickly caſt into my lap
full ſevenſcore pound in gold
O he was a brave Young-man,
I lov'd him as my life:
& yet my Mother ſhe would not
now let me be his Wife:
But now let Father frown, &c.

The Cobler he poor fool,
fell ſick and needs muſt dye,
Except my Love would grant
him love, as a remedy:
Cobler my Mother ſaid,
you have of late been dipt, (have
Before you ſhall my Daughter
Ile ſee you ſoundly whipt.
But now let Father frown, &c.

A Maiden-head it is a load
too heavy for me to carry;
Therefore I will make all the
that ever I can to marry, (ſpeed
No matter for his wealth
nor Trade, what er'e it be,
For I will dearly love the Man
if he could fancy me.
So now you know my mind,
although my Mother chide,
A Husband I muſt have,
what ever me betide.

FINIS.

London, Printed by *E. Crowch*, for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, & *J. Wright*.

THE

Merry Maid of Shored

Her Reſolution and Good Counſel to all her Fellow M

And ſays that ſhe will never tye her ſelf to a Crab-Tree ſo long as ſhe has a w
Range in.

The Tune is, I have a Miſtris of my own: Or, Hold Buckle and Thong to

YOu young Maids all, where e're you be,
I pray you now come hear this ditty;
And I hope you will agree,
you cannot say but it is pretty:
I've lived a Maid these twenty years,
and never was no Young-mans Debtor,
Men are so full of Lyes and jears,
that a single Life it is the better.

A Young-man will wooe a pretty Maid,
and Swear, and Lye, and say he'l have her,
Until he hath her heart betray'd,
to get his will and so to leave her:
But young Maids you must be very wise,
for young-men they will you infetter,
They strive to make of you a prize,
but a single Life it is the better.

For whilst a Maid doth keep un
young men will give to her g
But if she chance to bring a Kn
then he'l not care what does
But get her Children pear by p
and cross and vex, and strive
For a Married Wife's ne'r out
a single Life is is the better.

While a Maid lives a single lif
she may sit and talk with an
But after she is made a Wife
if she do the like there is gres
So maids if you can be conten
be not drawn into a young-m
Least afterwards you do repent
then to live single it is better.

ditch,

w Maids;

as a whole Wood to

ong together.

ep unwedd,
her great honour,
a Knave to her Bed,
does come on her:
by pear,
frive to fret her,
r out of care,

le life,
th any stranger,
Wife
great danger;
ontent,
ng-mans fetter,
epent,
er.

There is many a Maid that hath been wed,
both in Country, Town and City,
To careless Husbands, I am afraid,
which grieves their wives, the more's the pitty
Therefore young Maids let's have a care,
and believe no lyes that young-men flatter,
They spare no words they can devise,
but a single Life it is the better.

Young-men will shew great store of Love,
and have young maids drink wine and sherry,
And their hearts do within as rotten prove,
to give you drink to overcome you:
The Devil himself is not so false
as some men be, I will not Flatter,
To bring a maiden to their Bow,
but a single Life it is the better.

So Maidens that do live i'th row,
you must be careful of this matter,
I'de have you all for to do so,
and believe no young-men when they Flatter,
Besides they sweeten you up so brave,
with sugered kisses that will fetter,
And another thing if you will it have,
but a single Life it is more better.

There's scarce a young-man that is in ten,
that will prove Loyal to a Maiden,
But will prate and lye, and cogg and feign;
as though his heart with Love was laden;
But will dissemble more or less,
for to stand him when he charged,
And so undoes that silly Lass,
and then her trouble is enlarged.

Young Maidens all look too't in time,
when as you go for to Marry,
Be sure to chuse an honest man,
or else you'd better longer tarry;
For an honest man will ne'r you wrong,
but a Knave will be to you a fretter,
It is quickly done, and long thought on,
for to live single you had better.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Sign of the Angel in guilt-Spur-Street without Newgate.

A Merry Wedding:

OR,

O Brave ARTHUR *of* BRADLY.

To a pleaſant new Tune, &c.

SEe you not pierce the Piper,
His cheeks as big as a myter,
A piping among the Swain,
That dance on ponder plain,
Where Tib and Tom do trip it,
And youths to the horn-pipe nip it,
With every one his carriage,
To go to yonders marriage,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly,
O brave Arthur of Bradly.

When Arthur had got him a Lass,
A bonnier never was,
The chiefeſt Youths in the Parish,
Came dancing all in a morrice,
Jumping with nickle pride,
And each his Wench by his ſide,
With Chriſtmas gambals flouncing,
And Country Wenches trouncing,
They all were fine and gay,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

And when that Arthur was married,
And his Wife home had carried,
The Youngers they did wait,
To help to carry up meat,
Francis carried the furmaty,
Michael carried the mince-pye,
Bartholomew Beef and muſtard,
And Chriſtopher carried the cuſtard,
Thus every one in his array,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

And when that dinner was ended,
The Maidens they were befriended,
For out ſteps Dick the Draper,
And he did ſtrike up ſcraper,
I'es beſt to be dancing a little,
And then to the tavern and tipple;
He call'd for a horn-pipe,
That went fine on the bag-pipe,
Then forward Piper and play,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

Richard he did lead it,
And Margery did tread it,
Francis following then,
And after courteous Jane;
Thus every one after another,
As if they had been Sister and Brother,
That it was great joy to see,
How well they did agree,
And then they all did say,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly,
O brave Arthur of Bradly.

Then Giles in his mothy breeches,
And he the Piper beseeches,
To play him haw-thorn-buds,
That he and his Wench might trudge;
But Lawrence liked not that,
No more did lusty Kate,
For she cry'd, Canst thou not hit it,
To see how fine Thomas can trip it?
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

When all the Swains did see,
This mirth and merry glee,
There's never a Man did flinch,
But each one did kiss his Wench;
But Giles was greedy of gain,
For he would needs kiss twain;
Her Lover seeing that,
Did swap him over the pate,
That he had nought to say,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly,
O brave Arthur of Bradly.

The Piper look'd aside,
And there he spy'd the Bride,
And he thought it a hard chance,
That none would lead her a dance,
But none was there durst touch her,
Save only Bat the Butcher,
He took her out by the hand,
And he danced while he could stand,
The Bride was fine and gay,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

Then out stept Will the Weaver,
And he swore he'd not leave her,
He hopp'd it all in one legg,
For the honour of his Pegg;
But Hester in his cambrick-ruff,
He took that all in a snuff,
For he against that day,
Had made himself fine and gay,
His ruff was whipt with blew,
And he cry'd out, A new dance a new;
Then strike up a round delay,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly,

Then 'gan the sun decline,
And every one thought it time
To go unto his home,
And leave the Bridegroom all alone:
Tut, tut, says lusty Ned,
I'll see them both in bed,
For I'll gib at a joynt,
But I'll have his codpis-poynt;
Then forward Piper and play,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

And thus the day was spent,
And no Man homeward went.
There was such a crowding and thrusting,
That some were in danger of bursting,
To see them go to bed,
For all the skill they had,
He was got to his Bride,
And lay close to her side;
They got his points and his garters,
And cut them in pieces like Martyrs
And then they all did play,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly,
O brave Arthur of Bradly.

Then Will and his Sweetheart,
Did call for, Loath to depart;
And then they did foot it and toss it,
Till the Cook brought the sack-posset
The Bride-pye was brought forth,
A thing of mickle worth,
Then each at his bed's side,
Took leave of Arthur and his Bride,
And so went all away,
From the wedding of Arthur of Bradly,
O brave Arthur of Bradly.

London: Printed by and for *W. O.* for *A. M.* and sold by *J. Deacon*, in *Guilt-spur-street*.

The MILKMAIDS Resolu

Let Young men prate of what they please
Cause young men have been kind,

Theyl find no more suc
To please each Apish m

Tune, Cupids Trappan.

OF late I did hear a young man domineer,
And vapour of what he could do (Plow
But I think he knew how for to manage the
far better then maidens to woe brave boys
far better &c.

And he surely doth think that we maidens are
for to mind ev'ry Clown we do see (mad
Should his Love be exprest, with a vow & pro-
i'de believe no such bobies as he brave (test
ide &c.

Though his bottles of Ale & other fine things
he bestows on me ev'ry day
It is my intent when his money is spent
to bid him begone & away brave boys
to bid, &c.

Ile give him good words while his money doth
and tell him I dearly do love him (last
When his cash is all gone, ile tell him my man
ther's others I fancy above him brave (John

And that which is wor
a maidens por heart
They'l laugh & they'l j
that they this por m
that &c.

Some men they love t
& tis certain ther's
Will sigh & will pant,
& all for the love of
& all &c.

And others so long as
has been careful an
This maiden will sin
& call her his joy &
and &c.

Yea if this por soul w
to hearken to this
Shee'l to goverty fall
she hath got by the

esolution.

ore such Foolls as these
A pish mind.
pan.

is worse, when once they do
r heart it is won (find
they'l jeer, they'l giggle & sneer
poor maid hath undone brave

y love for what they can get
ther's many a Lubbard
l pant, seeming ready to faint
ove of the Cubbard, brave boys

ong as they think a poor maid
ful and saved some money
will find he will prove very kind
s joy & his honey brave boys

soul will be such a fool
o this fellows tale
rty fall, he'l beguile her of all
by the merry milk pail brave boys

And she that doth carry the merry milk pail
and delights for to milk the brown Cow
May sure be as good, be it well understood
as the Loby that follows the Plow brave
as the &c.

Yet each pittiful clown will boast up & down
of the maidens that he hath betrayd
If all were like me, such things should not be
nor ever hereafter be said, brave boys
nor &c.

Keep but at a distance, and then they will be
like men quite bereaved of sence
Then the best of them all into passion will fall
& be ready to dye for a wench brave boys
and &c.

Tho some of them now, do say they know how
to make any maiden to yield
But I would defie any man that should try
in the midst of the merry Brown field brave
in &c.

For my modesty shall defend me from all
that say tis so easy to win
The poor virgins sort, of which they make sport
& delight in this treacherous sin brave boys
and &c.

Then maidens beware, of such villains take care
whose delight is your absolute ruine
If they conquer with ease & gain what they please
theyl soon be a weary of wooing brave boys
But if you stand off and at them do scoff
youl find they will burn like a fire (know how
When you make them to bow, let your reason
to grant them the thing they desire brave
to grant &c.

Then take my advice you maids that are free
ile assure you I speak not in jest,
Ne'r play with the dart till you poyson your
for a single life it is the best brave (heart
for &c.

There some that are married before they had
that with sorrows are sorely oppest (wit
Then think it not strange, I am not for a change
for a single life it is the best brave boys
for &c.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball
in West-Smithfield.

The Miſtaken LOVER;

OR,

The ſuppoſed Ungrateful Creature,

appears a True Pattern of LOYALTY.

Alas! in vain he did Complain, {} *Concluding ſhe would Cruel be,*
and counted her his Foe; {} *but it was nothing ſo.*

To an Excellent New Tune, Sung at Court. This may be Printed, R. P

O ſo Ungrateful a Creature,
ne'r could I thought you to be,
ſtill to abuſe my good Nature,
laugh at my Simplicity:
You whose all, had leaſt reaſon,
firſt to abuſe my poor heart,
But if another had done it,
you ought to have taken my part;

Curſe of your cunning proceeding,
curſe of your private Amour,
While my poor heart lies a bleeding,
may you be double curſt o're:
Was you but kind as you're cruel,
then you may talk of a bliſs,
But you preſerve me for Fuel,
O what a Tyrant is this!

You that my Torment invented,
proving the cause of my grief,
May you in Dreams be tormented,
never obtaining Relief:
Languishing like one forsaken,
drowned in sorrowful tears,
Evermore when you awaken,
haunted with troops of new fears.

Tho' in disdain you forsake me,
seeing my joys are increas'd,
'Tis not your Frowns that shall make me
ever repine in the least:
'Tis not a true Lovers duty,
such a hard heart to adore,
I'le never dote on your Beauty,
since there is many in store.

When he had made this Oration,
then the young Damsel drew near,
Not in a furious Passion,
but like a Lover most dear:
Why dost thou count me Disloyal,
this makes my very heart ake,
Might it be put to the tryal,
Love, I would dye for thy sake.

How could you Curse me, that never
proved once false to my Love,
Making my constant endeavour,
every thing to remove,
Which might thy Happiness hinder;
this is the truth of my heart,
If I have been an Offender,
then let me suffer the smart.

Love, I cannot be so Fickle,
she in soft Language replys,
While many tears they did trickle,
down from her beautiful eyes:
I that have never offended,
you judge me guilty to stand,
O that my sorrows were ended,
by the most fatalest hand.

Hearing her sorrowful Ditty,
and that her Love it was pure,
Then he was moved with pitty,
and could no longer endure.
Then in the purest perfection,
sorrows was turned to Bliss,
Sealing her perfect protection,
with many a tender sweet kiss.

FINIS.

Printed for *C. Dennisson*, at the *Stationers-Arms* with in *Aldgate*.

A mock-Song: *Or,* Love and no love.

The young-man with this Maid would fain be doing,
And very earnest was with her in wooing;
But the Maiden she was very cunningly witted,
I think no young-man never was better fitted.

To the Tune of, Mars and Venus. With Allowance, Ro. L'Estra

ALL in the Ebening as I walked
in the fields to take the ay;
I spyed two Lovers there a talking,
under a pleasant shady Bower;
The young-man said sweet-heart dost love me,
For I vow now I am come to prove thee,
if thou will be true and constant,
And grant me love for love again,
For I swear my heart with love is slain.

Maid.

Indeed good Sir you do but flatter,
your compliments cost you no money;
I'de have you rest your self contented,
for all you call me love and honey:
For a Maiden she had need be careful,
And of young-mens promises to be fearful;
they'r given so much to dissemble;
And tell a Maiden a hundred lyes,
as many as there is Stars i'th skies.

Man.

Alas fair Maiden your mistaken,
I'le be as true as I do say:
And take these Gloves now in a love token,
and let us dally a while to day.
The time is pleasant, let's be doing,
As a remembrance of our amorous wooing;
and be so civil to my question;
If thou and I can but agree,
I take much delight in thy company.

Maid.

O Sir I see what your intent is,
your a pretty man I understand;
To bring a Maiden to destruction,
if she could be by you trappan'd:
but hold you, for tho' your tongue runs nimble
Some men they can lye and dissemble;
so cunningly that he can woo:
To bring a Maiden to their Bow,
But I am not one that will do so.

Beſides your noſe Sir is ſo meſſel,
you ſpend what ſhould maintain a Wife,
That is a ſign that you will baffle,
you make her weary of her life:
Beſides your countenance looks ſour,
That you can both lout, pout and lour,
out of a Crab-tree you was hyed;
Your Vinegar face makes me afraid,
I'de better in my grave be laid.

Man.

O prethee Maiden be contented,
I have gold to make amends for all;
For want of beauty i'le ſhow more fancy,
thou have thy ſervants at thy call:
Beſides i'le be ſo loving to thee,
Becauſe I can ſmall beauty ſhow thee,
what in my heart ſhall not be wanting:
If thou will yield thy love to me,
That we in love may both agree.

Maid.

Indeed Sir you I cannot fancy,
that's not the thing I ſtand upon;
If I have a man he be neat and handſome,
take your anſwer now Sir, and be gone:
For a Frying-pan face ſhall not me intangle,
Ile keep out of falſe Cupids angle,
nor no golden baits ſhall fetter me:
I live well enough if I can ſee,
For a ſingle life to a Maid is free.

Man.

Why then fair Maiden I muſt leave thee,
God ſend thee a husband to thy delight,
I am ſorry my Crab-tree face doth grieve thee,
a fairer may chance to have more deceit.
All is not gold that now doth gliſter,
Nor all not lead that doth look ruſty:
the Tryal of a man is all,
If thou canſt not love me another ſhall,
You may chance to leap and get a fall.

Maid.

I wiſh you Sir once more to hear me,
I have a word more for to ſay;
If I ſhould yield and you deceive me,
I might repent it another day;
Therefore i'le not be ty'd in Marriage,
But live a Maid in a civil carriage,
a ſingle life I hold it pleaſant;
For a woman to go whether ſhe pleaſe,
She's free to work, or take her eaſe.

And ſo i'de wiſh you to be jogging,
and take your fortune where you can;
Many Maids has believed young-mens coging
and by that means has been undone.
For as long as a Maid ſhe can live ſingle,
And keep out of Cupids tangle;
ſhe's free from ſorrow, care, and ſtrife;
Before many a man that has a Wife,
And lives a pleaſant happy life.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, neer the Hoſpital-gate, in Weſt-ſmith-field

Modeſty Amazed; Or,

The *Dorſet-ſhire* Damoſel importunate with her *Mo*ther to know *Rogers* meaningin Wooing. In which ſhe is fully ſatisfied by her Mother; together with *Rogers* love and loyalty. To an Excellent New Tune, much in requeſt.

This may be Printed, *R. P.*

Oh Mother! *Roger* with his kiſſes,
almoſt ſtops my breath I vow,
Why does he gripe my hand to pieces
and yet he ſays he loves me too:
Tell me Mother, pray now do,
pray now do, pray now do,
Tell me mother, pray now do,
Pray now, pray now, pray now do,
What *Roger* means when he does ſo,
for ne'r ſtir, I long to know.

Nay yet beſides he will not let me,
ſettle to my wheel and ſpin
But upon his knee will ſet me,
mother when you an't within,
Tell me mother, &c.

Although I vow he does provoke me,
yet he will not once forbear,
But moſt tenderly did ſtroak me,
till he makes me bluſh I ſwear:
Tell me Mother, pray now do,
pray now do, pray now do,
Tell me mother, pray now do,
Pray now, pray now, pray now do,
What *Roger* means when he does ſo,
for ne'r ſtir, I long to know.

Thus whilst he talks of pure affection,
Roger on my breast he leans,
Mother give me your direction,
for I know not what he means:
Tell me mother, &c.

And what he said concerning Wooing
now I clearly have forgot,
Yet he fain would have been doing
something but I know not what:
Tell me mother, &c.

Although I am both coy and fickle,
yet he calls me his delight,
And my sides he does so tickle,
that he makes me laugh out-right:
Tell me mother, pray now do,
pray now do, pray now do;
Tell me mother, pray now do,
Pray now, pray now, pray now do,
What Roger means when he does so,
for ne'r sir I long to know.

The Mothers direction to her Daughter;
Together with Rogers Loyalty.

Dear Daughter that you mayn't miscarry,
Rogers courage never cool,
Till you marry make him tarry,
pray now take your mothers rule:
My dear Daughter, pray now then,
pray now then, pray now then,
Maids are too much slighted when,
They have yielded to Young-men,
For they can flatter, cog and lye,
and all their promises deny.

But if his love be so intire,
when the Nuptial Bands are tyd,
You may yield to his desire,
being made his lawful Bride:
If you cannot this obtain,
this obtain, this obtain,
Then his company refrain,
With your Scorn and high disdain,
For should you grant him his delight,
then Daughter you are ruin'd quite.

But Roger he was something near them
in a corner mighty mute,
Where he chanc'd to over hear them,
while they were in this dispute:
Notwithstanding what he heard,
what he heard, what he heard,
For a while he ne'r appear'd,
But at last the case he clear'd,
And told them that he did suppose,
they did not think him one of those.

Now when her Mother found him loyal,
by his honest fair intent,
Then there needed no denyal,
soon she gave her free consent,
That her Daughter should be wed,
should be wed, should be wed,
To his lawful bridal bed,
All her fears was fully fled;
Then many Damsels fair and gay,
did come to celebrate the day.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Deacon at the Angel in Guiltspur-street without Newgate.

You are desired to beware of a false Counterfeit Song in imitation of this true Copy, which is only Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guiltspur-street.

'Tis Money makes a Man:

OR, The Good-Fellows Folly.

Here in this Song Good Fellow thou mayst find,
How Money makes a Man, if thou'rt not blind?
Therefore return e're that it be too late,
And don't on Strumpets spend thy whole estate,
For when all is gone, no better then wilt be:
But Laught to scorn in all thy poverty.

To a pleasant new Tune: Bonny black Bess: Or, Digby. **By *J. Wade.***

O what a madness 'tis to borrow or lend,
Or for strong Liquor thy Money to spend;
For when that is wanting thy courage is cool,
Thou must stand Cap in hand to every fool:
But if thy pockets can sing e they will take thy word
Oh then thou art company for Knight or yet Lord:
Then make much of a Penny as near as you can,
For if that be wanting thou'rt counted no man.

Then listen a while and i'le tell you in brief,
The most of my sorrow, my care, and my grief;
I had an estate I'le make it appear,
Besides all my stock, was worth fifty a year:
But so soon as I to drinking then fell,
My Land I then Morgaged, my Cattle did sell;
No sooner the money I for them had took,
But it went to the Ale-house i'le swear on a book.

Thus in a short time my money did waste,
And I found my self not a pin better at last;
Whilst other Tradesmen were working full hard,
I from an Ale-house could not be debar'd:
There would I sit tipling day after day,
And my Wife she unto me full often would say,
Make much of a Penny as near as you can,
For if that be wanting thou'lt be counted no man.
But the words that she spoke i'd regard not a straw
But would kick her, & beat her, & keep her in awe;
My children at home might eat the bare wall,
Whilst I in an Ale-house for strong liquor did call:
And my Hostis forsooth must needs sit on my knee
though my wife she hath twice more beauty then she
Yet that would not please my letcherous mind,
Because for my Money my Hostis was kind.

But in the conclusion here comes all my care,
My back it grew thin, and my pockets grew bare;
Then I told my Hostis my pittiful tale,
In hopes that my sorrows she would bewail:
But she turn'd up her nose, and she looked a squoy,
You might have been wiser she straight did reply;
This was all the comfort that I got from she,
That always pretended my friend for to be.

THerefore all young-men that loves the Ale-(bench
Some counsel I'le give them before they go hence;
If thou sit'st day and night, & drink'st never so fast
Yet thou'lt find thy own home is the best at last:
It is but for your money they wait you upon,
And when that is wanting you're lightly lookt on;
If she sees but two-pence you run on the score,
She'l swear by her troth she will trust you no more
Then have a care young-men, be ruled in time,
Left drink overcome thee, in old days you pine:
For you see Good-fellows how thread-bare they go
And what good husbandry brings a man to;
For some lives most bravely tho means they have (small,
And some that has hundreds do quickly spend all;
Then make much of a penny as near as you can,
For if that be wanting thou'rt counted no man.

'Tis money you see makes a Lord, or yet Earl,
'Tis money you see that sets out a young Girl;
Likewise 'tis money makes the Lawyer to plead,
& 'tis money doth make the man love his wife Kate
And 'tis money breeds love where never was none,
Although she be old, yet money makes her young:
A Knight or a Begger, whatever they be
If they have but money they're welcome to me.

Thus money you see, and do well understand,
If a poor man can but get it, he buys house and land
But it must not be those that works hard all day,
And at night in an Ale-house doth throw it away.

May, that will not serve, but twice as much more,
If his word it will pass, he runs on the score;
Then all the week after, though then he don't feed
He wanteth bread-corn his poor children to feed,

Therefore be advised boon Companions all,
For you see the worlds so they laugh at a mans fall
With speed your old haunts pray begin for to shun,
Take warning by others the which are undone:
You'l say a good-fellow it is a brave name,
But many a man doth pay dear for the same:
The which hath all spent, now in Goal he doth lye,
And none will relieve him in his poverty.

But some men have got such a spark in their throat
That I would not be him that should quench't for a groat;
All the fair words his wife can him give,
Yet he'l not be ruled though poor he doth live:
Hang money he cryes, till all on't is gone,
As for house and Land I mean to buy none;
I must see my Hostis to go neat and fine,
Although that my family doth starve and pine.

And thus have I told you the conditions of some,
That all long of strong liquor will never keep home
His stock it do cays, although his wife cries,
And in the conclusion a begger he dies:
but a good husband's means you see doth increase
He maintains his household in joy and in peace;
Then make much of a penny as near as you can,
For if that be wanting, thou'rt be counted no man

FINIS.

With Allowance, Ro. L'Estrange.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

THE late
Duke of Monmouth's
Lamentation.

The Tune of, On the Bank of a River, Or; Now now the Fights do

The World is ungrateful
the People deceitful,
Ambition and Pride our first Parents did choak
it leads to high places
as Slip'ry as Glaſſes,
Their gilded pretences all vaniſh like ſmoak
Their fatal deluſion
Brought me to confuſion
I fall by thoſe Powers I did juſtly provoke.

Thoſe Men of Sedition
that nurſt my Ambition
And feath'd up my Fancy with hopes of a Crown
their fates are depending:
and muſt have an Ending;

'Tis they ruin'd me and my former r
Seducers of Reaſon
Made me commit Treaſon
For which on the Block I lay my

My Grief I diſcover
For thoſe I brought over,
And thoſe in this Land I ſedur'd to
true Churchmen deni'd me
the Gentry defy'd me,
With none but the Factious I favor d
this ſorrowful ſentence
brings me to Repentance
Unfortunate Monmouth this Act t

The Second Part, To the ſame Tune.

Thus my Allegiance was all diſobedience
the King of the Weſt in thoſe Parts they me call,
Each Village and City
was ſpoil'd without Pitty,
The Kings better Subjects I brought into Thrall:
But now ſuch vile doing
hath cauſed my ruin
My Pride and Ambition muſt now have a Fall.

The popular Bable
and noiſe of the Rabble,
It pleas'd me at firſt and did Nouriſh the Vice
'Twas Pride and Vain-Glory
did furniſh the Story
And gave to my after proceedings the Riſe
while that I did aſpire
t' fly higher and higher,
Like th' generous Bird I was ſnar'd in a trice.

All did me admire
naught I could require,
But the Royal Bounty did freely allow
was of Royal ſtanding
had all at commanding
And men of the higheſt Ranck to me did bow
but Iv'e taken ill meaſures
and loſt all thoſe Treaſures
Poor Monmouth's thy Caſe is alter'd now.

Ambition can't borrow
One day, e're to morrow
Poor Monmouth muſt lye in the ſilent dark Grave:
let his ſad concluſion
be Traytors Confuſion
And daſh them to Pieces as Rocks do the Waves.
take warning you Traytors
and all you Crown Haitors
Your cunning deſigns your Heads ſhall not ſave.

This may be Printed *July* 18. *R. L. S.*

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.

The Mournful Shepherd

OR

Torment of Loving, and not beiug Lov'd again.

A *SONG* made by a Gentleman who Dyed for his cruel Miſtris.

No Torment can be found no greater pain
Then truly Loving and not Lov'd again;
For thats a ſtrange Diſeaſe which Racks, the mind,
Still routs the Judgment, and does Reaſon blind:
Raiſes a Civil War, diſtraſts the Soul,
Whilſt Fancy like a Raging Sea does roul:
The Lovers dreams of nothing but ſtrang Charms
And often thinks his Miſtris in his Arms;
But waking finds he did embrace a Shade;
Which all his hopes with it he had Conveyd,

To a Pleaſant New Tune, called *Could Man his Wiſh Obtain*, &c.

Play'd and Sung at the King's Play-Houſe.

COuld man his wiſh obtain,
how happy would he be;
But wiſhes ſeldome gain,
And hopes are but in vain,
if Fortunes diſagree:
Pitty you Powers of Love,
our Infelicicy;

Why ſhould the Fates Conſpire,
To kruſtrat my deſire,
Since Love's the gentle fire
that kæps the World alive:
But me it puts to pain,
My Wiſhes are in vain,
Nor promiſe any hope to gain.

I love and ſtill I view,
but dare not tell my mind,
Should I my flames perſue,
I might that Bliſs undo,
which is for her deſign'd,
A Bliſs that's far above,
more laſting, rich, and kind;
Though hopes ſucceſleſs prove,
My heart ſhall ne'r remove,
From wiſhing of her Love,
in Fortunes Triumph led;
And though ſhe baniſh me,
If ſhe but happy be,
'twill pleaſe my Goſt when I am
dead.

Much like a Tyrant ſits
th' inſulting Prince of Love,
And with his Arrows hits
Poor Mortals as it fits,
his humour from above;

The Second Part, To the ſame Tune.

But pitty I implore.
O let ſom pitty move:
But ah, what is my Error,
when love thus proves a Terror,
That is the worlds bright Mirror,
and guides the Starry frame;
The flame that s in my breaſt,
Alas diſturbs my reſt,
Since I of hopes am diſpoſſeſt,

Thou Center of my joy,
the faireſt of her kind,
Does ſtill with frowns deſtroy,
My Bliſs by proving Coy,
whilſt Love torments my mind;
And ſcorches me in pain,
that I no quiet find:
Pitty ſome gentle power,
And rain a golden Shower,
For ſure nought elſe can woo her
to cool my raging Flame:
Alaſs, that Gold ſhould prove
The Orb that ſtill does move
the happy Sphere of ſacred love.

O'ze Hills and Rocks I ſtray,
through fields and g'oomy ſhade
I take my reſtleſs way,
To Venus oft I pray,
to grant me ſpeedy aid,
And pitty my diſtreſs,
or how the cruel Maid:
Whoſe eyes do Lightning bear,
Which blaſt me with deſpair,
And takes me in Loves ſnare,
nor can I thence eſcape:
But ſtrugele there in vain,
And ſtill does ſuffer pain,
Whilſt I to free my ſelf do ſtrain.

Witneſs ye Founts and Springs,
Groves, and each pleaſant Mead,
Each warbling Bird that ſings,
And ſpreads his airy wings;
and bleeting flocks that feed:
How cruel the fair Nymph
to me as ever been.
But Tyrant love no more,
To perſecute give o'ze,
Keep, keep your ſhafts in ſtore,
of them there is no need:
For lick the Swan, now I,
To ſing my laſt leave try,
Which done, I thus lye down & dye.
(He Dies.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Sign of the *Golden-Ball*, in *Pye-Corner*.

The Mother and Daughter; Or,

A Dialogue betwixt them compoſed in Verſe,
If you will attend, I will rehearſe:
How the Mother did chide the Daughter for folly,
The Daughter with her Mother did not dally,
To ſilence her Mother her ſelf ſhe did fix,
And proved her Mother to be a Meretrix.
She ſtill'd her Mothers tongue that ſo loud did ſound,
Nuncl'd her *Mam*, and got twice fifty pound.
Thoſe two Fadillaes, as chaſte as *Jane Shore*,
Live quiet, that never did ſo before.

The *Tune* is, Come Sweet-heart and *Embrace* thine own: or, *The dancing of primroſe-hill*

Mother.

VVHy how Nan, what is the reaſon,
that you look ſo pale and wan?
Nan, Alaſs Mother, all this Lent ſeaſon,
I am ſcarce able to go or to ſtand:
Hot broth it doth me cheriſh,
warm fleſh it doth me nouriſh,
This cruel hard Lent, the time I repent,
peaſe-pottage hath poyſoned me.

Mother.

It is a thing was never heard,
that Peaſe in Lent they ſhould be poyſon,
Some other thing is to be fear'd,
but thou wilt not tell me the reaſon;
Thy face it looks ſo pale and yellow,
thy noſe is ſharp, and thy eyes are hollow:
Some thing's the matter, good Nan, do not flatter,
tell me the truth whatever betide.

Nan.

O Mother I will ſpeak the truth,
and not a lye to you will tell;
You know that George is a handſome Youth,
and other young men doth excell:
He loves me beyond all meaſure,
I am his joy, his delight and his treaſure;
Fine things he doth give me, if you'l believe me,
O mother I love his company.

Mother.

How come you to love him now,
when formerly you did him hate?
Nan. Mother I do protest and vow,
I value him at a mighty rate:
I love him as I love my life,
he ſaid that I ſhould be his wife,
If I was willing with him to be billing,
He vow'd that I ſhould be his Bride.

Nan.

I walkt with him into the field,
and there I cropt a dainty flower;
He imbraced me and we bill'd,
and in the ſpace of half an hour,
And lying down upon his Belly,
what ſport we had I will not tell ye:
He did embrace me, kiſs me and face me,
O Mother he made me merry.

Mother.

O fie upon thee for thy pains,
now to be sure thou art with-child:
And honest people will thee disdain,
and I cannot be reconcil'd.
Lent Peas hath poysoned up your belly,
'twas something else, did I not tell ye,
And for this feat I will thee beat,
Nan. O Mother pray hold your hand.

Mother.

Come brazen-face let me see your breast,
that I may know what will ensue,
And loking on't she did protest,
that her Daughter was with-child with two.
Nan. I think that twenty times before,
I have been on the very same score:
Yet never begrall'd to prove with-child,
O mother pray pardon me.

Mother.

To pardon thee it is not best,
neither will I put up this wrong:
Nan. Sure Mother you do but jest,
I do you desire to hold your tongue:
If I should speak that which is true,
and that which I have seen by you:
You would not be willing to hear of your billing
O Mother i've be mumpt you now.

Mother.

You dirty slut, why did you ever
see me in action of disgrace?
Nan. Remember the Weaver and you together
you said his beard did prick your face:
You did say he was too slack,
and that same time he hurt your back,
And being too kind, you broke your wind,
O mother i've mumpt you now.

Nan.

Further I do put into your head,
and remember as well as I can:
The Tinker laid you upon the bed,
and said he was a mettal man.
He peeping in your face likewise,
some of the smoot fell in your eyes,
And in that place he collied your face,
O mother i've mumpt you now.

Nan.

And going to a Fair on a day,
you said that it was for your pleasure,
And there you must buy new array,
and have the Taylor to take measure.
And coming home you did lie down,
the Taylor gave you a green gown:
Being in the Corn you catch a Thorn:
O mother i've mumpt you now.

Mother.

O good sweet Nan, come hold thy tongue,
thou art too hard for me I find,
I will never do thee Wrong,
for every Cat will after kind,
Thou art my dear Daughter,
i'le give the right ready hereafter:
If thou will quiet and will not repeat,
and never to mump thy mother no more.

Nan.

Upon condition you will give
me all the bonds of your use-money,
To maintain me bravely while I live,
that I may be both blith and bonny:
Mother. Yes, daughter that I am willing,
and excuse thee another time for billing,
Two fifty pound bonds i'le give into thy hands,
Sweet Nan it is all thy own.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, near the *Hospital-gate*, in *West-smithfield*.

A New and True BALLAD of the Poet's Complaint:

OR,

A new Song to a new Tune, of a Young Wench living in *Holbourn*, with a full discription of the notable Tricks put upon her by two Cornuted Suitors.

Reader assure thy self the thing is true,
And though it seem full strange 'tis very true;

I wish such Gypsies fitted all as she,
Then would they learn much honester to be.

To a Pleasant new Tune, called, *I am Confirm'd, &c.*

Faith I'm a Dog if I can guess
What strain will most oblige the Press:
'Mongst twenty several things, 'tis well,
If one in all the score will sell:
One thing alas is thought too stale,
Another is not fit for Sale;
Because the Poets modest Rhimes,
Are not so vicious as the Times.

In short, one reason is, I guess,
They know the Poet's Moneyless;
And they resolve to keep him so,
By feeding him with Snap and Go:
Another reason may be this,
They'l keep him Poor as he can Piss,
In hopes that in a while he may
Be fore'd to give his pains away.

But happen how it will, yet I
Dare more resolved am to try
Whither I can provide a Sallat
That will but please your squeamish Pallat:
The Sauce is Tart, Meat fresh and new,
The Story no more strange then true;
Then welcome all, fall to I pray,
Much Good may't do you, Sirs I say.

In Holbourn late a Wench did dwell,
Known by the Name of Bouncing Nell;
Who Courted was by Suitors two,
For you must note one would not do:
She was a lusty strapping Jade,
And one that passed for a Maid:
And her two Friends the Devil take her,
Were a brisk Taylor and a Baker.

The Taylor after some dispute,
Provides this Lass a handsome Suit;
Some say 'twas made of Taylors Cabbidge
Yet it was too good for the Baggage:
Nay, this same Slut her self did tell,
Her Sweet-heart brought it out of Hell;
A place beneath his Shop-board, where
He us'd to put ill-gotten Ware.

The Baker loath to be behind,
Unto his Dear prov'd not less kind;
And being pritty full of Money,
He bought a Ring to give his Honey:
Whereon as you must understand,
Were lovers two clasp't hand in hand;
Which made her promise be alone,
Should soon possess her as his own.

The Second Part, To the ſame Tune.

BUt the falſe Gypſie meant not ſo,
As by and by you well ſhall know;
For three nights after this ſhe had,
Another proper lively Lad:
Who took poſſeſſion of the thing
Promis'd the Baker for his Ring;
Which when the Baker underſtood,
He vowed revenge by all that's good.

He thereupon with ſpeed did go
Unto the Taylor late his Foe;
And with a witty briſk contrival,
Tells the whole Story to his Rival:
At which he ſwore he'd blow her down,
He would pull off the Gypſies Gown;
And the next time he did her meet,
Would kick her up and down the ſtreet.

The Baker ſeeing him thus rage,
Speaks thus his fury to aſſwage;
We both are wrong'd alike, and I
Will be revenged or will dye:
Let us work cloſely, then quoth he,
And make no noiſe, and you ſhall ſee,
We'l play a prank ſhall fit her well,
And make her wiſh her name not Nell.

Things thus concluded, they agree,
To make no noiſe of what they ſee;
They were ſo true unto their truſt,
That the poor Jade did not miſtruſt.
They notice took of what was done,
But thought her ſelf clear of the Sun:
But you ſhall hear this ſubtle Shaver,
With a ſlye trick did much beſhave her.

They both went ſtreight and knockt at door,
As if they'd not been there before;
And tells her now his friend and he,
Were then reſolved to agree:
And that a Supper was provided,
Where this their caſe ſhould be decided,
Let her chooſe one, the other he,
Should not controul her liberty.

Away ſhe goes with theſe her friends,
Without miſtruſting of their ends;
They took a Coach and did convey
Their Lady quite another way:
And made the Coach-man ſtop a while,
Without the town near half a Mile:
And took her forth immediately,
And thus began their Roguery.

The Baker cryes I underſtand,
Your Ladyſhip hath late took Man,
And ſince you are ſo hot 'tis meet,
Cold water ſhould aſſwage your heat:
Of thy unfaithful Letcherous Tayle,
With that they both of them did trayle
Her to a little Pond there by,
And ſouz'd her very handſomly.

The Taylor being loath to be
Behind his friend in Courteſie,
Lends her his helping hand, and tyes
Her head and face between her thighs:
And minding to go through ſtitch,
Sticks a light Candle in her Breech;
And in that poſture leaves with jeers,
Her with her Coats about her ears.

They thereupon took Coach, and pray
She'd make no more ſuch Fools as they,
Leſt the next time ſome other Man,
Shew her a worſe trick ten to one:
The Wench at laſt got looſe, but how,
In truth good Reader I don't know:
So ſham'd ſhe was at what was done,
That home again ſhe never come.

Some ſay this Wenches Friends do dwell
Near Derby hard by Kelſton-Well:
And that ſhe is gone down to try,
To cure her Itching Letchery:
But others think the reaſon why,
She from her dwelling thus did flye,
Was 'cauſe her ſhame flew in her face,
She left the Town to ſhun diſgrace.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*.

The New Courtier:

The Tune is, *Cloris, since thou art fled away, &c.*

UPon the Change where Merchants meet
'Twixt Cornhill and Threedneedle-street:
Where Wits of every Size is hurl'd,
To treat of all things in the World:
I saw a folded Paper fall,
And upon it, these words were writ,
Have at all.

Thought I, if Have at All it be,
For ought I know, 'tis have at Me:
And (if the consequence be true)
It may as well be Have at You:
Then listen pray to what I shall,
In brief declare, what's written there:
Have at all.

SONG.

I Am a Courtier, who in sport,
Do come from the Utopian Court,
To whisper softly in your Ear,
How high we are, and what we were:
To tell you all would be too much,
But here and there a little touch,
Have at all.

I was not many years agoe,
In tatter'd trim from top to toe:
But now my ruin'd Robes are burn'd,
My Rags are all to Ribbons turn'd:
My Patches into Pieces fall,
I cogg a Dye, Swagger and Lye,
Have at all.

Upon my Pantelonian Pate
I wear a Millioners Estate:
But when he Duns me at the Court,
I shew him a Protection for't:
Whilst he doth to Protesting fall,
I cry, Damme, Sir, you lye,
Have at all.

Since Venus shav'd off my Hair,
A powdred Perewig I wear,
Which brings me in the Golden Girls,
Game-Royal for Dukes, Lords and Earls:
When Love doth for a cooler call,
My fancy dives, at maids & wives,
Have at all.

The Second Part, to the ſame Tune.

My Lodgings never are at quiet,
Another Duns me for my Diet,
I had of him in Fifty three,
Which I forgot, ſo did not he:
I call him ſaucy Fellow, ſirrah,
And draw my Sword to run him tho-
Have at all. (rough

Yet once a Friend that ſav'd my Life,
Who had a witty wanton wife,
I did in (courteſie) requite,
Made him a Cuckold, and a Knight:
Which makes him mount like Ten-
Whilſt ſhe & I, together cry: (nis ball,
Have at all.

But yet theſe Cilts are ſubtile Slaves,
Moſt of them Wits, and knowing Knaves;
We get their Children, and they do,
From us get Lands, and Lordſhips too:
And 'tis moſt fit in thoſe affairs
The Lands ſhould go to the right hairs
Have at all.

A Souldier I directly hate:
A Cavelier once broke my Pate
With Cane in hand he overcome me
And took away my Miſtreſs from me:
For I confeſs I love a Wench
Be ſhe *Engliſh*, Iriſh, Dutch, or French
Have at all.

A Souldiers life is not like mine
I will be Plump when he ſhall Pine:
My Projects carry ſtronger force
Then all their Armed Foot and Horſe:
What though his morter-peeces roar
My Chimney-peeces ſhall do more:
Have at all.

Thus I have given you in ſhort
A Courtier of Utopian Court.
I Write not of Religion,
For (to tell truly) we have none.
If any me to Queſtion call,
With pen or Sword, Hab Nab's the
Have at all. (Word

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Paſſinger.

A New Scotch Ballad

OF

Jealous Nanny: O

False-hearted WILLY *turn'd True*

To the Tune of, *Moggies Iealouſie.*

My own dear Nanny, my fair eyne,
my pitty ſweet Creature, my Love,
Why, what is the matter, my dear eyne,
that Nanny will from me remove?
And Willy I'ſe ſure ye do guſh it,
for awe ye do look ſa demure,
And tho' ye will never confeſs it,
yet *Willy*'s a fauſe eyne iſe ſure.

Ah! Nanny, quo he, be not cruel,
but baniſh that Jealouſie quite,
For Nanny was always my Jewel,
my joy and my anely delight:

Na mere, quo ſhe, pithee de
your flatt'ry never will C
Tho' Nanny has bin but too
yet now ye're a fauſe eyne iſe

So farewel to Willy the Ra
for iſe never trouble ye me
Gin Moggies unkind you may
for every new face is your
Ne mere ſhall your ſighing a
bring Nanny to ſtoop to y
Nor pitty ye, tha' ye're a dy
for *Willy*'s a fauſe eyne iſe ſu

ad

Or,

rue:

hee dear Willy,
ill Cure,
t too silly,
yne ise sure:

he Ranger,
ye mere,
u may change her,
s your dear:
hing and crying,
o to your lure,
e a dying,
e ise sure.

Ah! Nanny, pray tell the occasion,
why you will your Willy desert,
And if I can make no Evasion,
for ever for ever we'se part:
For Willy was never a Ranger,
nor neire can love Nanny nere truer,
But Gin she will part for a Stranger,
then *Nanny*'s a fause eyne ise sure.

Nay, Willy may talk for his Pleasure,
but ise may believe what I please,
For Moggy Ise sure is his Treasure,
and Nanny his oneiy disease:
How oft have I heard you to praise her,
and say that there none was like to her,
And sware he was happy could please her,
nay *Willy*'s a fause eyne ise sure.

And have I not heard you with Sawney,
discourse, embrace, and to smack,
And seen him to thrust in his Tawney
rough hand down your Lilly-white back:
Ye know that I saw this, my dear,
yet I never thought ye untruer,
This never occasion'd my fear,
for N*anny* was just *I* was sure.

Ah! prithee dear Willy forgive me,
and ise ne'r be Jealous again,
'Twas onely my Love, you'l believe me,
and ise had the worst of the pain:
And Willy shall still be my dearest,
with Willy Ise always endure,
And Nanny shall still be his fairest,
for *Willy*'s nay fause eyne ise sure.

But the Parson shall make us amends too,
and we'l have a merry long day,
With all our Relations and Friends too,
and the Piper all Night he shall play:
And thou shalt put on thy best Jerkin,
and I will put on my best quoife,
For my Mother will Brew a whole Firkin,
against that thou make me thy Wife.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* in *West-Smithfield.*

The New Scotch-Jigg:

OR,

The Bonny Cravat.

Johnny wooed *Jenny* to tye his Cravat;
But *Jenny* perceiving what he would be at,
With delayes put him off, till ſhe found out his mind;
And then afterwards ſhe proved more kind:
At length, both Parties were well agreed,
And went to the Kirk to be Wed with all ſpeed.

Tune of, *Jenny come tye my*, &c.

As Johnny met Jenny a going to play,
Quoth Johnny to Jenny, I prithee love ſtay:
Since thou art my honey, my joy, and delight,
I'le love thee all day, & I'le pleaſe thee at night.
Jenny come tye my, *Jenny* come tye my,
Jenny come tye my bonny Cravat.
I have tyed it behind, and I've tyed it before,
I've ty'd it ſo often, I'le tye it no more.

O ſay not ſo Jenny, nor do me not ſcorn,
For better poor Johnny had never been born:
O kill not my Heart with being unkind,
But ever endeavour to pleaſure thy mind.
Jenny come tye my, &c.

But Johnny I ken it, altho to my grief,
When you ſtole my heart away like a fly thief
You promis'd me Marriage, with many thin
Which yet is not wiped out off the old ſcore, (mc
Jenny come tye my, &c.

O Jenny, let none of this trouble thy mind,
For now thou ſhalt ſee, I'le be loving and kind:
A little forgetful I was, I confeſs,
But all ſhall be mended that now is amiſs.
Jenny come tye my, *Jenny* come tye my,
Jenny come tye my bonny Cravat.
I have tyed it behind, and I've tyed it before,
I've ty'd it ſo often, I'le tye it no more.

I'Le buy thee a Gown, and a Scarf, & a Hood:
If thou wilt believe me, I'le ever be good:
For Rings, & for Ribbonds, ne'r matter for that,
If thou art but willing to tye my Cravat.
Jenny come tye my, *Jenny* come tye my,
Jenny come tye my bonny Cravat.
I have tyed it behind, and I've tyed it before
I've ty'd it so often, I'le tye it no more.

All this you did promise me often before,
If I would but tye it one time, or two more;
But yet you were never so good as your word,
Therefore for to tye it I cannot afford.
Jenny come tye my, *&c.*

My Jenny if thou wilt be ruled by me,
It shall not be long ere we wedded will be:
For I have got Money, & House, & good Land,
Which all shall be ready at Jenny's Command.
Jenny come tye my, *&c.*

Besides, on the Common I have got a Cow
To give us some Milk, and bonny black Pow;
I likewise at Heam have a Dog and a Cat,
Then prithee good Jenny come tye my Cravat.
Jenny come tye my, *&c.*

Your House, I believe, is not often repair'd;
And as for your Land, it lies in the Church-yard:
Your Money, if any such thing you may have,
With it keep you honest, & prove not a Knave.
Jenny come tye my, *&c.*

Your Cow on the Common that grazes you say,
May wheadle another your will to obey:
Then prithee make much of your dog & your Cat,
For I am not willing to tye your Cravat.
Jenny come tye my, *&c.*

O Jenny, why art thou so hard of belief?
I fear thou art minded to kill me with grief:
Before thee I'le open my Heart to the life.
I tell thee I mean for to make thee my Wife.
Jenny come tye my, Jenny come tye my,
Jenny come tye my bonny Cravat.
I have tyed it behind, and I've tyed it before,
I've ty'd it so often, I'le tye it no more.

Then do not thou flout me, but freely comply,
Nothing shall be wanting for Jenny and I:
Then give me my Jenny, thy heart & thy hand,
For I will be ever at Jenny's command.
Jenny come tye, &c.

O Johnny! I fear thou dost flatter me now,
Or else I could love thee, I swear and I vow:
But with fair delusions I may be undone,
Therefore from thy Jenny good Johnny begone.
Jenny come tye, &c.

A Maid by her choice she may soon be destroy'd,
And left in the lurch, when she hath bin injoy'd:
But if you be honest, declare it in brief,
And let me not languish in sorrow and grief.
Jenny come tye, &c.

My Jenny, then prithe take one word for all,
I never will leave thee what ever befall:
In Sickness and Health I will for thee provide,
And at the next Kirk, I will make thee my bride.
Jenny come tye, &c.

Then Johnny I love thee as dear as my Life,
And I am contented for to be thy Wife:
And we will be marryed to both our content,
I hope we shall never have cause to repent.
Jenny come tye my, Jenny come tye my,
Jenny come tye my bonny Cravat.
I have ty'd it behind, and I've ty'd it before,
And now I will tye it a hundred times more.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

The Second Part of the new Scotch-Jigg:

OR,

JENNY'S Reply, To *JOHNNY'S* Cravat.

The Caſe s alter'd now; *Jenny* Wooes *Johnny*
To tye her Kirtle, and ſhe'l be his Honey;
Which *Johnny* took ſo kindly ſitting by her,
That for his heart, he could not well deny her,
At length they did agree, ſo plain and pat,
That he her Kirtle ty'd; She his Cravat.

Tune of, *Jenny* come tye my, &c.

As Jenny ſate under a Sicomore Tree
She ſpi'd her love Johnny come over the Lee;
O welcome my Johnny! now welcome my dear!
Pritthy my honey, come ſit thee down here.
Johnny come tye my, *Johnny* come tye my,
Johnny come tye my Kirtle ſo gay.
I've ty'd it ſo often, and ty'd it in vain;
Yet if thou wilt love me, I'le tye it again.

Pritthy my Johnny, ne're doubt of my Love;
For I am conſtrained by Cupid above,
To love thee as dear, as the blood in my heart;
Then do not thou fear, that we ever will part.
Johnny come tye my, *Johnny* come tye my,
Johnny come tye my Kirtle ſo gay.
I've ty'd it ſo often, and ty'd in vain;
Yet if thou wilt love me, I'le tye it again.

O Johnny, my honey, thou know'ſt it is true
How ſcornful thou was when I did thee firſt woe,
And when I begg'd of thee to tye my Cravat;
You ſaid, that I wanted a bit for my Cat.
Johnny come tye my, *Johnny* came tye my,
Johnny come tye my Kirtle ſo gay.
I've ty'd it ſo often, and ty'd it vain;
Yet if thou wilt love me, I'le tye it again.

My Johnny, I love thee as dear as my Life,
And could be contented for to be thy Wife,
Although I was fickle, and ſeem'd to be Coy:
Yet now I'le be conſtant, my Love and my joy.
Johnny come tye my, *Johnny* come tye my,
Johnny come tye my Kirtle ſo gay.
I've ty'd it ſo often, and ty'd in vain;
Yet if thou wilt love me, I'le tye it again.

BUt Jenny, if that I thy Kirtle should tye,
Come well me my Honey, and tell me no lye;
If thou wilt be willing my Love to requite,
O Johnny I'le please thee by day, and by night.
Johnny come tye my, *Johnny* come tye my,
Johnny come tye my Kirtle so gay,
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;
Yet if thou wilt love me, I'le tye it again.

I'le buy for my Love, a Cravat that is new,
If thou wilt be constant, and ever be true;
And ty't with a Ribbond of Poptojay green,
The like in the Parish there shall not be seen.
Johnny come tye my, *Johnny* come tye my,
Johnny come tye my Kirtle so gay.
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;
Yet if thou wilt love me, Ile tye it again.

But Johnny now tell me, if that I consent,
Shall I never have any cause to repent?
To gain a bad Bargain, may make me to rue,
Then pr'ithee resolve to be faithful and true.
Johnny come tye my, *Johnny* come tye my,
Johnny come tye my Kirtle so gay.
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;
Yet if thou wilt love me, I'le tye it again.

As true as the Steel I'me resolved to be;
And all that I have, is my Johnny, for thee;
Thou kens, that my Portion I have for to take,
And how I have kept it so long for thy sake.
Johnny come tye my, *Johnny* come tye my,
Johnny come tye my Kirtle so gay.
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;
Yet if thou wilt love me, ile tye it again.

My Jenny, I joy for to see thee so kind
To tell thee my love, it rejoyces my mind;
Thy looks are so Bonny and blith, for to see:
Of all the brave Lasses, my Jenny for me.
Johnny come tye me, *Johnny* come tye my,
Johnny come tye my Kirtle so gay.
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain.
Yet if thou wilt love me, I'le tye it again;

O Johnny! I sware by the Lace of my Gown,
I love thee above the Lads in the Town:
And for to gang with thee, what ever befall;
I'le leave both my Daddy, and Mammy, and all,
Johnny come tye my, *Johnny* come tye my,
Johnny come tye my Kirtle so gay.
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;
Yet now if thou wilt love me, I'le tye it again.

My Jenny, I'me willing thy Kirtle to tye,
Since thou art so loving, I cannot deny:
And ever hereafter my own thou shalt be;
Then pr'ithee my Honey, be loving to me.
Johnny come tye my, *Johnny* come tye my,
Johnny come tye my Kirtle so gay.
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;
But since dost thou love me, I'le tye it again.

Now Johnny, since I ken what you would be at,
I likewise am willing to tye thy Cravat:
And by this same Kiss, I will ever be true;
My Johnny shall never have cause for to rue.
Johnny come tye my, *Johnny* come tye my,
Johnny come tye my Kirtle so gay.
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;
But now I will tye it again and again.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Wodidwo*.

A New Song of Lulla B

OR, Father *Peters*'s Policy Diſcovered.

A Pritty Babe, and Hopeful Son,
of late we much did boaſt,
To the Tune of, Green Sleeves.

But now, alas! we are undone,
was ever Rome ſo croſt.
Or, My Miſtriſs is to Bulling gone.

IN Rome there is a moſt fearful Rout,
And what do you think it is about?
Becauſe the Birth of the Babe's come out,
Sing Lulla by Babee, By, by, by.

The Nuns and Fryars fret and hawl,
And tell the Pope, the Hereticks all
Does ſwear it came in at the Hole i'th' Wall,
Sing Lulla, &c.

His Holineſs did ſtamp and ſtare,
Biting his Thumbs and tearing his Hair,
And ſaid, why did you not take greater care.
Sing Lulla, &c.

The Jeſuits ſwear the Midwife told Tales,
And ruin'd his Highneſs the Prince of Wal
She's a Jade for her pains, Cots-plutter-a-r
Sing Lulla, &c.

Another laid all the whole blame on the Nur
His Holineſs Swore 'twas ſo much the worſ
By Bell, Book and Candle he ſtraight did
Sing Lulla, &c.

What though it was but a forg'd device;
Why yet by ſinging of Mals once or twice,
I'd a made it an abſolute Heir in a trice,
Sing Lulla, &c.

By 9

The Popish Crew did all protest,
That twenty great Men would swear at least,
They see his Welch Highness creep out of his Nest,
Sing Lulla, &c.

The Goggle-ey'd Monster in the Tower,
He peep'd at his Birth for above an hour,
And 'twas a true Prince of Wales he swore.
Sing Lulla, &c.

There was another Renowned Spark,
He see as well what was done in the dark,
As if he had stood in the City of York.
Sing Lulla, &c.

And both were so well satisfy'd,
They knew the sweet Babe from a thousand they cry'd
'Twas born with the Print of a Tile on his side,
Sing Lulla, &c.

This shews he came of the Royal Race,
And therefore ought indeed to take place;
But alas! alas, I pity his case.
Sing Lulla, &c.

Some say 'tis a Prince of Wales by right,
And those that deny't, 'tis out of spight,
But God send the Mother came honest by't,
Sing Lulla, &c.

With holy water, and sweet perfume,
And a holy Smock that was sent from Rome,
Did cause a young Infant to spring in her womb,
Sing Lulla, &c.

The Papists thought themselves greatly blest,
Before the young Babe was brought to the Test;
But now they call Peters a Fool of a Priest,
Sing Lulla, &c.

The Priests in order to flye to the Pope,
Are gotten on Board of the Forreign Hope,
For all that stay here will be sure of a Rope,
Sing Lulla by babee, by, by, by.

Printed in the Year 1688.

Nick and Froth;

OR,

The Good-fellows Complaint for want of full Measure.

Discovering the Deceits, and Abuses of Victuallers, Tapsters, Ale-Drapers; and all the rest of the Society of Drunkard-makers: By filling their Drink in False Flaggons, Pimping Tankerds, Cans, call'd Ticklers; Rabbits, Jugs, and short Quarterns, To the Grand abuse of the Society of Good-fellowship.

Good Fellows Drinks their Liquor without flinching;
Then why should Knavish Tapsters use such pinching.

Tune of, *We'l Drink this Old Ale no more, no more.*

All you ỳ are Free-men of Ale-Drapers
And Tapsters where ever you be, (hall
We'ure you be ready to come at my call,
And your Knavery here you shall see.

That of Good-fellows we are here inclin'd,
To Challenge you out if you dare,
A busy sharp Tryal you'ee like to find,
Although it be at your own Bar.

Your Cheats and Abuses, we long did abide,
But times are so wondrous hard,
That Tosers may speak, it cannot be deny'd,
Our Measure we have been debar'd.

But now we'l shew you a trick (you knaves)
And lay you all open to view, (slaves)
It's all for your Froth and your Nick (you
And tell you no more then is true.

If in a cold Morning we chance to come,
And bid a good Morrow my Host, (Pots,
And call for some Ale, you will bring us black
Yet scarce will afford us a Toast.

For thos ỳ drink Bear, 'tis true as I'me here
Your Counterfeit Flaggons you have,
Which holds not a Quart, scarce by a third
And ỳ makes my Hostis go brave. (part,

BUt now pimping Tankeros are all in uſe
Which drains a Mans Pocket in brief:
For he that ſits cloſe, and takes of his Doſe,
Will find that the Tankerd's a Thief.
(you brag on,
Bet Tankerd or Flaggon, which of them
We'l truſt you to Nick and to Froth;
Before we can Drink, be ſure it will ſhrink,
Far worſer then North Country Cloth.
(boys,
When Summer is coming, then hey brave
The tickling Cans they run round, (Quart
Pray tak't in good part, for a Wincheſter
Will fill fix, I dare lay you a Pound.

Your Rabbits & Jugs, & Coffee-houſe Mugs
Are ready when e're you do call, (made,
I p___ take his Trade, ſuch Meaſures that
I wiſh that Old Nick had them all.

When we have a Fancy our Noſes to Stale,
And call for ſome Nance of the beſt,
Be ſure the ſhort Pot, muſt fall to our lot,
For now they are all in requeſt.
(is plenty,
Scarce one Houſe in twenty, where meaſure
But ſtill they are all for the Pinch;
Thus every day, they drive cuſtome away,
And forces us good Fellows to flinch.

Sometimes a man may, leave ſomthing to pay
Though ſeldom he did it before: (provoke
With Marlborough Cholke, you his patience
When ever he clears off his ſcore.

The women likewiſe, which are not precile,
But will take a Cup of the beſt, (meaſure
Tho they drink for pleaſure, they'l have their
Or elſe you ſhall have little reſt.

There's Billings-gate Nan, & all her whole gang
Complaining for want of their due:
True Topers they are, as e're ſcor'd at Bar,
For they'l drink till their Noſes look blew.

A Pot and a Toaſt, will make them to boaſt,
Of things that are out of their reach:
So long as a Groat, remains in the Coat,
They ever good Liquor will Preach.
(know
In Shoo-makers Row, there's true hearts you
But give them their Meaſure and weight,
They'l ſcorn for to ſtir, but ſtick like a Bur,
And Tope it from Morning till Night.

Then there's honeſt Smug with a full jug
Will ſet all his Brains on a float:
But you are ſuch Sots to fill them ſmall Pots
Will ſcarce quench a ſpark in his Throat.

With many ſuch Blades of ſeveral Trades
Which freely their Money will ſpend;
But ſtill them good drink, they value not think
Where ever they meet with a Friend.
(batien
Moſt Trades in a Nation gives their approbation
How that you are much for to blame:
Then make no excuſes, but come your abuſes
And fill up your Meaſure for Shame.

Printed for *R. Burton*, in *Weſt-ſmith-field.*

THE

Nobe Mans Generous Kin

OR,

The *Country-Mans* Unexpected Happine

Giving a true Account of a Nobleman, who taking notice

Man's Induſtrious Care and pains for the maintaining of his Charge, which was ſeven ſmall Children a day, Diſcourſed with him, and inviting him and his Wife, with his Children, home to his Houſe, and ed upon him a Farm of Thirty Acres of Land, to be continued to him and his Heirs for ever.

To the Tune of, The two Engliſh Travellers. This may be printed,

A Noble Man liv'd near a Village of late,
Hard by a poor Threſher, whoſe charge it was
He had ſeven Children, & moſt of them ſmall, (great
And none but his Labour to keep them withal.

He never was given to Idle and Lurk,
This Noble Man ſeeing go daily to Work:
His Flail, with his bag and his bottle of Beer,
As cheerful as thoſe that had hundreds a year.

Thus careful and conſtant each morning he went
To his daily Labour with joy and content,
So jocond and jolly, both Whiſtle and Sing,
As blith and as briſk as a Bird in the Spring.

One morning this Noble Man taking his Walk,
He met with this Poor Man, and freely did talk;
He asked him many a Queſtion at large,
Familiarly talking concerning his Charge.

Thou haſt many Children I very
Thy Labour is hard, and thy Wa
And yet thou art cheerful; I pra
How you do maintain them ſo wo
I carefully carry home all that
Now daily experience by this I
That though it is poſſible we m
We ſtill keep a ravenous Woolf

I Reap and I Mow, and I Ha
Sometimes I to Hedging and
No Work comes amiſs, for I
Thus I eat my Bread by the ſw

My Wife ſhe is willing to pull
We live like two Lambs, and w
Each other, but like to the labo
We do our endeavour to keep u

ndneſs,

neſs.

tice of the Poor

ildren, meeting him upon
e, and accordingly beſtow-

inted, R. P.

J very well know,
y Wages is low,
J pray tell me true,
ſo well as you do.
that J Earn,
his J do learn;
we may live poor,
Woolf from the door.
J Harrow and Sow,
and Ditching do go:
J Thresh and J Plow,
the ſweat of my Brow.
o pull in the Yoak,
and we never provoke
e labouring Ant,
keep us from want.

And when J come home from my Labour at night,
To my Wife and Children, in whom J delight,
To hear them come round me with tatling noiſe,
No w theſe are the Riches that poor men enjoys.

Though J am as weary as weary may be,
The youngeſt J commonly dance on my Knee:
J find that Content is an abſolute Feaſt,
Inever repin'd at my Charge in the leaſt.

The Noble Man hearing then what he did ſay,
Was pleas'd, and invited him home the next day:
His Wife and his Children he charg'd them to bring
In token of favour, he gave him a Ring.

Then thanked his Honour, and taking his leave,
He went to his Wife, who would hardly believe,
But that this ſtrange ſtory himſelf he might raiſe,
Yet ſeeingthe Ring ſhe was then in a maze.

Betimes in the morning the good Wife aroſe,
And made them all fine with the beſt of their Cloſe:
The good Man and Wife, with his Children ſmall,
They then was to Dine at the Noble Man's Hall.

But when they came there, as the truth doth report,
All things was prepar'd in a plentiful ſort:
And they at the Noble Mans Table did Dine,
With all ſorts of Dainties, with plenty of Wine.

All this being over, he ſoon let him know,
What he then intended on him to beſtow:
A Farm, with full thirty good Acres of Land
And gave him the Writings then with his own hand

Becauſe thou waſt careful and good to thy wife,
J'le make thy days happy the reſt of thy life
It ſhall be for ever to thee and thy Heir,
For why, J beheld thy Induſtrious Care.

No tongue then was able in full to expreſs,
The depth of their joy, and their true thankfulneſs,
With many a Courtſie and Bow to the ground,
But ſuch Noble Men there is few to be found.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Sign of the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.

The Noble Prodigal.

OR,

The young Heir newly come to his Estate.

Who very kindly doth invite you all, To feast upon his Fathers funerall.

A new Medly of six Ayres.

First Ayr. The Jews Corant.

LEt's call and drink the Cellar dry,
There's nothing sober underneath the sky
The greatest Kingdoms in confusion lye,
Since all the world grow mad, why may not I?
my Fathers dead, and I am free
he left no children in the world but me.
the Divel drank him down with usury
and I'le repine in liberality.
When first the English war began
He was precisely a politick man,
That gain'd his state by Sequestration
till Oliver began (run
to come with sword in hand and put him to the
Then jovial Lads who are undone
So by the Father, come home to the Son,
Whom wine and musick now do wait upon
he'l tipple up a tun, (come on
and drink your woes away, jolly hearts come on

Second Ayr. Princess Royal.

Here's a health to him that may
do a trick that shall
advance you all
And beget a very jovial day.
Fill another bowl to he
who hath drank by health
his Landlords health
If his spirit and his tongue agree
the Land shall celebrate his fame,
all the world enbalm his name,
not a right good fellow,
but will sattisfie the same.
The bells full merrily shall ring
All the town shall dance and sing
more delights then I can tell ye
When we see this noble Spring,
wee'l have Ladies by the belly
and snatch at at o'ther thing.

The third Ayer.

Come hither my own ſweet Duck.

WEe's alwbe merry and jolly,
quaff carouſe and rael
Wee's play with Peggy and Molly
dance and kiſs, and feell,
Wee's put up the Bag-pipe & Organ,
and make the Welch Harper to play,
Till Maurice ap Shon ap Morgan
fisk as on St. Taffies day.
Hold up Jinny.
Piper come play us up a Spring
all you that bave muſick in ye
Tipple, dance, and ſing.

Fourth *Ayer*. French Tricatees.

Let de French Mounſeiur come and (ſwear
Begar Mounſeiur,
Dis is de ting vee long to bear
So many a year,
Dancing vill be lookt upon,
Now de man of Zion is gone,
We glad his dancing day be done.
When de flour de luces growes
With de Engliſh Crown and Roſe
Dat's very good as we ſuppoſe
De French can live vithout de noſe,

Fifth Ayr. French Tricatees.

Spain and England then,
like men,
Shall love and make a League agen,
Holland Boys ſhall quaff,
and laugh,
Poor Iriſh ſwim in Uſquebaugh,
James and Jinnikin
touch the Minnikin
Drink till all the Sky look blew,
by this ſweet change
Wonders ſhall enſue.
almoſt as ſtrange
As Scotland to be true.

Sixth *Ayr*. A new Country-dance,

No Drayman ſhall with his dul fist ap- (pear
Lord in the Common-weal,
Or Jeſuite in the Pulpit appear;
under a Cloak of zeal
Muſician never be noted
for wandring men of eaſe,
But they ſhall be finely Coated
& permitted to ſing what they pleaſe
If all things do but hit well as
who knows but ſo t'may be,
Though now you be very zealous
then you'l laugh and be merry as we

FINIS.

The Norfolk Laſs:

OR,

The Maid that was Blown with-Child.

Of a North-Country Laſs I mean for to tell,
Who receiv'd ſuch a Blaſt made her Belly to Swell.

To the Tune of, *The King and Northern man:* Or, *Tommy Pots.*

IT chanted of late as I heard one tell,
From Weſſen to Maxel a Maid came to dwell;
She thrived ſo well, and her body ſo great,
Made all the Wives in the Town wonder thereat.

It was at a Burial when it was done,
To talk with this Maiden the good women came;
Then ſaid the good Women are we not beguil'd,
We ſtand in great fear that thou art with-Child.

But then this Maid begun for to Swear,
As if in an anger her ſelf ſhe would tear;
It were a great wonder as ever was known,
If I be with-Child into me it is blown.

For never no man had with me to do,
Therefore good women 'tis nothing ſo;
She wiſh'd to the Lord, which you little think,
That the ground might open, and in ſhe might ſink.

Why good women, then she did name,
Think you good Women that I am the same;
If I should swear it that I did know,
That out to my body had got such a blow.

In the Church Porch, hard by the Church-door,
The Women examin'd this Maiden therefore;
She said 'twas a trouble that griev'd her full sore,
She had gotten the same of her Mother before.

This pased on while Tuesday came on,
To be sick in Stomack this Maiden begun:
She calls to one Goodman to make her a fire,
For no other company she did desire.

Up into her Chamber she went alone,
The Women below did hear her to groan,
Up went a Woman, but I heard no more,
And there found a dainty Boy laid on the floor.

She took up the pritty Babe as 'tis a use,
Telling the Mother of this her abuse:
Then, said she, marry, I told thee before,
That thou wert with-child though you it forswore

But then for more of the Neighbours she sent,
And for to see this strange Accident;
The strange accident to the Women was shown,
That into the Body the Baby was blown.

The sight of the Infant made the Wives glad,
Asking the Mother who should be the Dad;
She viewed the pritty Babe which was her Son,
And said 'twas a dainty Boy like to a Bum.

Next Thursday after to Church it was brought,
For to have it Christned, as it did ought:
God-fathers, God-mothers, all that it had,
They all did agree to the name of the Dad.

All you fair Maids have better care,
And of your Maiden-heads stand more in fear:
If that your Bodies begin for to bown,
Never forswear't, for the truth will be known.

Maids go no more to Weston to dance,
But have a care of all such mischance:
For Weston young-men such blasts they will blow
They'l blow Maids with-Child, & they shall it not (know.

And thus to end my ditty so New,
you may report it, for certain 'tis true:
She would not believe it till that it was known,
But into her Body the Baby was blown.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-Ball, near the *Hospital-gate*, in *West-Smithfield*.

The Northern Ladd:

OR, The Fair Maids Choice.

Who Refus'd all for a Plowman, *counting her ſelf therein moſt Happy.*

A Country Laſs who many ſuitors had,
Some good, ſome mean, the worſt of them not bad;
A Weaver, Taylor, Shoo-maker, *firſt came,*
With many more of ample note and fame:
A Barber, Baker, Miller, *and the like,*
Yet unto none of thoſe her Sails ſhe'd ſtrike:
But in a Ruſtick ſhe is only pleas'd,
A Plowman *only has her fancy eas'd.*

To the Tune of, *There was a Laſs in* Cumberland, &c.

I Am a Laſs o'th North Country,
and I was born and bred a whome;
Many a Lad has Courted me,
and ſwore that they to wooe me come:
But to bed to me, to bed to me,
the Lad that gangs to bed with me;
A jovial Plowman muſt he be,
the Lad that comes to bed to me.

The firſt that came with Breeches trim,
a Weaver was moſt neatly dreſt;
But Alas wou'd none of him,
whilſt Weavers on Sheep-heads do feaſt.
But to bed to me, &c.

For Heads and Horns are wemiſh meat,
to ſerve a Laſs of my degree;
Who Beef and Bacon always eat,
therefore he is no meat for me:
But to bed to me, &c.

The next a Taylor was ſo fine,
with Slaſh, and Slits, and Cap-a-pee,
Who ſcrap'd, & cring'd, & ſaid he's mine,
and that he fain would ligg with me:
But to bed to me, to bed to me,
the Lad that comes to bed to me,
A luſty Plowman may he be,
the Lad that bumps the bed with me.

HE whiſpering told me he wou'd mend,
a ſlit I had to my content,
But ſaucy Pick-louſe did offend,
ſo to be ſtitch'd I'ſe not conſent:
For to bed to me, to bed to me,
the Lad that gangs to bed to me,
A bonny Plowman muſt he be,
the Lad that ſhakes the Sheets with me.

A Shoo-maker came jumping in,
who plainly did his ſuit declare,
And did my foot to ſqueeze begin,
and on them preſs'd of Shoon a pair:
But to bed to me, &c.

He tickled me about the Knee,
and told me it was his requeſt,
To live, to love, and wa'd with me,
and I'ſe ſhou'd be of wealth poſſeſt:
But to bed to me, &c.

But theſe fine toys did not prevail,
tho' ſpruce and fine with powder'd Locks
May, tho' he Two-pence ſpent in Ale,
he cou'd no catch me in his ſtocks:
For to bed to me, &c.

A Barber-Surgeon came to me,
whom I did take in great diſdain,
He ſaid his art I ſoon ſhould ſee,
for he would prick my maſter-Vein:
But to bed to me, &c.

But I repell'd his rude addreſs,
and told him 'twas my greateſt cares,
If wa'd a lowſie A-Snip, alas,
when he's incens'd ſhould keep my ears.
But to bed to me, to bed to me,
the man that comes bed to me,
An honeſt Plowman muſt he be,
the Lad that is embrac'd by me.

A *Baker* next who call'd me Cozen,
did beg for one ſalute of me,
Preſenting ſtraight French Roals a dozen,
but's Neck was warp'd with Pillory:
Oh! to bed to me, &c.

And then a Miller who for cogging,
for thi[illegible] and ſuch like with's Bowl;
Upon his Horſe came lottly jogging,
who lighting ſtraight demanded Tole.
But to bed to me, &c.

He told me I was his by right,
whereat I ſmil'd diſdainfully;
Your Stones ſaid I are ruin'd quite,
therefore expect no more of me.
But to bed to me, &c.

A Plowman is the jovial Lad,
who ſtill deſpiſes grief and care,
With him content and pleaſure's had,
with him a Ruſtick life I'le ſhare:
'Tis he ſhall came to bed to me, &c.

I'ſe graſp him in my arms all night,
and when the ſhades ſhall diſappear,
In pleaſing Groves we'l take delight,
and with ſweet Songs each other chear.
Oh to bed to me, &c.

Come my dear when Nelly calls,
O let us in this ſhady Grove,
Now venture on what e're befalls,
and quench the paſſion of my Love:
Oh! to bed to me, to bed to me,
when thou art come to bed to me,
How happy then will *Nelly* be,
when thou art come to bed to ſhe.

FINIS.

Printed for *B. Brooksby*, at the Golden-ball, in *Weſt-ſmithfield*.

The Old Pudding-pye Woman ſet forth in her colours, &c.

Of all the rare and various London cryes,
There's none that doth excel Hot Pudding-Pyes:
Each one that hears it, being bit with hunger,
Would wiſh himſelf to be a Pudding Monger;
For many likes ſuch Victuals for the nones,
Becauſe in Pudding-Pyes there is no bones.

To a rare new Tune much in uſe, or, *There was an Old Wife.*

THere was a Old wife
and ſhe ſold Pudding-pyes,
She went to the Hill
and the duſt blew into her eyes:
She has Hot Puddings
and Cold Puddings to ſell,
Where ever ſhe goes
you may follow her by the ſmell.

Ertimes in the morning
out of her bed ſhe will pack,
And give you all warning
with a loud thundering crack:
Then coughing and ſpitting,
& Rubbing, & Scrubbing her thighs,
She hangs on her Cloaths
and away to ſell Pudding-pyes.

She calls up her Neighbors
for to go and fuddle a Pot,
Becauſe to go faſting
O ſhe likes it not;
Her Bub ſhe doth tipple
and then having cleared her eyes
She goes to the Oven
to fetch her Pudding-pyes.

O Baker quoth ſhe
I prethy do not me cozen,
I am an Old wife
tell fifteen to the dozen;
For by that means
my profit doth fairly riſe,
Or elſe I muſt never
more cry Pudding-pyes.

AT every Corner
and in every ſtréet,
This Pudding-pye-woman
be ſure you oft ſhall méet;
With Basket on head
and hand on her Butock ſhe cryes,
Come here all away
that will buy Hot Pudding-pyes.

She hath a long Noſe
and often the ſame doth drop,
A piece of Hot Pudding
would make a dainty Sop,
Her Bætle-brow forehead
hangs quite over her eyes,
She ſcarcely can ſée
to ſell her Pudding-pyes,

Her hands ſhe doth waſh
but twice thrée times in a year,
The print of her fingers
doth fair on her Puddings appear
She's two yards about,
which you'l ſay is a pretty ſize,
For an Old wife
that doth ſell Hot Pudding-pyes.

In Winter you may
behold her dragled Tail,
And lagging ſhe goes
along juſt like a Snail,
All ſprinkled with mire
a handful about her thighs,
You that have good ſtomachs
come buy her Pudding-pyes.

At Noon and at Night
this Firkin of ſtuff doth wag,
Some money to take
to put in her greaſie bag:
I wiſh ſhe would make me
her Heir when ever ſhe dyes,
Then I ſhall have money
for all her Pudding-pyes.

Her Puddings are fat,
in Summer they uſe to fry
With heat of the Sun,
or elſe ſhe hath told a lye:
But what ſhe puts in them
I ſwear I cannot devize,
Then buy and you'l try
how you like her Pudding-pyes.

She had a young Daughter
that takes after her Mother,
And will be as like her
as one Pea's like another;
If any young Man have
a mind to ſuch a Rare prize,
He ſhall have her Daughter
and all her Pudding-pyes.

And thus you may ſee
how I this Woman deſcribe,
'Tis nothing to me
I'm ſure ſhe'l give me no Bribe,
But I am content
ſince that I have told no lyes,
Then farewel to thoſe
that do cry Hot Pudding-pyes.

London, Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clark*.

THE OLD WOMAN'S RESOLUTION:

OR,

A Dialogue betwixt *Jack Drumbold* and his Old Granny *Gregory*; who Vow'd she would Marry though Fourscore years and Ten because she would Shoe her Horse round.

To the Tune of I marry and thank ye too: Licensed according to Order.

There was an old Woman then,
who had a great mind to Wed.
Who was full Fourscore years and Ten,
and had not a Tooth in her Head.

With Age she doth grunt and groan,
each Night as she lyes in Bed,
But yet a Husband's all her tone,
although not a Tooth in her Head.

She has a Grandson call'd Jack,
by whom she's often lead:
Quoth he, Do you a Husband lack,
and yet not a Tooth in your Head?

Why Sirrah, she then reply'd,
My Cheeks they are Crimson Red,
Therefore I hope to be a Bride,
I have a Colt's Tooth in my head.

Dear Granny, quoth Jack, not so,
your Face is like Winter dead,
Likewise your Hair's as white as Snow,
and not a good Tooth in your Head.

The Old Woman told him streight,
she'd Cuff him for what he'd said,
I must and will enjoy a Mate,
I have a Colt's Tooth in my Had.

Why Granny, quoth he, you're old,
and hardly can crawl to Bed,
Your Limbs is stiff, your Bloud is cold,
and not a good Tooth in your Head.

Her Crutch streight she made him feel,
and likewise in a Passion said,
I am as nimble as an Eel,
and have a Colt's Tooth in my Head.

Good Granny, be not in a heat,
for you are too old to Wed;
Pray think upon a Winding-sheet,
you han't a good Tooth in your Head.

Why Sirrah, I amn't Fivescore,
and therefore I vow to Wed,
What! would you have me play the Whore?
I have a Colt's Tooth in my head.

Quoth Jack, Your alluring Charms,
must needs please a Man in Bed,
To have cold Death lye in his Arms,
you han't a good Tooth in your Head.

Quoth she, Are you Sawcy still?
I' faith I will strike you dead;
But Rascal now say what you will
I have a Colt's Tooth in my Head.

Sometimes I am dull by chance,
but streight I am Cherry-red,
A Rogue will make me skip and daunce,
I have a Colt's Tooth in my Head.

I have had Three honest Men,
which now are laid under Ground,
And tho' I am Fourscore and ten,
I reckon too shoe my Horse round,

Why then, said her Grandson Jack,
I will in a Bond be bound,
If you a Hazle-Nut can crack,
that then you shall shoe your Horse round.

Then she to her Trumps was put,
but streight a quere way she found
For with her Crutch she crack'd the Nut,
because she would shoe her Horse round.

The Old Woman won the Day,
she caper'd an inch from Ground,
I'll have a Husband by my Fay,
and then I shall shoe my Horse round.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

Oppertunity Loſt, Or

The Scotch Lover Defeated.

Here *willy* followes *Peggy* ſtill
But ner'e attains to have his will
His ſlowneſs caus'd the haſty Maid
To call a Miller to her ayd:
Who nimbler then her Lover ſeaz'd
And ſtraight her haſty paſſion eas'd.

To a pleaſant Northern tune. *With A*

There was a Laſs in our Town
Shea *Willy Stenſon*
Ye lov'd a Laſs was bonny and brown
Twas pretty *Peggy Benſon.*

Each morn as he gan
Shea *Willy St*
Ye wa'd ſome preſ of
To pretty *Peggy*

Or

ith Allowance.

he gang'd to the field
Willy Stenſon
proof of kindneſs yeild
Peggy Benſon.

Her Beauty ſea his heart had fier'd
Slea *Willy Stenſon*
He coud not tell what he deſir'd
Of pretty *Peggy Benſon.*

He followed her through Kirk and Kie
Slea *Willy Stenſon,*
But gard not yet declare his weell
To pretty *Peggy Benſon.*

But once upon a Summer day
Slea *Willy Stenſon,*
He gang'd abroad a making hay
with pretty *Peggy Benſon.*

He blith and bonny was that day
Slea *Willy Stenſon,*
Cauſe he might wanton in the hay
with pretty *Peggy Benſon.*

Quo he, dick Laſs i'de ligg thée down
Slea *Willy Stenſon,*
An 'twon't for moyling thy green gown,
my pretty *Peggy Benſon.*

The Laſs reply'd it coſt thee naught
Slea *Willy Stenſon,*
Then ligg me down and ſpare me nod
Quo pretty *Peggy Benſon.*

Gad quo the Lad, iſe tell thee what
Slea *Willy Stenſon,*
Iſe ene gang heam, and fetch my Cleak
for pretty *Peggy Benſon.*

He went heam, and came agen
Slea *Willy Stenſon,*
But he found a Miller on her wem
Oh filthy *Peggy Benſon.*

He wiſht his Cleak had been ith fire
Slea *Willy Stenſon,*
Sen he had loſt his hearts deſire
And pretty *Peggy Benſon.*

She bade him come another day
Slea *Willy Stenſon,*
She left him ſad and tript away
O naughty *Peggy Benſon.*

Printed for *P. Brooksby* in *weſt-ſmithfield.*

The Oxford Hea

OR,

The Jovial Loyalist:

A New Song.

We will be Loyal and Drink off our Wine,
Though Pope *or* Presbyter *should both repine;*
No State-affairs shall e're turmoil our brain,
Let those take care to whom they appertain:

We'l love our King, and wish hi
And drink to all that dayly spea
We'l Loyal prove, and evermore
With Plotter and their Plots at

To the Tune of, On the Bank of a River: Or, Packington's Pound.

HEre's a health to the King and his lawful Successors
To Tantivy Tories, and Loyal Addressers;
No matter for those that promoted Petitions,
To poyson the Nation and stir up Seditions:
Here's to the Queen and her Ladies of Honour,
A pox take all them that put sham-plots upon her:

Here's a health to the Duke
And to all Honest Men that

Here's a health to L'Estrange
A fig for those Whigs that
Not forgetting those that co
For Loyalty still to our King
Here's a health to our Chu
A shame take all Papists an
Safe may she be still from th
And Justice be done to true

Let all the contrivers of ou
Have their reward at last he
Here's a health to the downf
Does tend to nought else bu
Come round let it go boys,
To all honest men that ne'r
The thirtieth of January let
And let it be joyn'd to the fi

Here's a health to all Loyall
For why there is Wine to b
Here's to all those who yet
Of Church or of State, but
Come let it go round boys,
We'l now be more merry tha
Let Hypocrites who dare in
And by changing shapes the

alth :

iſh him happy days,
y ſpeak his praiſe ;
rmore will be
ts at enmity.

ound.

Duke and the Senate of Scotland,
that from Biſhops ne'r got land.

ſtrange, and to boom Heraclitus,
that for Papiſt indict us ;
at continually ſpight us,
r King does unite us :
Church and to all that are for it,
ſts and Whigs that abhor it ;
om the new ways of Refiners,
true protestant Joyners.

of our Laſt trouble,
laſt heap'd on them double ;
downfal of thoſe whoſe devotion,
elſe but to raiſe up commotion :
boys, let each drink his Bumper,
t ne'r lov'd a Rumper :
ry let us remember,
the fifth of November.

Loyalliſts, let us carrouſe it,
e to be had in the houſe yet :
o yet never ſpoke evil
e, but that ſtill have been civel :
boys, and fill up our Glaſſes,
rry than Whigs with their Laſſes :
are in all things diſſemble,
s the Camelion Reſemble,

With twenty wry faces, and all to diſguiſe 'em,
Yet from ſedition none e're can adviſe 'em ;
Here's to the Confuſion of Plots and all Plotters,
And here's a good health to him that ne'r alters ;
Come let it go round, and fill each man his brimmer,
For he's no good diver that firſt en't a ſwimmer ;
And here's to our happineſs that we ſee dawning,
In ſpight of the Plots that Geneva is ſpawning.

A fig for their policies, they ſhall ne'r fright us,
Do all what they can they ſhall never more bite us ;
For Oliver now and old Bradſhaw are rotten,
Tho' their curſed names ſhall ne'r be forgotten :
Here's a Health to all Cavaliers that ne'r were turn-coats
We'l drink it in ſpight of the Pope and his Cut-throats ;
Or in ſpight of thoſe Rebels that envy our bleſſing,
Who once more our Land would ſo fain be poſſeſſing.

Here's a Health to the Burghers who ſtill in their choices
For eminent Loyaliſts do give their voices ;
And will not be Byas'd whatever betide 'em,
Who fear no Whigg-Landlords who for it ſhall chide 'em
To the Prince and the Princeſs of Orange come fill it,
To the him let it flow, but beware how you ſpill it :
Not forgetting the reſt of the Royal Branches.
We'l drink our briſk Wine till each his ſoul drenches.

Here's a health to all that expreſs their good meaning,
And hold to the end as they make their begining
Come fill it away Boys, and let us be merry,
We'l drink each his Bumper, and never be weary :
And no true Subject we're ſure will deny it,
For this is the way that we always deny it ;
Come fill it again to the ruin of the Rumpers,
I'le make no ſcruple to turn off three Bumpers.

Then come all you Loyaliſts though the Whigs mutter,
And about nothing do make all this clutter :
In ſpight of the Pope or Iack Preſbyter either,
We will live merry, and will regard neither.
Although they Tory or Tantivy name us,
We care not a pin there's none honeſt will blame us :
We'l drink to the King and his Lawful Succeſſors,
And to all thoſe that prove Loyal Addreſſers.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-Ball, near the *Hoſpital-gate*, in *Weſt-ſmithfield*.

A Pattern of LOVE;

OR,

The Faithful Lovers well met.

Here's Love for Love you may behold,
And true love better is than Gold:
To the Tune of, The Cannons Roze.

For if my Song you well do mind,
Patterns of true love here you'l find
This may be Printed, R. P.

COme and help me to complain,
Er'e my heart doth break with pain,
My love unkind doth me disdain,
which doth increase my passion,
His person it is so compleat,
All Females do delight to see't
And stand amaz'd when him they meet,
the flower of all the Nation.

He is so rare in every part,
So full of vertue and desert,
That he did quickly win my heart,
and made such alteration:
That all my comforts soon were gon
For him alone I doted on;
Yea night and day I think upon
the flower of all the Nation.

Thus languishing in Bed all night,
And thinking on my hearts delight,
As if he had been in my sight
such was Loves operation;
I wrung my hands and tore my hair,
And almost fell into dispair,
Because my dearest was not there,
the flower of all the Nation.

I often stretched forth my arms,
And with a kind of seeming Charms,
I strove to keep him from all harms,
by Cupids strong perswasion;
Then in a moment I did cry,
O come my Love, or else I dye,
Wanting thy precious company,
I love best in the Nation.

For while she made this grievous moan,
For her beloved dearest one,
He was hard by, to her unknown,
and near her kept his station;
At last he blushing to her came,
Which set the Damsel on a flame,
'Cause she against him did Exclaim,
she lov'd best in the Nation.

Don't complain, my dearest dear,
For I thy hearts delight, am here,
And come to banish all thy fear,
then do no more torment thee;
For I will work both night and day,
To keep my true love fine and gay,
Then all the world will surely say,
I strive for to content thee.

Nothing shall be too dear for thee,
If it for Gold may purchas'd be,
For since thou hast made choice of me,
thou need'st not to repent thee;
Thy Beauty I most highly praise,
I will be kind to thee always,
And thou shalt see brave Golden days,
let this my love, content thee.

And wheresoever I do go,
The world shall all thy Vertues know,
And i'le set forth thy praises so,
that nothing shall torment thee;
I'le write Encomiums on thy Name,
And spread them on the Wings of fame,
Then do no more thy true love blame,
that strives for to content thee.

I'le truly keep my Nuptial Vows,
As Law and Reason both allows,
And be so careful of my Spouse,
that nothing shall torment thee;
I'le feast mine eyes with thy dear sight,
And in thy company delight,
Yea, never leave thee day nor night,
my Dear let this content thee.

Unto the Church straightway we'l go,
And to the world will plainly show,
The faithful love to thee I owe,
then do not thou torment thee;
According to thy just Desert,
I'le change with thee my love-sick heart,
Till cruel death our loves shall part,
my Dear let this content thee.

Printed for *J. Blare* at the *Looking-Glass* on *London-bridge*.

The Penſive Lover;

OR,

The Damoſels Croſſes Crown'd With Comfort.

She for a time had loſt her Swain,
for which her Heart near broke;
Likewiſe ſhe would her ſelf have ſlain,
but Phaon *ſtopt the Stroke.*

To the Tune of, *Grim King of the Ghoſts.*

O Pitty a harmleſs Maid
you Lovers that hear my moan
Young Phaon is from me ſtray'd,
and here I am left alone:
My ſorrows was ne'r ſo ſevere,
as now for the loſs of my Swain,
Alas! I have reaſon to fear,
I never ſhall ſee him again.

Though Valleys I range and rove,
and Delarts both far and near,
and every ſhady Grove,
in order to find my Dear:
But weary of wandring now,
ſince Phaon I cannot find,
Where in theſe Shades I vow,
my breath ſhall be ſtraight reſign'd.

Sweet Death thou muſt prove my friend,
ſince there is no joys appears,
For why ſhould I live to ſpend,
my ſorrowful days in tears:
His innocent Life is betray'd,
alas! I have cauſe to fear,
Or elſe he would ne'r have ſtay'd
ſo long from his deareſt Dear.

He never was false to me,
but true as the Turtle-Dove,
Therefore I know that he
would never desert his Love:
But that some unfortunate doom,
has blasted the days of my Dear,
O would I had dy'd in his room,
for I have no Comfort here.

When ever I close my Eyes,
to slumber and take my rest,
I fancy I hear the Crys
of Phaon my Love, oppress:
His body all bathed in Blood,
thus gashful my Love he appears,
At this my poor eyes, like a flood,
does melt into showers of Tears.

Farewel to the World, said she,
since Phaon is not alive,
This Minute i'le come to thee,
for why should I here survive?
Then taking a Weapon so keen,
so soon as these words she had spoke,
But Phaon straight stept in between,
and hinder'd the fatal stroke.

As soon as she e're beheld
young Phaon, her hearts delight,
She was with Love-Raptures fill'd,
her sorrows all banisht quite:
With trembling voice she reply'd,
sweet Phaon thou'rt welcome to me,
My Patience, alas! has been try'd,
but now I am happy in thee.

Pardon, fair Cynthia, he said,
for leaving thee sighing here,
My Flocks with their Lambs they strayd
and I have rang'd far and near:
The Valleys, nay, Desart and Grove,
I wander from morning till night,
But now I am come to my Love,
to Crown thee with joy and delight.

When ever I slept, said she,
I waken'd in frightful Dreams,
Thy Body I thought I see
all bathed in Purple Streams:
When I in this passion did wake,
and just at the point of Dispair,
I knew not what course I should take,
my sorrows I could not bear.

Love, dry off thy Tears, said she,
since I am alive and well,
And here in the shades with thee,
hereafter I mean to dwell:
And never will wander again
from thee who I dearly adore,
The Glory of all the whole Plain,
fair Cynthia shall be therefore.

Printed for J. Blare, *at the* Looking-Glass *on* London-Bridge.

The Penſive Priſoners Apology.

Directed to his Fellow-Priſoners whereſoever, wherein he adviſeth them to be ſtedfaſt in faith and hope, and patiently to indure their careful impriſonment, and to keep their Vows, ſhewing the way to true liberty.

Tune of, *Love with unconfined wings*, Or, *No, no, no, no, not yet.*

I Ove with unconfined Wings,
hovers about my gates,
And my divine Althema begins,
to whiſper at my grates,
When I lye tangled in her hair,
being fettered in her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air,
know no ſuch Liberty.

When like contented Linits I,
with ſilver notes will ſing,
The very meekneſs of the heart,
and glory of the thing:
When I ſhall noiſe abroad and ſpread
how good their vertues be,
Fiſhes that tipple in the deep,
know no ſuch liberty.

My lodging is on the cold boards,
my cloaths are thin and bare,
Falſe-hearted friends with flattering words,
doth ſeek me to inſnare: (doth,
They counſel me to change my mind,
and ſo my words deny:
And I thereby ſhall ſurely find,
a perfect Liberty.

My Faith, Hope, & Patience is my guide,
my Conſcience pure and clear,
So that the Lord be on my ſide,
what Foe need I to fear?
I neither fear the ſtroak of Death,
nor tyrants villany:
So ſoon as Chriſt receives my breath,
I gain true Liberty.

A faithful vow I once did make,
which now I will maintain:
Whilſt I have tongue and breath to ſpeak
and life in me remain: (and
Rather then from Religion turn,
in fiery flames to fry,
And if my Corps to aſhes burn,
my ſoul gains Liberty.

Patience makes plaiſters for my ſores
love lives without controul,
They lock my body within the doors,
but cannot lock my ſoul:
My Muſes too and fro doth run,
above and beneath the ſky:
The greateſt Potentate under the Sun,
ofe wants ſuch Liberty. (Sun,

The ſecond Part, to the ſame tune.

OUr Keepers cruelty is great,
to one and to us all,
He bids us eat our fleſh for meat,
or ſtones that's in the wall:
Yet though I am in priſon caſt,
my ſences mount on high,
The wind that bloweth where it liſt,
knows no ſuch liberty.
Tis neither pardon from the Pope
nor prayers made to Saints,
That can inlarge my further ſcope,
nor ſhorten my complaints:
Tis Chriſt above, the Lord of love,
which for mankind did dye,
None but he can pardon me,
nor work my liberty.
There's many men hath Treaſure
yet are ſo worldly bent, (ſtore,
Having too much they ſcrape for more
yet never are content,
Whilſt I that am the poor'ſt of all
from worldly care am free, (thrall,
Which makes me think they live in
and I at liberty.

the man that bears a wavering mind
is ſubject to much woe,
He that to anger is inclin'd,
muſt ſorrow undergo.
But he that hath a patient heart,
though he a priſoner be,
Exceeds both nature, skill, and art,
in point of liberty.
You penſive priſoners every one
with hearts loyal and true.
This lines of mine to work upon,
I dedicate to you.
Let faith and patience be your guide,
and you in time ſhall ſee,
The powers of heaven will ſo provide
you ſhall have liberty.
Stone walls cannot a priſon make,
nor Iron barrs a Cage,
A ſpotleſs ſoul being innocent,
calls that his hermitage
So I am blameleſs in my choice,
and from all troubles free,
Angels alone that are above,
enjoys ſuch li e ty.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright,* and *J. Clarke.*

The Plovvmans Art in V

The brisk young plowman doth believe
If he were put to tryal,

There's not a ma
Could give him th

Tune of, Cupid

I Am a young man that do follow the Plow
But of late I have found out an art,
And can when I please with abundance of eale,
Deprive any maid of her heart, brave boys
Deprive &c.
To think how they'l yield as I walk in the field
My thinks is so pleasant to me,
I long to be nigh her who'l burn like a fire,
If she but my favour doth see, brave boys
If she &c.
Such wenches I think must be certainly mad,
Whose hearts are betray'd with a smile,
But they quickly find such a change in my mind
That will them of all pleasure beguile, brave
That &c.
And will make them look pale like maidens so stale
That for a good Husband doth long,
And this unto me such pleasure will be
That I shall thereof make a song, brave
That &c.

For who can delight in a t
'Tis a thing that I never c
My passion is gone when s
Then another Girl I must
That I &c.
And in a months space it w
If she can be easily wonn,
To mourn and bewail bene
And to cry she's forsook an
And to cry &c.
I could ne'r understand th
Could delight in whats eal
But if it be so that Love th
Then they'r passion must s
Then &c.
Then give me the wench th
When a Youngster doth c
Will so cunningly deal th
And seemingly give the de
And &c.

V Voeing

t a maid in all the Shire
him the denyal.
Cupid's Trappin.

t in a thing that is fond
never could do,
when the doates upon John,
I must go woe, brave

ace it will be her case
wonn,
il beneath the Milk-Pale,
ok and undone, brave

tand there's a man in the
ats easily gain'd, (lands
love they long thow,
must surely be feigned, brave

oench that has so much sence
doth come upon tryal,
deal that his heart she may
the denyall, brave (steal;

She surely will find young men be more kind,
If she be but strange and untoward,
For men like the fire do burn with desire,
If they meet with a maid that is froward, brave
If &c.
But it is the fashion throughout all the nation,
And chiefly in Country Townes,
When maidens beguil who are won with a smile
And then they'r destroy'd with their frowns
And &c. (brave
And it may be said there's not a milk maid,
Although she be never so fair,
But if once I begin, her heart I would win
And by my fair words would betray her, brave
And by &c.
It is a rare thing to hear the Girls sing
Oh! my love hath forsaken me quite,
And for his dear sake my heart it doth ake,
I languish by day and by night, brave boys
I languish &c.
As I follow the Plow my thinks I see how
They look pale and their lips they do tremble
Cause they were mistaken and are forsaken
By Youngsters that much did dissemble, brave
By Youngsters &c.
I will have tother bout and without any doubt
Ile compass the thing I desire,
For I cannot well pass if I meet with a Lass,
Till her heart it be set on a fire, brave
Till her &c.
There's Marget and Jone who still lye all alone
But ile venture to lay twenty shilling,
If a motion I make to cure their heart ake
To lye with me both will be willing, brave
To lye &c.
There's Susan and Kate that long for to ha't
And are vigorous in their desire,
But before they are mad let some lusty young lad
Make haste and Extinguish their fire, brave
Make. &c.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden Ball in West-Smith-field.

The Plough-man's Prais

In A DIALOGUE between a Mother and her Daug

Which Daughter reſolved to forſake a Wealthy 'Squire, and marry *R*
Ploughman for his Plain-Dealing. *Tune of the* Evening Ramble,

DEar Mother I reckon to marry,
I hope you will give your conſent:
For as I am told, full Eighteen Years old,
I was in the midſt of laſt Lent.
'Tis right I was marry'd you know,
Three Winters and Summers agoe,
I then did diſcover the Joys of a Lover:
When Roger he tickl'd me ſo,
O! he is as pretty a Fellow I vow,
As ever was train'd up to follow the Plough.

Why Huswife what mean you by Roger,
the paſſionate Mother reply'd,
A Country Clown, the ſcorn of the Town,
you may be a Gentleman's Bride:
For, Daughter, I'll make it appear,
That now in fair Somerſetſhire,
Beſides Gold and Treaſure, and Wealth out of meaſure,
My Rents are Two Hundred a Year,
And do you imagine, that I will allow,
My Daughter to marry a Fellow at Plough.

The Plough is a Staff to the Kingdom,
a Pillar and Prop to the Throne:
On every hand it fattens the Land,
with Plenty, 'tis very well known,
For if we had Guinea's untold,
More than a whole Kingdom could hold,
What Man would be quiet without any
For who ever liv'd upon Gold?
No Creature, dear Mother, and therefo
To marry a Husband that follows the Pl

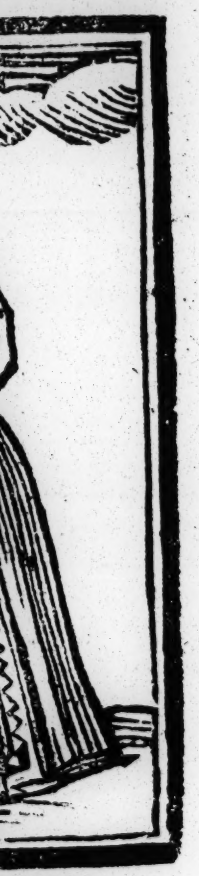
But Gold is a beautiful Metal,
this City and Court to adorn,
To ſatisfie you, a handful or two,
is worth many Buſhels of Corn:
The Farmers where ever they dwell,
Their Corn they will readily ſell,
For Money to any, ſo ſweet is the Penn
Without it, there's none can live well,
And therefore, dear Daughter, conſider
And take not a Fellow that follows the

ife:

aughter;

y *Roger*, the

ble, &c.



gdom,
e:
,
won,

hold,
t any Diet,

therefore I'll bow,
the Plough.

:
ell,

e Penny,
well,
onſider this now,
ws the Plough.

I ſhall have hereafter, dear Mother,
two Hundred a Year, and above,
A plentiful ſtore, I'll covet no more:
but marry the Man that I love;
Tho' in a poor Jerkin he goes,
And Patches, perhaps on his Hoſe,
Dear Mother pray hear me, when e'er he comes near me,
His Breath is as ſweet as a Roſe:
If ever I marry, I ſolemnly vow,
It ſhall be a Fellow that follows the Plough.

Dear Daughter I ſtrange at your Fancy,
this 'Squire that Courts you, I know,
Will make you his Wife, and love you as Life,
in Jewels and Gemms you may go:
He's wealthy, and handſome, withal,
Both luſty, ſtrait, proper, and tall,
And you'll be attended, and likewiſe befriended,
Have Servants to come at your Call,
Pray why will you ſlight ſuch a Happineſs now,
And take a poor Fellow that follows the Plough.

A Fig for the Bully young 'Squire,
a Crack he do's conſtantly keep;
He'll revel and Sport, with Ladies at Court,
while I in my Chamber may weep,
To think of my ſad Overthrow:
But Roger will never do ſo,
He's honeſt I know it, and cannot forgoe it,
And Mother he loves me I know:
And therefore, if ever I marry, I vow
It ſhall be with Roger that follows the Plough.

Dear Daughter, if that be the Reaſon,
thy Wiſdom I needs muſt commend,
A right honeſt Man will get what he can,
but others will waſtfully ſpend,
And ruine their Families quite,
I think thou art much in the right:
I will not deny thee, let Roger lye by thee,
Since he is thy Joy and Delight,
And when thou art marry'd, my Love ſhall be ſhown;
I'll give him a Farm, and Two Ploughs of his own.

FINIS.

Licenſed according to Order.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball, in Pye-corner.

The Poets Dream:

OR, *The Great Out-cry and Lamentable Complaint of the LAND against* BAYLIFFS *and their* DOGS.

Wherein is Expreſſed their Villanous Out-rages *to poor Men. With a True De-ſcription of their Knavery and their Debuac'h Actions; Preſcribed and Preſented to the view of all People.*

To the tune of, *Sawny, &c.*

AS I lay Slumbering in a Dream,
Methought the world moſt ſtrangely went;
The Bayliffs on High Seats was ſeen,
which cauſed the Poor's great Diſcontent.
They pluckt true Juſtice from the Throne,
Erecting Laws was made of their own,
And burthen'd the Poor till they made them groan,
And that's the cauſe that the Land Complains.

Their Meeting Houſe was an Ale-wives Bench,
fix'd in a Street that is termed Old;
Their Speaker was an a Play-houſe-Wench,
both Whore and Thief, and a Devilish Scold.
She'd Guzzel Brandy, Wine, or Ale,
And then ſhe'd at her Neighbours Rail,
And ſend for the Bayliffs to have them to Jayl,
And that's the cauſe that the Land Complains.

Methoughts a mighty Hunting-match,
was made by Bayliffs and their Currs:
Poor men was the Deer they ſtrove to catch,
the Houſes plac'd in the Room of Furrs;
The Suburbs-Round it was their Park:
The Bayliffs Yell, the Dogs did Bark,
The Poor kept as cloſe as Noah in the Ark;
And that's the cauſe that the Land Complains,

Then Shephard and his Dog wheel'd up toth' right,
and thunder'd by a Curled Lane,
And there the Villains wrought their Spight,
for by them once was a Poor Man slain:
They Swear before they'l ever lack,
They'l go to Hell a Pick-a-Pack,
And thus poor Debters they go to rack,
And that's the cause that the Land complains.

There's Curling Will and Damme-Jack,
and Robbin Turner's alive agen;
And Paunchgut-Tom, (a Hellish Pack,)
with perjur'd-Dick and Bawdy Ben:
Which formerly on Earth did Dwell,
And now they are return'd from Hell,
And doth against our Laws Rebell,
And that's the cause that the Land complains.

When I awaked from my Dream,
Methoughts the World turn'd upside down,
And in great haste. I Writ this Theam,
for the Bayliffs Dogs of our Town:
Who for their prey each hour do wait,
Like death at every poor Man's Gate;
And brings the Realm to a Dismal fate,
And that's the cause that the Land complains.

When Poor men are out of Employ,
and have not a Farthing in the World;
The while there Wives and Children Cry,
there's many are in a Prison hurl'd.
Men are Enticed by the Bumms,
Who swear they ne'r will pay their Summs,
Thus Poor in Flocks to the Jaylor comes;
And that's the cause that the Land complains.

The Tally-man, Curmudgeon keeps
a Baylif and his Dog to Bite;
If in their Books men ever Creeps,
they quickly swear they'l have their Right;
So soon as e're they do Back-slide,
The Torturing Jale they must abide,
Then Toby and Dog's Employ'd;
And that's the cause that the Land complains.

When Rogues are at the Old-Bayly Burn'd,
and that their Pilfering Trades do fail;
From Thieves to Bayliffs-Dogs have turn'd,
to plague and hurry the Poor to Jayl:
How like Kid-Nappers all the Day,
In every Corner they Survey,
And quaff whole Bowls when they get their Prey
And that's the cause that the Land complains.

Ten Groat's the Fees, and a Crown the Arrest,
and three Round ooo's for a Writ beside;
Thus Laws are broken, and poor men Oppress,
such Racking Torments they must abide:
And while the Prisoner sends for Bail,
They Tope the Brandy, Beer, and Ale,
And makes him pay, or they have him to Jayl:
And that's the cause that the Land complains.

For Twenty Shillings, Ten, or Five,
they'l put a man to a Curled Charge;
Or run him to Jayl they'l soon contrive,
where other Bills are exprest at Large:
The Jayl-Fees many are bound to Rue,
The Garnish, Bed and Turn-Key too,
Expects an unexpected Due;
And that's the cause that the Land complains.

Your Moore-field Mobbs, and Whetstone-Whores,
has Bayliffs and their Dogs for Friends;
When Lustful Youth pays Venus Scores,
those Spunging Pimps the House attends:
If Cullies fight in a Drunken fit,
Away goes Toby's Dog for a Writ,
Thus many falls in the Bayliffs pit;
And that's the cause that the Land complains.

'Tis seldom a Baylif or his Dog,
is ever known for to go to Church;
As soon as they here the Word of god,
they leave the Parson in the lurch:
They swear they'l come to church no more,
They lay their Sins to Adams Score,
And jaunts to Moorfields to a Whore:
And that's the cause that the Land complains.

Thus I conclude and end my Song,
desiring that you wou'd be content:
There's Christian-Peers that may right our wrong
when Heaven yields up a Parliament:
I hope true Reason will plead our cause,
While they're erecting wholesome Laws,
They'l keep us from the Crocodils paws:
And cease the Poor of the Lands complaints.

FINIS.

Printed for P. *Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball* near the *Bear* Tavern in *Pye Corner*.

The Politick Countreyman.

Plainly ſetting forth the many misfortunes of thoſe men who hav
miſt of their aims in chooſing a wife, alſo diſcovering the vaſt difference be
twen the *London* Miſtriſſes and the Country Dames.

Tune of, *Hey boys up go we*, Or, *Jenny Gin*.

SInce Women they are grown ſo bad
I'le lead a ſingle life,
Not one in ten there's to be had
will make a careful wife:
Therefore I think 'tis beſt for me
ſingle for to remain,
For ſome are bound and would be free,
but wiſhes are in vain.

One man he hath a ſcolding wife,
that ne'r will quiet be;
But wearies him out of his life:
oh! what ill luck had he
To marry one whoſe wicked tongue
doth cauſe him to complain,
But knows not how to eaſe his wrong
ſince mourning is in vain.

Another hath a drunken wife
that ſpends all ſhe comes near,
And drunkenneſs oft breedeth ſtrife,
it plainly doth appear:
And let him chide her all he can,
a Sott ſhe will remain,
And he cannot be freed again,
all hoping is in vain.

Another hath a wanton one,
whoſe luſt he can't ſuffice;
And good men are too oft undone
by ſuch, whoſe rouling eyes
On all men gaze; as if they could
by looks their wills obtain,
And never will do what they ſhould:
good Counſel is in vain.

Another hath an idle pack
that will not get her Bread,
Nor keep good Clothes upon her back,
but loves to lie in bed:
Good Counsel she doth still refuse,
reproof she doth disdain,
Her friends she strangely will abuse
that checks her, though in vain.

But he that with a Slut doth meet
hath the worst luck of all,
She stinks as she doth walk the street,
her nasty beast they call:
And if you strive to make her neat,
then will she scold amain;
That with her you dare hardly eat,
to help this 'tis in vain.

Then you that have good careful wives
esteem them as a prize,
Tender them as you do your lives,
or Apples of your eyes:
For it a certain Treasure proves,
and love will there remain,
There's nothing that their love removes;
all strivings are in vain.

Oh! give to me the Countrey lass
that loves the Milking-paile,
For she'l be constant, and alas!
nought can with her prevail:
She loves the man that drives the Plow,
and sometimes sowes the grain,
He that to her doth make a vow
his love is not in vain.

The lusty lad that stoutly Mows,
he loves the Dayry maid;
She's constant, whereso'e're she goes
no wantonness is played:
All lewdness she doth clear despise.
and lewdness doth disdain,
The Plowman she doth Idolize,
she loves, but not in vain.

Now to conclude, and speak my mind,
pray count it not a jest;
Observe, and you shall clearly find
a Countrey lass is best:
For she is clear, without deceit,
and constant will remain;
He that with such a girle doth meet
his love is not in vain.

Printed, for J. Wright, J Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger.

A Posie of Rare Flowers: Gathered by a Young-man for his Mistris.

To a pleasant new Tune.

The Summers o'ze heating,
Within an Arbour sitting,
under a Marble shade.
For my true love the fairest,
And of all flowers the rarest,
a Posie thus I made.

The first and last for trusting,
Is called everlasting,
I pulled from the bay.
The blew and crimson Columbine,
The Daizy and the Woodbine,
and eke the blooming May.

The sweetest Flowers for Posies,
Pinks, Gillyflowers and Roses,
I gathered in their prime.
The flowers of muskmillions,
Come blow me down sweet Williams,
with Rosemary and Time.

The Larkheel and the Lily,
The Flag and Daffadilly,
the Wall-Flower sweet of smell,
The Maiden-blush and Cowslip,
The Peagle and the Tulip,
that doth so sweet excell.

The Violet and the Gerpline,
The Odoriferous Columbine,
with thrift and modesty.
The Musk Rose sweet and dainty,
With other Flowers plenty,
Orlops and Pyony.

The Gilly Flowers variety,
Of every colour severally,
the Ladies Smock and Pancy.
The Batchelors Button fair and fine,
The Primrose and the Sops in Wine
with them the Maidens fancy.

The time observing Marygold,
Most fair and lovely to behold,
I pluckt amongst the rest.
The white and red Carnation,
The sences Recreation,
with other Flowers the best.

The Flowers fit for smelling,
Whose sweet is far excelling,
all the perfumes of art,
I pulled each several,
And made a Posie therewithal,
to bear to my sweet heart.

SWeet Basil and sweet Margerum,
The Cowslip of Jerusalem,
the Crow-foot and Sea-Flower.
The Start up and come kiss me,
A Flower that shall not miss me,
in my true Lovers bower.

The Lady of Essex fair,
A Flower passing sweet and rare,
I in the midst did place,
Because my love is fairest,
And of all Flowers the rarest,
in body and in face.

The Flowers being culled,
And their branches pulled,
did yeild a fragrant scent.
Observing their due places,
I bound them in bride Laces,
and to my love I went.

In hope she would receive them,
To'th end that I might give them,
as pleadges of my love.
To her whose radiant beauty,
Did bind me to this duty,
hoping she'l never remove.

Her permanent affection,
To me who by election,
am hers while life doth last.
These flowers did resemble,
My thoughts, which ne'r dissemble,
but hold both smell and taste.

When I had made this Nosegay,
With joyful heart I took my way,
to find out my true love.
Who for my absence mourned,
Until that I returned,
as doth the Turtle Dove.

At last I found her sporting,
With other Maids consorting,
close by a Rivers side.
My Posie not refused,
When she the same perused,
upon her arm she ty'd.

Quoth she although these Flowers
Will wither in few hours,
yet take my word sweet heart.
My word to thee shall never decay,
Till death takes my life away,
from thee Ile ne'r depart.

The like to her I vowed,
And while the same allowed,
about such things we talked,
At length because it waxed late,
We for that time did leave our prate,
and from each other walked.

When with a mild behaviour,
She thanks me for my favour,
and wore it for my sake,
With enterchanging Kisses,
The rest remains in wishes,
unwilling leave we take.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright,

The Invincible

PRIDE of Women :

OR,

The London Tradeſman's Lamentation,

For the Prodigality of his Wife, whith doth daily pillage his Purſe.

To the Tune of the Spinning-Whæl. Licenſed according to Order.

I Have a Wife, the more's my Care,
who like a gaudy Peacock goes,
In Top-knots, Patches, Powder'd Hair,
beſides ſhe is the worſt of ſhows;
This fills my Heart with grief and care
To think I muſt this burthen bear.

It is her forecaſt to Contrive,
to riſe about the hour of Noon,
And if ſhe's Trimm'd and Rigg'd by five
why this I count is very ſoon;
Then goes ſhe to a Ball or Play
To paſs the pleaſant night away.

And when she home returns again,
conducted by a Bully Spark,
If that I in the least Complain,
she does my words and actions mark;
And does likewise my Gullet tear,
Then Roars like Thunder in the Air.

I never had a Groat with her
most solemnly I here declare,
Yet she's as proud as Lucifer
and cannot study what to wear
In sumptuous Robes she still appears,
While I am forc'd to hide my Ears.

The lofty Topknots on her Crown,
with which she sails abroad withal,
Makes me with Care alas! look down,
as having now no hope at all,
That ever I shall happy be
In such a flaunting Wife as she.

In debt with ev'ry Shop shop she runs
for to appear in gaudy Pride,
And when the Millener she duns,
I then am forc'd my Head to hide
Dear Friends, this proud imperious Wife
She makes me weary of my Life.

Sometimes with words both kind and mild
I let her know my wretched state,
For which I streightways am Revil'd:
says she, I will appear more Great
Than any Merchant's London Dame,
Tho' thou art ruin'd for the same.

'Tis true she is both fair and young
and speaks Italian Greek and Dutch,
Besides she hath the scolding Tongue,
which is, in faith, a Tongue too much;
I dare not speak nor look away,
For fear of her severity.

My worldly glory, joy and bliss,
is turn'd to sorrow grief and care
He that has such a Wife as this
needs no more torment I declare;
To buy those Trinkets which they lack
Both Stock and Credit goes to Rack.

There's many more as well as I,
in famous London-City fair
Whose Wives with Prodigality
doth fill their Husbands Hearts with care;
I pity those with all my Heart
Since I with them do bear a Part.

Printed for P.Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back,

The Prodigals Reſolution

OR,

My Father was Born before me.

To a Pleaſant New Tune.

I Am a lufty lively Lad,
  nowrome to one and twenty,
My Father left me all he had,
  both Gold and Silver plenty;
Now he's in Grave, I will be brave,
  the Ladies ſhall adore me,
I'le court and kiſs, what hurt's in this,
  My Dad did ſo before me.

My Father was a thirſty Sir,
  till Soul and body ſunder'd,
Some ſay he was a Uſurer,
  for thirty in the hundred;
He ſcrapt and ſcratcht, & he pincht and patch'd
  that in her belly bore me;
But I'le let flye, a good cauſe why,
  My Father was born before me.

My Daddy had his Duty done,
  in getting ſo much treaſure,
I'le be as dutiful a Son,
  for ſpending it in pleaſure:
Five pounds a quart, ſhall chear my heart,
  ſuch Necture will reſtore me,
When Ladies call, I'le have at all,
  My Father was born before me.

My Grandam liv'd at Waſhington,
  my Grandſir delv'd in Ditches,
The Son of Old John Thraſhington,
  whoſe lanthorn leathern Breeches:
Cry'd, whither go ye, whither go ye,
  though men do now adore me,
They ne'r did ſee my Pedigree,
  Nor who was born before me.

My grandfir striv'd, & wiv'd, & thriv'd,
till he did Riches gather,
And when he had much wealth atchiev'd,
Then he got my Father:
O happy memmory cry I,
that e're his Mother bore him,
I had not been worth one penny,
Had I been born before him.

To Free-school, Cambridge, and Grays-Inn
my Grey-coat Grandfir put him,
Till to forget (he did begin)
the Leathern Breech that got him:
One dealt in Straw, 'tother in Law,
the one did Ditch and Delve it,
My Father store of Sattin wore,
My Grandfir Beggers Velvet.

So get I wealth, what care I if
my Grandfir were a Sawyer,
My Father prov'd to be a thief
subtle and Learned Lawyer,
By Cooks Reports, and tricks in Court,
he did with Treasure store me,
That I may say, Heavens bless the day,
My Father was born before me.

Some say, of late, a Merchant that
had gotten store of Riches,
In's Drinking-room hung up his Hat,
his staff, and Leathern Breeches;
His stockings garter'd up with straws,
e're Providence did store him,
His Son was Sheriff of London, 'cause
His Father was born before him.

So many blades that Rant in silk,
and put on Scarlet cloathing,
At first did spring from Butter-milk,
their Ancestors worth nothing:
Old Adam, and our Grandam Eve,
by digging and by spinning,
Did to all Kings and Princes give
Their *Radical* beginning.

My Father to get me estate,
though selfish yet was lavish,
I'le spend it at another rate,
and be as lewdly lavish:
From Mad-men, Fools, and knaves he did
litigiously receive it,
If so he did, Justice forbid,
But I to such should leave it.

At Play-houses, and Tennis-Court,
I'le prove a noble Fellow,
I'le Court my Doxies to the sport,
of O! brave Punchinello:
I'le Dice and Drab, and Drink and Stab,
no Hector shall out-roar me,
If Teachers tell we tales of Hell,
My Father is gone before me.

Our aged Counsellors would have
us live by Rule and Reason,
'Cause they are marching to the Grave,
and pleasures out of season:
I'le learn to Dance the Mode of France,
that Ladies may adore me,
My thrifty Dad no pleasure had,
Though he was born before me.

I'le to the Court where Venus sport,
doth Revel it in plenty,
I'le deal with all, both great and small,
from twelve to five and twenty:
In Play-houses i'le spend my days,
for they'r hung round with Plackets,
Ladies make room, behold I come,
Have at your KNOCKING Jackets.

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*.

A Prospective-Glass

FOR

CHRISTIANS

To behold the Reigning Sins of this AGE:

OR,

The Complaint of *Truth* and *Conscience* against *Pride*, *Envy*, *Hatred*, and *Malice*; wh
is too-much Practis'd in this present AGE.

Tune of *Monstrous Women.*

Licensed according to Order.

As in a Slumber I was laid,
poor Conscience was making moan;
I saw sweet Truth in Rags array'd,
dejected and all alone:
I tell you the Aged as well as the Youth,
They slighted and hated poor Conscience in Truth,
But Dissimulation there's thousands will scorn:
O Folly desperate Folly,
What will this World come to?

Sweet Truth immediately reply'd,
the Nation may well complain,
The Heart of Man is fill'd with Pride,
and Malice does Rule and Reign:
Ah Conscience! I tell thee I find thou art poor,
I see thou art Naked and turn'd out of door,
The World sure was never so wicked before;
O Folly, desperate Folly,
What will this World come to?

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Some Men we find will rant and roar,
and call it a merry Life,
And oftentimes Embrace a Whore,
and ruin an honeſt Wife:
A Draggle-Tayl Drab they will cuddle and kiſs,
And call her ſometimes the Perfection of Bliſs,
For every Raſcal muſt now have his Miſs;
O Folly, deſperate Folly,
What will this World come to?

Young Harlots do like Porters ply,
at every turning down,
And when a Cully do's draw nigh,
their Fair is but half a Crown:
Then ſtrait they both in a Coach muſt be put,
The huſſing young Gallant, the Draggle-tayl Slut,
While good honeſt People do walk it on Foot;
O Folly, deſperate Folly, &c.

The Pride of Women in this Land,
was never in Eve our Mother;
See how their Top-Knots they do ſtand,
one Story above another!
Their Necks are naked, their Breaſts open wide,
Black Patches, now Powder'd and Painted beſide,
I think that the Devil's in Women for Pride;
O Folly, deſperate Folly, &c.

Some Men will ſay the Crow's not Black,
thus flatter before your Face,
Then cut your Throat behind your Back,
and that in a little ſpace:
Their Smiles ſhall be preſently turn'd to a Frown
They'll do what they can for to tumble you down,
And ruin a Neighbour for leſs than a Crown;
O Malice, deſperate Malice, &c.

The down-right Man that cannot cog,
nor flatter his Friend at all,
Nor fawn, like to a Spaniel Dog,
is often run down by all:
But he that hath a ſmooth Tongue to comply,
Can Complement, Flatter, Diſſemble and Lye,
Oh this is an honeſt Man, ſtraight they will cry;
Oh Folly, deſperate Folly, &c.

The Rich we find has many Friends,
the poor they have few or none;
But when this painful Life it ends,
we then ſhall be all as one:
The wealthy Rich Miſer, and crafty old Knave,
He ſhall with the poor Man, lye down in the Grave,
He ſhall but a Shroud or a Winding-ſheet have;
O Mortals, covetuous Mortals,
Death we muſt all come to.

Then what's the Glory of this World,
for which we ſo much contend,
When after Death we may be hurl'd,
where Miſery has no end?
Then while we are living and flouriſhing here,
O labour to keep your Conſcience clear,
To part with this World then you need not to fear
Hate Folly, deſperate Folly,
Death we all muſt come to.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, *J. Deacon*, *J. Blare* and *J. Back*.

The PROTESTANT

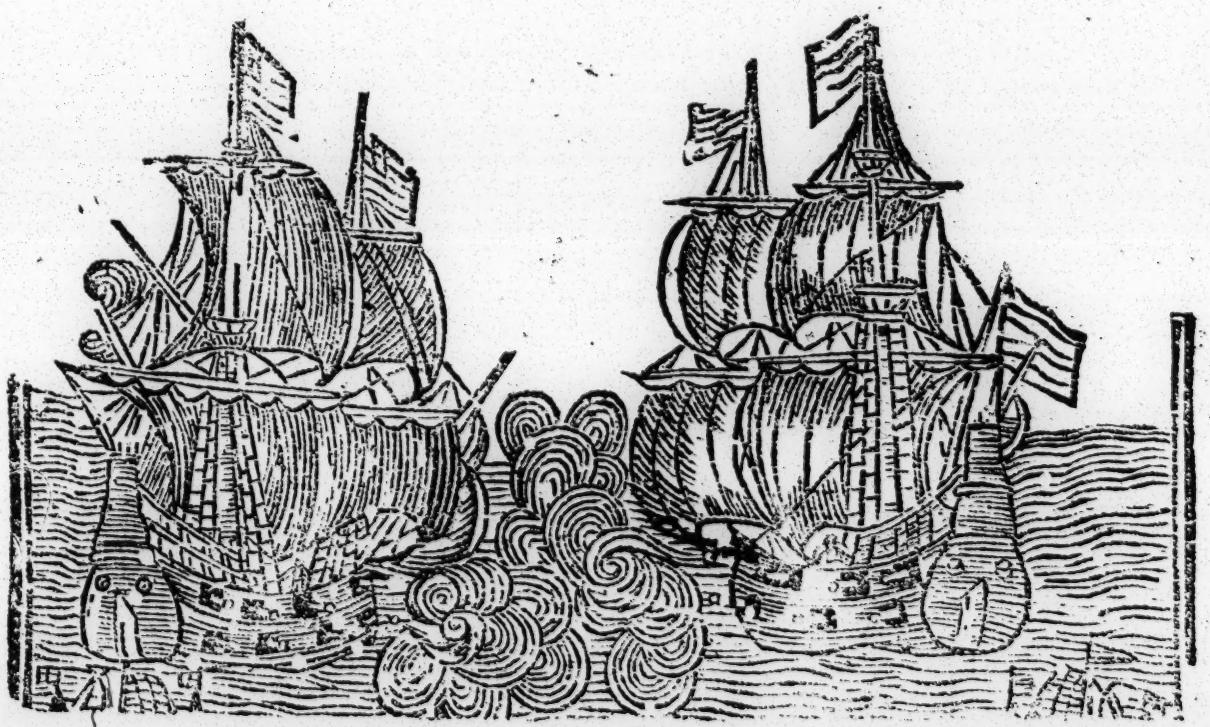
Seaman's Resolution

To Fight for King *WILLIAM.*

OR,

The Total Destruction of Popery in this Reformed Land and Nation.

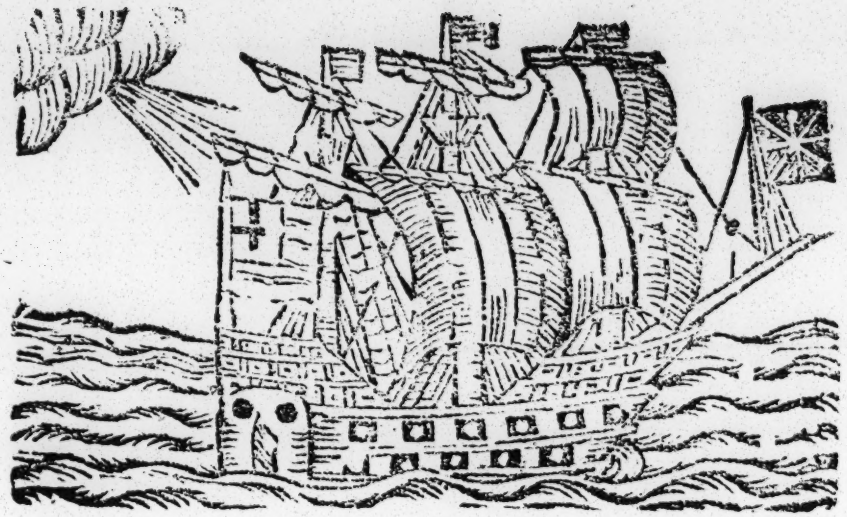
To the Tune of, *The Souldier's Departure.*



COme brave noble hearted Sea-men,
let us all with Courage stand,
To maintain our Natives free men,
in this Ancient Christian Land;
That Rome never may enslave us,
by their crafty Villany;
We'll not do as they would have us,
but will pull down Popery.

This great Prince is come from Holland,
to maintain the Nations right;
We by Sea will bravely fall on,
when there shall be need to fight;
Cannons roar like Claps of Thunder,
on the foaming Ocean Sea,
For to keep the Romans under,
and to pull down Popery.

These two Fleets are joyn'd together,
Brittains welfare to regain.
Fearing neither Wind nor Weather,
Boys, we'll plow the Ocean main;
For to drive the world before us,
as our Enemies shall see,
France shall soon our Rights restore us,
for we'll pull down Popery.



Let true valliant Sou's assemble,
scorning ever to retreat,
Till we make all France to tremble,
at our vast commanding Fleet;
Boys, we'll keep them in subjection,
for we vow to keep the Sea;
King William will be our protection,
while we pull down Popery.

May the French King have no Trading
to the Lands which we belong,
But let's seize his Ships of Lading,
to retaliate our wrong:
Nay, and likewise for his Merit,
the Pope's Vassal may be be,
Or else drown'd himself in Claret,
while we pull down Popery.

They have felt great Britains power
in the former ages past,
And there's Seamen to this hour,
that will fight while Life doth last,
For their Native Land and Nation,
On the stormy Ocean Sea;
Now without all Disputation,
we shall pull down Popery.

I on board my Name will enter,
and not stand the least to pause,
Life and Fortune freely venter,
to maintain the Christian Cause;
What can be a greater Glory,
than to fight for Liberty?
Send our Foes to Purgatory,
as we pull down Popery.

Might I have the greatest treasure,
which the Nation can afford,
And enjoy both peace and pleasure,
yet I'de freely go on board:
This my Duty does require,
for to fight for Liberty,
Make our proudest Foes retire,
likewise pull down Popery.

To reward the hateful malice,
of the Antichristian Slaves,
Send them hence to Pluto's Palace,
make the foaming Seas their Graves:
Let them make their Invocation,
to their old St. Anthony,
While we purge and clear the Nation,
from the Dregs of Popery.

Printed for J. Blare.

Proteſtant Unity

The beſt Policy to defeat *Popery*, and all its Bloody P

OR,

Englands Happineſs under ſuch a Bleſſing.

A Pleaſant New SONG.

Would *England* ever bleſt and happy be,
It muſt be done by perfect Unity,
Let *Proteſtants* in all things then agree.
Then *Rome* ſhall fall like Lightning f
And all her plots ſhall ſoon Expire a
Whilſt we do proſper, and her Rage

To the Tune of, *Now now the Fight's done*, &c.

NOw Plots upon Plots makes the Ieſuits ſmile
Who do think our Nation at laſt to beguile;
Whilſt Diviſions grow rife, and Crowding come in
Whilſt Schiſmaticks Clamour and rail at the ſin
Which themſelves have contriv'd, for here it is plain
They were wheeling the Kingdoms to Forty again.

Whilſt thus we'r divided, the Pope has his will,
And thinks that at laſt he his Coffers ſhall fill;
With Proteſtant Plunder to make him amends,
For the infinite ſtore that he yearly expends
To raiſe War and Blood-ſhed, and to carry on
His private deſigns, to the Devil beſt known.

For he's his Grand Counſellour, who ſo oft try'd
The way for to Conquer, is firſt to divide;
For England United, not Rome, no nor Hell,
Have the power for to ſhake, nor on
Our ſelves are the cauſers ſtill of a
Whilſt Proteſtants Proteſtants, ſe

Read but the Scriptures, and there
A Kingdom divided could never ye
Then let all thoſe whoſe Brains t
With the heats of Sedition, or ha
To think ill of their King, let the
But a pardon of mercy, and good

Which will grieve to the heart ou
Who for this hundred years has ſo
By Plots and devices, then let us
Let *Presbyter* yield unto juſt M
Beneath whoſe Protection they ha
And ſtiff-neck'd Baptiſts their Er

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dy Practices.

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tning from the Sky,
xpire and Dye,
r Rage defie.

nor once for to quell :
ll of all our woe,
nts, seek to o're-throw.
d there you will find,
ber yet stand ;
ains they did fume,
, or have dar'd to presume
let them do so no more,
d goodness implore.
art our Blood-seeking foe,
has sought our Woe
let us agree,
uist Monarchy ;
hey happy may Live,
eir Errors retrive.

When a King that's so gracious does over us reign,
What good man has reason or cause to complain ?
No there's none, for all such may happily live,
And enjoy peace and plenty which Heaven does give :
By Union our Church so firm founded will stand,
That in vain all her foes then against her may band.

Let Religious Cabels that late have been hed,
All cease that the feet they may joyn with the head ;
And cordially let each his Loyalty prove,
By striving to conquer each other in Love :
And let kind Union Allegeance create,
That the King and his Kingdoms may ever be great.

Then shall proud France no more dare to frown,
Least our bold Armies should take her pride down;
We conquering Ensigns to Rome might extend,
If each man was faithful and true to his friend ;
Where to unhive the old Pope and his Crew,
And lead them in Triumph New London to view.

The object of Envy at which they still aim,
And wish that once more they cou'd see it in Flame ;
But in vain they might wish if once we agree,
To support the great Throne of true Majesty :
To Maugre all Christendom, as we have done,
When by strict Union the Nation was one.

Then let each Sect their pretences lay down,
And to him submit that does wear Englands Crown;
And let us like Brethren in strict Amity,
To root out the Pope and his Agents agree :
That the Nations may happy remain and be blest,
Whilst we are of plenty and pleasure possest.

Then that proud Monarch past doubt we might awe,
Who undertakes to give Christendom Law ;
And live in safety in spight of the Power
Of that Scarlet Whore who does seek to devour
Our Lives and our Fortunes, to which we make way,
When our King and his Laws we dare disobey.

On such weak pretences as are not worth name
Then who but your selves have you reason to blame ?
If Popery thrives and the upper-hand get,
Whilst murmuring against a good King you do sit :
Under whose Reign you so happy might be,
Then cease such Division, and let us agree.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passinger*.

A Letter for a Christian Family.

Directed to all true Christians to Read.

Which being sealed up in heart and mind,
Nothing but truth in it you'l find.
Both old and young, both Rich and Poor,
Bear it in mind, keep it in store:
And think upon the time to come,
For time doth pass, the Glass doth run,
Therefore whilst thou hast time and space,
Call to the Lord above for Grace,
Then he will surely thee defend,
And thou shalt make a happy end.

To the Tune of, The Godly Mans Instruction.

BOth young and old, both rich and poor give ear,
Unto these verses which I shall declare,
And give good heed to that which here is pen'd,
And strive in time your wicked lives to mend.

But yet there's many that doth not regard,
Till for their sins they have a just reward:
But still goes on their wicked courses run,
Until both Soul and body be undone.

Therefore good people let us have a care,
And unto Christ with speed let us repair;
Leave off your sins which now do so abound,
For 'twas for sin that once the world was drownd.

How many sins within this land we see?
In high and low of every degree;
Both rich and poor they now do live at strife,
And great debate is betwixt man and wife.

Brother and Sister they do disagree,
As by experience now we daily see:
And children that have hardly use of tongue,
Will swear and curse as they do pass along.

And some will curse their parents to their face,
Methinks to them it is a foul disgrace.
But 'tis forbidden in the Laws of God,
Therefore let's serve him all with one accord.

The sin of pride we see doth so excell,
In men and women now the truth to tell:
And for that sin we read that Satan fell,
From an high Angel to a Devil in Hell.

Also we read of Dives pomp and state,
And of poor Lazarus that lay at his gate,
In Abrahams bosome he was nourished,
And with sweet comforts he was daily fed.

While Dives for one drop did call and cry,
To cool his tongue, he did in torments lye,
But any comfort could could he not receive,
Because poor Lazarus he would not relieve.

IN fashions strange and many a fond delight,
We please our fancies now both day & night,
And never think upon this day to come,
Although our glass have but one hour to run.

There's many now that to the Church do go,
Their pomp and pride, and bravery to show,
More then to hear the sacred word of God
But let all such beware his heavy Rod.

Be not too covetous in heart and mind,
Nor to that sin be not too much enclin'd;
Remember Judas how he was too bold,
For covetousnes his Lord and Master sold.

Be not too prudent in this thy worldly wealth,
Do not trust to it, for it is but pelf,
'Twill fade away and leave thee in the dust, (must.
From thence thou cam'st, and thither return thou

Lord give us grace to understand aright,
Thy holy laws, and therein take delight:
And comfort those the which are comfortless,
And help the Widdow in her great distress.

Likewise the Fatherless O Lord defend,
And thy true grace unto all Christians send:
And grant that we thy holy name may fear,
And serve thee still with heart most pure and clear.

How many messengers the Lord hath sent,
To give us warning that we should repent,
But yet our hearts so stubborn are I say,
That we Gods holy word will not obey.

Sermons on Sermons we do daily hear;
By Ministers well learn'd as doth appear,
To give us warning to repent our sin,
Which we so long time now have lived in.

All you that read these lines which here is penn'd,
Observe them well and strive your lives to mend.
For time doth slide and swiftly pass away,
One hour or minute for no man will stay.

Our time which in this world we have to spend,
In prayers and tears unto the Lord let's send,
For to defend us from all Satans power,
That seeks our souls and bodies to devour.

Now to conclude, the God of peace and love,
Grant that our soul's may dwell in Heaven above:
And grant our King & Queen a prosperous reign,
The Gospel pure amongst us to maintain.

By me *I. V.*

Printed for J. C. W. T. and T. P.

Pyramus and *Thisbe*: Or, Love's Master-piece.

Behold the downfall of two Lovers Dear,
And to their Memorys, let fall a Tear,
A sad mistake their Ruine did procure,
When as they thought their friendship should endure;
Oh Cruel Fate! That Cut them off in Prime,
And for Enjoyment, would afford no time.

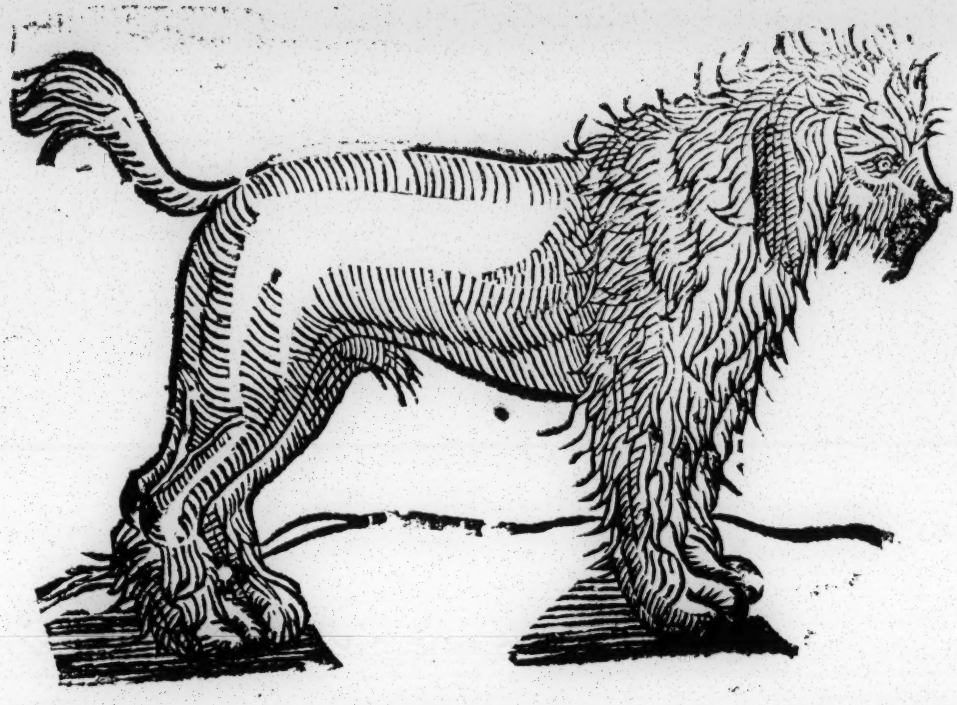
To the Tune of, *Digby's Farewel.*

When all hearts did yeild unto Cupid as King,
And dying for Mistresses was no strang thing,
When Maids without coyness did candidly deal,
And men lov'd with constancy, faith, and true Zeal:
There liv'd a fair pare of true Lovers in Greece
Who have still bin accounted as Love's master-piece.
The Youth was call'd Pyramus, Thisbe the Maid:
Their Love was immortal, and never decay'd.

But alass! their affections were crost by sad Fate:
To wit, by the fewd and immortal debate
That had bin fomented for many years space,
Between both their Families, & their whole Race.
Which made the fair Cuple, tho scorcht in loves fire,
Still smother their Flames & conceal their desire:
They sigh'd still in private, and wept all alone;
And dar'd not discover a Tear or a Groan.

They sigh'd all the Night, & they gaz'd all the Day:
Thus weeping and gazing, and sighing away
Their languishing Lives, which they spent all in
In sighs, & in groans, & in amorous fears. (Tears,
And when the whole world was compos'd in a sleep,
Their grief kept them waking to sigh & to weep.
Thus wandring all night, to the stars they complain,
Of hardship, of fate, of their torments, and pain.

But when they no longer those pains cou'd endure
Their Love did begin for to seek out some Cure.
And so they appointed one Night for to meet
In some neighbouring Vally, and there for to greet:
And thence fly away to some far distant Cave,
To love at their leasure: contented to have
The joyes of each other; and there let loves flame
Burn quietly out without danger of blame.



And so when that Phœbus had run out his Race,
Fair Thisbe came first into the meeting place.
Impatient she stood and expected her Dear;
She thought that each moment he staid, was a year.
Then under a Mulberry-tree down she lies,
But scarce was lay down when she presently spies
A grim and fierce Lyon besmear'd all with Blood,
Came wandring down from the neighbouring wood

'Away run the Nimph to a Cave in a Fright.
She flyes, & her Mantle is lost in the flight:
Which the bloody Lyon takes up in his Pawes
He tears it, & then with the Raggs wipes his jawes.
Soon after poor Pyramus came for to find
His long wisht for Thisbe: but fate prov'd unkind.
For when divine joys he did hope for to have
He found but a winding sheet, death, & cold Grave.

For when that he saw his loves Mantle all torn
Bedew'd all with blood, & besmear'd all with Gore:
And then saw the Lyon from over the plain,
He falsly concluded his Thisby was slain.
O who can express the hart humane and smart,
The pangs and the anguish & grief of his heart?
He made the Woods ring with his pitiful moanes
The Rocks & the Mountains did Echo his Groans.

Alass: (said Pyramus) could the then find
No help from the Gods? are they so unkind?
Or else have they stole her away from our sight,
And so Rob'd the Earth to make Heaven more bright?
O tell me kind Stars! come and tell me but where
My Thisbe is gon, and Ile follow my dear.
Two death-wounds already I bear in my breast.
Once wounded by Love & by grief now oppest.

Ile weep out my life, & Ile sigh out my Soul:
Ile groan for my Love till my Carcass grows cold.
Her Mantle Ile take for my sad Winding-sheet,
In that mournful posture my Thisbe Ile meet.
But a languishing death comes with too much delay:
Great grief is impatient of so long a stay.
Ile make greater hast to my Love: at which word
The Youth stab'd himself to the heart with his Sword.

By this time fair Thisbe was come from her Cave
So pale that she ris like a Ghost from its Grave,
For when she her Pyramus dying did see,
She look'd much more like to a Carcass than he.
Would have thought that the Nimph would before him
She fell on his body her mournfully cry'd (have dy'd
O why my dear Pyramus art thou unkind?
Why run you away and leave Thisbe behind?

At Thisbies sweet Name the Youth lifts up his eyes:
He looks, & he sighs, & then shuts them close:
He gaz'd till he dy'd then content with the sight.
Away to Elizium his Soul took its flight.
And Thisbie did after it presently flye:
She struggled, & strove, and made hast for to dye.
And such hast she made in overtaking her dear
She never left off to complain nor let fall a Tear.

Her tender, and gentle heart soon burst with grief!
And Death stole away her fair Soul like a Thief.
Then down her cold body she lay by her Love.
Both pity'd by all the kind Gods of the Grove.
The amorous Turtles and Nightingalls sung
Their Obsequies: & mad Fairies their Knell rung.
And each loving Beast of the Wood left his Cave,
And came for to make the dead Lovers a Grave.

London Printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passinger, and W. Whitwood.

The Religious Mans Exhortation

to all Persons of what Degree soever,

Especially Youth; that they may fear God and Honour their Parents.

Reform thy Life then free from strife, thou wouldst be perfect free, } When e're you Dye, assuredly, to true Felicity.

To the Tune of, The Young-man's Legacy: Or, Sinners Redemption.

BOth young and old I pray attend,
unto the Counsel which I give,
And learn your sinful Lives to mend,
so may you here in comfort live.

Sin is the cause of trouble here,
as we by true experience find,
But if the Lord we serve and fear,
it will bring comfort to our mind.

Let us our Lives begin anew,
to God in true obedience stand,
Let Envy now be turned to
pure love & friendship through the Land.

For where we find this hearts th Lay,
in no ways will they disagree,
But strive all anger to allay,
and bear with any Injury.

Young men and Maids to you likewise,
I have a word or two to say,
See that these Lines you highly prize,
'twill be your own another day.

First God alone you ought to fear,
and let not Satan you insnare,
Next honour your kind Parents dear,
who brought you up in tender care.

Be sure you never do offend
your loving Parents meek and mild,
For sure no blessing can attend
a disobedient stubborn Child.

Respect to them you ought to show,
you can't too much in duty do;
You are not able now to know,
what they in love have don. for you.

Let Reason be your rule and guide,
to all your actions take good heed,
And mind Religion more then Pride,
for it will stand you in more stead.

Prize Vertue here far more then Vice,
and think upon thy future state,
Let not strange fashions you intice,
they are but as a Golden Bait,

For to betray the minds of Youth,
but in the end this sorrow brings,
O hearken to the word of truth,
which soon will learn you better things.

For should you spend your Youthful prime,
in taking sinful Liberty,
It is but as a moments time,
compared to Eternity.

For when thy Glass of Life is run,
and that thou must resign thy breath,
Thou wilt be ruin'd and undone,
if thou art not prepar'd for Death.

The Lord our Person does protect,
from him why should you go astray?
No longer now your time neglect,
repent while it is call'd to day.

Seek to the Lord thy Soul to save,
death neither old nor young will spare,
For many drops into the Grave,
while in their blooming years they are.

Then to the Lord for Mercy cry,
who will his Grace and Favour give,
And then being prepar'd to dye,
we are the fitter then to Live.

Consider well what I have said,
then may you all be happy still,
And never in the least afraid
of Death let him come when he will.

FINIS.

This may be Printed, R. P.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner,

The Rich FARMERS R

VVho Murmured at the Plenty of the Seasons, b could not Sell Corn so Dear as his Covet desired.

To the Tune of, *Why are my Eyes still flowing*, As it is play'd on the *Violin*. This may

A Wealthy Man a Farmer, who had Corn great store
Yet he was Cruel always to the Poor;
And as the truth of him does very well appear,
He thought he ne'r sold his Corn too dear;
As to the Market one day he did go
Finding the Prizes of Corn to be low;
Said he, before I will sell ought of mine,
I'le carry it home for to fatten my Swine.

In former days, as I can make it well appear,
By my own Farm I got hundreds a Year;
I sold for Ten the Corn that will not now fetch Five,
Is this the way for a Farmer to Thrive?

Yet I will now sell no more at this
But am resolved to stay for a Rise:
Thus he resolved to hoard up his sto
That he might then make a Prey of

Another Farmer likewise then was
Who when he heard him he thus did
You have a Farm and likewise Land
What cause have you then to make
I that have nothing but what I do
With Years of plenty, rejoyce in co
Give him the praise who such plenty
Lest when you murmur you highly

Ruine ;

ıs, becauſe he
vetous heart

s may be Printed, *R. P*

this Price,
Rife:
His ſtore,
Key of the Poor.

was ſtanding by,
is did reply ;
e Land, which is your own
make this ſad mean?
t I do Rent,
e in content :
plenty does ſend,
ighly offend.

Said the Miſer, what tho' I have got Houſe and Land,
Yet I would have you now well underſtand,
I am not free to ſee the waſting of it all,
And after that into Poverty fall :
Have we not reaſon, alas! to Complain,
To ſee the Cheapneſs of all ſorts of Grain?
If it continue, as ſure as the Sun,
I ſhall be ruin'd and clearly undone.

But Neighbour, pray tell me wherefore do you grieve?
Does not a plenty the poor Men relieve?
Here do I find, had you your will in ſelling Grain,
Then might the Poor ſoon have cauſe to complain:
For you are cruel, moſt harſh and ſevere,
Still think you can never ſell it too dear:
Tuſh, ſays the other, what's poor Men to me?
I'll keep my Corn till one Peck will fetch three.

Then home he went, and bitterly he did repine,
And in his Subſtance he ſoon did decline;
For he was ſoon as Poor as any Man alive,
For after this he by no means could Thrive:
As he was walking one day round his Ground,
His Houſe was Robb'd of five hundred pound;
Yet this was but the beginning of Woe,
For in two Years he was brought very low.

His Corn did waſte, and many of his Cattle dy'd,
Alſo great Loſſes and Croſſes beſide; (ſold,
Both Houſe and Land through perfect need, at length he
Nothing but Ruine he then could behold:
Tho' all was blaſted and clearly decay'd.
Yet none would pitty him, but thus they ſaid:
Seeing the Poor he did thus Circumvent,
This is no more then a juſt Puniſhment.

Like one forlorn and deſolate, he then did Roam,
Having no Dyet, Apparel, or Home,
But his poor Life he ended Lodging in a Barn,
From whence all Covetous Farmers may learn,
How to give thanks for a Plentiful Year,
And not to murmur that Corn is not dear:
For thoſe that ſhall do it moſt highly offend,
Think of this Farmers Unproſperous End.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Back, at the Black Boy on London-Bridge, near the Draw-Bridge.

Robin Hood's Delight :

OR, A merry Combate fought againſt *Robin Hood*, little *John* and *Will. Scarlet*, and th
ſtout Keepers in *Sherwood* Forreſt.

To the Tune of, Robin Hood *and* Queen *Katherine*, or, *Robin Hood* and the Shepherd.

There's ſome will talk of Lords and (Knights
down a down a down,
And ſome of Yeomen good,
But I will tell you of Will. Scarlet,
Little John and Robin Hood.

They were Outlaws, as 'tis well known,
down a &c.
And men of a noble blood;
And many a time was their valour ſhown
In the Forreſt of merry Sherwood.

Upon a time it chanced ſo,
down a &c.
As Robin would have it be,
They all three would a walking go,
Some paſtime for to ſee.

And as they walkt the Forreſt along,
down a &c.
Upon a Midſummer day,
There was he aware of three Forreſters
Clad all in green array.

With brave long Faulchions by their ſides,
down a &c.
And Forreſt-Bills in hand,
They call'd aloud to thoſe Outlaws
And charged them to ſtand.

Why who are you, cry'd bold Robin,
down a &c.
That ſpeaks ſo boldly here?
We three belong to King Henry,
And are Keepers of his Deer.

THe Devil thou art ſaid Robin Hood,
down a &c.
I am ſure it is not ſo:
We be Keepers in this Foreſt,
And that you ſoon ſhall know.
Your Coats of græn lay on the ground,
down a &c.
And ſo will we all three,
And take your ſwords and bucklers round,
And try the Victory.
We be content the Keepers ſaid,
down a &c.
We be three and no leſs,
Then why ſhould we of you be afraid,
And we never did tranſgreſs.
Why if you be the Keepers in this foreſt,
down a &c.
Then we be three Rangers good,
And we'l make you know before you do go
You met with bold Robin Hood.
We be content thou bold Outlaw,
down a &c.
Our valour here to try,
And will make you know before we go,
We will fight before we will fly.
Then come draw your ſwords you bold Outlaws,
down a &c.
And no longer ſtand to prate,
But let us try it out with blows,
For Cowards we do hate.

Here is one of us for Will. Scarlet,
down a &c.
And another for little John,
And I my ſelf for Robin Hood,
Becauſe he is ſtout and ſtrong.

So they fell to it full hardy and fore,
down a &c.
It was on a Midſummers day,
From eight a clock till two and paſt,
They all ſhew'd gallant play.

There Robin and Will. and little John,
down a &c.
They fought moſt manfully,
Till all their wind was ſpend and gone,
Then Robin aloud did cry.

O hold, O hold, cries bold Robin,
down a &c.
I ſee you be ſtout men,
Let me blow one blaſt with my beagle horn,
Then i'le fight with you again.
That bargin is to make bold Robin Hood,
down a &c.
Therefore we it deny:
Though a blaſt upon thy beagle horn
Cannot make us fight nor fye.
Therefore fall on or elſe be gone,
down a &c.
And yield to us the day,
It ſhall never be ſaid that we were afraid
Of thee nor thy Yeomen gay.
If that it be ſo, cryes bold Robin,
down a &c.
Let me but know your names,
And in the Foreſt of merry Sherwood
I ſhall extoll your Fames.
And with our names one of them ſaid,
down a &c.
What haſt thou here to do?
Except that thou will fight it out,
Our names thou ſhalt not know.
We will fight no more, ſays bold Robin,
down a &c.
You be men of valour ſtout,
Come and go with me to Nottingham,
And there we will fight it out.
With a Butt of Sack we will bang it out,
down a &c.
To ſee who wins the day,
And for the coſt make you no doubt,
I have gold and money to pay.
And ever hereafter ſo long as we live,
down a &c.
We all will brethren be,
For I love thoſe men with heart and hand,
That will fight and never flee.
So a way they went to Nottingham,
down a &c.
With Sack to make amends,
For three days ſpace they wine did chaſe,
And drank themſelves good friends,
down a down a down a down.

Printed for *William Thackery* at the *Angel* in *Duck lane*.

The Noble Fisher-Man.

Or Robin Hood's preferment shewing how he won a prize on the Sea and how he gave one half to his dame, and the other to the building of Alms-houses.

To the Tune of In Summer time, &c.

IN summer time when leaves grow green
when they grow both green and long,
Of a bold Out-law call'd Robin Hood,
it is of him I sing my Song.

When the Lilly Leaf and the Elephant,
doth bud and spring with a merry cheer,
This Out-law was weary of the wood-roe
and chasing of the Fallow Deer.

The Fisher-men have, more money have,
then any Merchant two or three,
Therefore I will to Scarbrough go,
that I a Fisher-man might be.

This Out-law called his merry men all,
as they sat under the Green-wood tree,
If you have any Gold to spend,
I pray you heartily spend it with me,

Now quoth Robin I'le to Scarbrough go,
it seems to be a very fair day,
Who took up his Inn at a Widdows house,
hard by upon the waters gray.

Who asked him, where wert thou born,
or tell to me where thou dost fare,
I am a poor Fisher-man, said he then,
this day intrapped all in care.

What is thy name thou fine fellow,
I pray thee heartily tell it to me.
In mine own Country where I was born,
men call me Simon over the Lee.

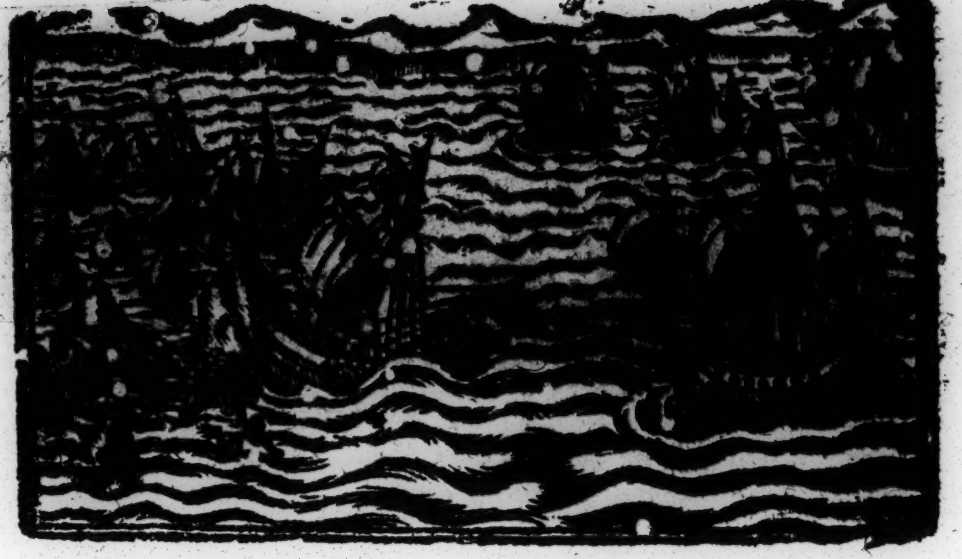
Simon, Simon, said the good wife,
I wish thou mayst well brook thy name,
The Out-law was ware of her courtesie,
and rejoyced he had got so good a dame.

Simon, wilt thou be my man?
and good round wages I will give thee,
I have as good a Ship of mine own,
as any Sails upon the Sea.

Anchors and Planks thou shalt not want,
Sails and Ropes that are so long,
And if thou thus furnish me,
said Simon nothing shall go wrong.

They pluckt up Anchor and away did sail,
more of a day then two or three,
When others cast in their bated hooks,
the bare Lines into the Sea cast he.

It will be long said the Master then,
ere this great Lubber do thrive on the sea,
I'le assure he shall have no part of our fish,
for in truth he is no part worthy.



O Woe is me, said Simon then,
this day that ever I came here,
I wish I were in Plompton Park,
in chasing of the Fallow-Deer.

For every Clown laughs me to scorn,
and they by me set nothing all,
If I had them in Plumpton Park,
I would set as little by them all.

They pluckt up Anchor and away did sail,
more of a day then two or three,
But Simon espyed a Ship of War,
that sailed toward them valourously.

O woe is me, said the Master then,
this day that ever I was born:
For all our Fish that we have got,
is every bit lost and forlorn.

For yon French Robber on the Sea,
they will not spare of us one man,
But carry us to the coast of France,
and lay us in the Prison strong.

But Simon said, do not fear them,
neither Master take you any care,
Give me my bent bow in my hand,
and never a French-man will I spare.

Hold thy peace thou long Lubber,
for thou art nought but brags and boast,
If I should cast thee over-board,
there's but a simple Lubber lost.

Simon grew angry at these words,
and so angry then was he,
That he took his bent bow in his hand,
and to the Ship-hatch go doth he.

Master tye me to the Mast,
that at my mark I may stand fast,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
and never a French-man will I spare.

He drew his Arrow to the very head,
and drew it with all might and main,
And in the twinkling of an eye,
doth the French-mans heart the arrow gain.

the Frenchman fell down on the ship-catch,
and under the hatches here below.
another French-man that him espy'd,
the dead corps into the Sea doth throw.

O Master loose me from the Mast, he said,
and for them all take you no care,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
and never a French-man will I spare.

Then they boarded the French Ship,
they lying all dead in their sight,
They found within the Ship of War,
twelve thousand pound in Money bright.

The one half of the Ship, said Simon then,
I'le give to my Dame and children small,
The other part of the ship, I'le give,
to you that are my fellows all.

But now bespake the Master then,
for so Simon it shall not be,
For you have won it with your own hands,
and the other thereof must be.

It shall be so as I have said,
and with this Gold for the oppress,
An Habitation I will build,
where they shall live in peace and rest.

Printed for W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.

The Famous Battel between *Robin Hood*, and the *Curtal Fryar*.

To a New Northern Tune.

The Curtal Fryar.

Robin Hood.

IN Summer time when trees grow green
and flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men,
were disposed to play:
Then some would leap and some would Run,
and some would use Artillery,
Which of you can a good Bow draw,
a good Archer to be?
Which of you can kill a Buck?
or who can kill a Doe?
Or who can kill a Hart of Greece,
five hundred foot him fro?
Will Scadlock he kill'd a Buck,
and Midge he kill'd a Doe;
And little John kill'd a Hart of Greece,
five hundred foot him fro:
Gods blessing on thy heart, said Robin Hood
that shot such a shoot to me,
I would ride my Horse an hundred miles,
to find one could match thee.
That caused Will Scadlock to laugh,
he laught full heartily,
There lives a curtal Fryar in Fountain-Abby
will beat both him and thee.
Robin Hood put on his Harness good,
and on his head a Cap of Steel,
Broad Sword and Buckler by his side,
and they became him weel.
He took his Bow into his hand,
it was of a trusty tree,
With a Sheaf of Arrows at his Belt,
to the Fountains Dale went he.
And coming unto Fountains Dale,
no farther would he ride.
There was he ware of a Curtal Fryar,
walking by the water side.
The Fryar had a Harness good,
and on his head a Cap of Steel,
Broad Sword and Buckler by his side,
and they became him weel.
Robin Hood lighted off his Horse,
and tyed him to a thorn,
Carry me over the water thou Curtal Fryar,
or else thy life's forlorn.
The Fryar took Robin Hood on his back,
deep water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
till he came at the other side.
Lightly leapt Rob. Hood off the Fryars back,
the Fryar said to him again,
Carry me over the water thou fine fellow,
or it shall breed thy pain.
Robin Hood took the Fryar on his back,
deep water he did bestride,
And speak neither good word nor bad,
till he came at the other side.
Lightly leapt the Fryar off Robin Hoods back
Robin Hood said to him again,
Carry me over the water thou Curtal Fryar,
or it shall breed thy pain.
The Fryar took Robin Hood on's back again
and stept up to the knee,
Till he came at the middle stream,
neither good nor bad spake he.
And coming to the middle stream,
there he threw Robin in,
And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,
whether thou wilt sink or swim.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

Robin Hood ſwam to a buſh of Broom,
the Fryar to a wigger wand,
Bold Robin Hood is gone to the ſhore,
and took his Bow in hand.
One of his beſt Arrows under his Belt,
to the Fryar he let flye,
The Curtal Fryar with his Steel Buckler,
he put that Arrow by.
Shoot on, ſhoot on, thou fine fellow,
ſhoot as thou haſt begun,
If thou ſhoot here a Summers day,
thy mark I will not ſhun.
Robin Hood ſhot ſo paſſing well,
till his Arrows were all gone,
They took their Swords and ſteel Bucklers,
they fought with might and main,
From ten o'th Clock that day,
till four i'th Afternoon,
Then Robin Hood came to his knees,
of the Fryar to beg a boon.
A boon, a boon, thou Curtal Fryar,
I beg it on my knee,
Give me leave to ſet my Horn to my mouth,
and to blow blaſts three.
That will I do, ſaid the Curtal Fryar,
of thy blaſts I have no doubt,
I hope thou'lt blow ſo paſſing well,
till both thy eyes fall out.
Robin Hood ſet his Horn to his mouth,
he blew out blaſts three,
Half a hundred Yeomen with Bows bent,
came ranging over the Lee.
Whole men are theſe, ſaid the Fryar,
that come ſo haſtily?
Theſe men are mine, ſaid Robin Hood,
Fryar, what is that to thee.
A boon, a boon, ſaid the Curtal Fryar,
the like I gave to thee,
Give me leave to ſet my Fiſt to my mouth,
and to whute whutes three.
That will I do, ſaid Robin Hood,
or elſe I were to blame,
Three whutes in a Fryars Fiſt,
would make me glad and fain.

The Fryar he ſet his Fiſt to his mouth,
and whuted whutes three,
Half a hundred good bay Dogs,
came running the Fryar unto.
Here is for every man a Dog,
and I my ſelf for thee.
Nay by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,
Fryar that may not be.
Two Dogs at once to Robin Hood did go,
the one behind the other before,
Robin Hoods Mantle of Lincoln green,
off from his back they tore.
And whether his men ſhot Eaſt or Weſt,
or they ſhot North or South,
The Curtles Dogs ſo taught they were,
they caught the Arrows in their mouth.
Take up thy Dogs, ſaid little John,
Fryar at my bidding be,
Whose man art thou, ſaid the Curtal Fryar,
comes here to prate with me?
I am little John, Robin Hoods man,
Fryar I will not lye,
If thou take not up thy Dogs ſoon,
I'le take up them and thee.
Little John had a Bow in his hand,
he ſhot with might and main,
Soon half a ſcore of the Fryars Dogs,
lay dead upon the plain.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid the Curtal Fryar,
thy Maſter and I will agree,
And we will have new orders taken,
with all the haſt that may be.
If thou wilt forſake fair Fountain Dale,
and Fountain-Abby free.
Every Sundy through the year,
a Noble ſhall be thy fee.
And every Holiday through the year
changed ſhall thy Garments be,
If thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,
and there remain with me.
This Curtal Fryar had kept Fountain Dale,
ſeven long years and more,
There was neither Knight, Lord nor Earl,
could make him yield before.

Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *J. Millet*, and *A. Milbourn*.

The True Pattern of Loyalty: *Being,*

The Happy Agreement

Betwixt William & Susan.

Or, The Young Squire's Conquest over the Beauteous Damsel.

This Damsel dear, her Love did chear when ceased to be coy, {} She gave consent, now true content, is what they both enjoy.

To the Tune of, Charon make haste; &c.

William and Susan they happily meeting,
straight they sat down by a Rivers side,
Where I discover'd these true Lovers greeting
Susan, said he, wilt thou be my Bride,:
Why should we any longer tarry,
let us in perfect love agree,
Here I protest if I ever Marry,
I will have none in the world but thee.

I will endue thee with Jewels and treasure,
always maintain thee both neat and brave:
There is no Lady enjoys greater pleasure,
thou shalt have what thy who'e heart can crave:
Prithee my dearest do but try me,
for I delight in Loyalty,
Grant me the blessing, and don't deny me,
sure I love none in the World but thee.

NOthing but true love alone I require,
do not torment me with any frown,
I will adorn thee with costly attire,
there is no Lady in London Town
That shall be able to Out-vie thee:
never was Man more kind and free,
Jewels and other rich Jemms I'le buy thee,
for I love none in the World but thee.

William I'de have you to leave of your Wooeing,
I have another true love in store,
Why should you thus run on the Rock of Ruin,
is there not many young Beauties more?
Dearest though there be ne'r so many,
this is but small content to me,
If that I ever do marry any,
it shall be none in the World but thee.

For thee I'le ingage in the sharpest Duel,
e're any person shall me abuse,
Thus in the talking away my dear Jewel,
as long as I have a life to lose:
I am unworthy of thy favour,
if I should then a Coward be,
Loose thee, my dearest, O bye I had rather
for I love none in the world but thee.

Said she, you have made here a large relation,
how you will venture for me the field,
May like wise in what a most noble fashion,
you would maintain me, would I but yield,
Yet you may happen to deceive me,
young men are often false we see,
Susan said he, if thou wilt believe me,
I love no Creature alive but thee:
Dearest I am thy unfeighned pretender;
what I was first I am still the same,
All that I have I will freely surrender,
to thee, or else I was much to blame:
Sure I can ne'r be so ungrateful,
as to return a frown on thee
There is nothing that I hold so hateful,
than to be found in disloyalty.

The Maidens Reply.

Love, I no longer can stop your proceeding,
this with a trembling voice she layd
My heart is wounded, which now does lye bleeding,
of me you have surely a conquest made:
Love is a soft and gentle fire,
which does compell me to agree,
Thou art the man whom I much admire;
now I love none in the World but thee.

Never was creature adorn'd with more graces,
then his dear darling who was not coy,
And the young Squire with tender Imbraces,
in the sweet Raptures of Love and joy,
The which is far beyond expressing,
my loyal lover then said she,
No one but thee shall enjoy the blessing.
now I love none in the World but thee.

FINIS.

This may be Printed, *R. P.*

Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking-Glass
on London-Bridge.

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The Royoters Ruine,

In a Dialogue betwixt a Spend-thrift and a Whore.

Or, a Relation of a two-penny Bargain.

Of a Spend-thrift proffering two pence to a Whore
Having ſpent all but that on her before.

The Tune is, *He that hath moſt Money is the beſt Man.*

A Lufty young Shaver, a vapouring Gallant,
That vainly had ſpent, and conſum'd his eſtate,
In Taverns and Ale-houſes waſting his talent
Reſolving, repentance did then come too late,
Examining then of his Pocket, he found it
Was very much empty, and he was grown poor,
Quoth he now my Moners gone all to one two-pence
I'l make a clear end and ſpend that on a Whore.

And as along in the ſtréets he was walking
He chanced with one of his Mobs for to méet,
All in her ſilks and her bravery adorned
With a Complement he there his Mohſe did gréet,
Sweet heart if you will go with me to an Ale-houſe,
And grant me thy pleaſure now I am grown poor
I have but one two-pence left, on thée I'l ſpend it,
Quoth ſhe then go look out your two-penny Whore.

My dearéſt thou knoweth my former condition
And how I have ſpent my eſtate upon thée,
And now for to ſlight me it breeds my contrition,
And makes me with ſorrow tormented to be.
For I have but two-pence left, and I will ſpend it,
On thee, I protéſt my love I have no more,
Quoth ſhe you may ſerve for a Pimp to another
For I will be none of your two-penny Whore.

When formerly I in my silks was adorned
And about my neck wore, a fine flanders lac'd
Upon my head was nole's then a Beaver, (Band
What was there then I had not at command
Remember that we two, at that time together,
Took sweet recreation, before I was poor,
Quoth she Sir at that time I was your companion,
And what must I now be your two-penny Whore.

My former acquaintance with nearest relations
Because I before their advise would not take
Do very much slight me, men of reputation
My company shuns, and do me quite forsake,
And bids me go seek for my bawdy companions
Where I have consum'd my estate all before,
Nd. she I would have all your friends for to know it
That I will be none of your two-penny Whore.

Thou know'st that in company we two together
Have caused five pounds to be spent at a Clap
All out of my Pocket O how canst thou slight me,
And then could so closely hugge me in thy Lap.
It was for my money and not for my person,
That you did my company so much adore
However I pray thee bestow me this two pence,
Quoth she I will not be your two penny whore.

How often with Oaths, and with great protestation
Ingaged you have to be faithful to me,
In weal or in woe I should here be forsaken,
And now all my Coyn's gone, I slighted must be
But yet here's a two pence left pray thee now take it
And let us do once as we have done before.
Quoth she I here did for two pence and therefore
Be packing and hunt out your two penny whore.

Well then my dear Love if you, I not be perswaded
To take this my money because it is small,
Let us do a little, a very, very little
For former acquaintance and that shall be all.
Quoth she, I do scorn for to break my old custome,
Another man I have to wait on therefore
I must bid a farewel both to you and your two pence
For I scorn to be counted a two penny whore.

Quoth she Sir before we depart I will tell you,
I dare undertake, to prescribe you a way
How you may be doing, then let's to an Alehouse
But take notice before, Halfe a Crown is my pay
Then give your two pence in earnest at present
You shall have your request sir, although you be poor
But this I must tell you before you begin it,
Ile set seven Groats Sir upon your old score.

And thus you may see the condition of wantons
And in what a wanton condition they are,
Before they will leave of their lustful occasions
If they cannot get money they trust out their ware,
They'l keep a man company while his Coyn lasteth
And never forsake him untill he be poor.
And then much ado he shall have with his wanton,
For one single Jobbe to set on the score.

You Gallants and others I wish you be careful,
That have an Estate, lest you vainly it waste
And fly evil company, of them be fearful,
Lest into Poverty you should be cast,
And afterwards you be forc't with submission
To creep unto those where you spent all your store
The best way I know of, for you to prevent it,
Is to keep your goods out of the hands of a Whore.

Printed for T. Passenger at the three Bibles on the middle of London Bridge.

THE Lord RUSSELS Farewel,

VVho was Beheaded for *High-Treason*, in Lincolns-Inn-Fields'

JULY 21*st.* 1683.

To the Tune of, *Tender hearts of* London *City.*

Pride the bane of humane creatures, will corrupt the best of natures, when it soars

to its full height, who can stand it or command it, when the object is in sight?

Reason is no more our jewel,
When our dearest thoughts are cruel,
all her Maxims are forgot:
Else what reason, was for Treason,
or this base inhumane Plot.

Russel that injoy'd the treasure,
Every way repleat with pleasure,
had Allegiance quite forgot:
Hopes of rising did advise him,
to this base inhumane Plot.

Who alas! could he desire,
That himself could not require,
pride did only him bestott;
To aspire to grow higher,
By a base inhumane Plot.

Safely might have liv'd for ever,
In a gracious Princes favour,
and more honour there have got:
Then his thoughts what e're they
By any base inhumane Plot. (wrought,

Those false hopes that did deceive him.
With his nature will nht leave him,
nor with his poor body rot:
Whilst records, the world affords,
his Treason ne'r will be forgot.

Better be the Earl of Bedford,
Then for Treason loose his Head for't,
and to make his name a blot:
In each Lybel as a Rebbell,
In a base inhumane Plot.

If his Prince had ever left him,
Or of any Grace bereft him,
e're his Treason force his Lot:
Yet Obedience and Alegience,
should have kept him from this Plot.

Treason is a Crime 'gainst nature,
Against Kings the highest matter,
sure can never be forgot:
he that blames him does prophane him
and his soul is in the Plot.

Russel dy'd then unlamented,
By all men but who consented
to this damn'd inhumane Plot:
To Distroy the Nations joy,
the King and Monarchy should Rot.

But Heavens preserve the Crimson
And bring all the rest to tryal (Royal
who Alegience have forgot:
And confounded be each Round-head,
in this damn'd inhumane Plot.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden Ball, in West-smithfield.

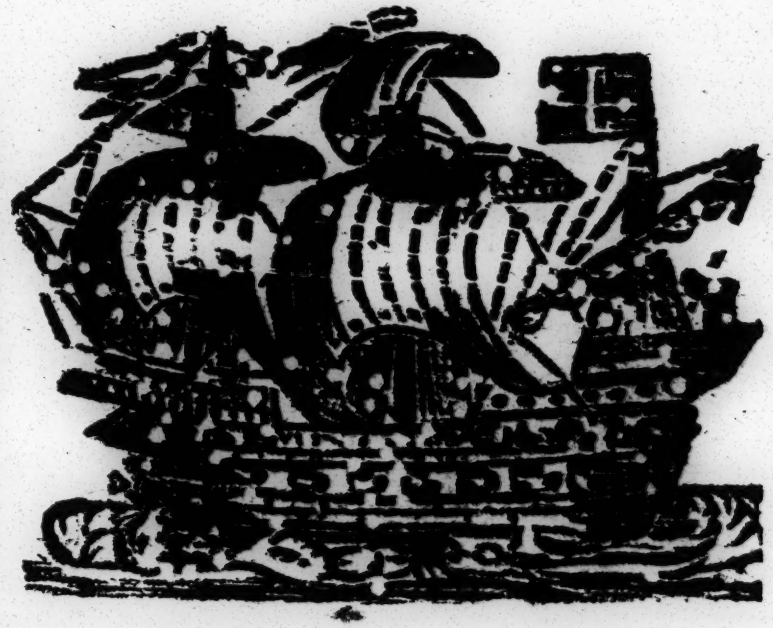
The SEAMAN's COMPLAINT
FOR HIS
Unkind Mistress of Wapping:

Together with

The Young Woman's Answer in her own Vindication.

To the Tune of, I love you dearly, I love you well, &c.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order, &c.



When I went early in the spring,
On board a ship to serve the King,
I left my dearest Love behind,
Who said her heart for e're was mine.

Her Love appear'd most true to be,
And she on board would go with me;
She went as far as the Boy i'th' Nore,
And then return'd back to the shore.

Oft-times I hug'd her in my arms,
I thought she had a thousand charms;
Our vows we bound with kisses sweet,
To marry next time we did meet.

A golden chain I did present,
She seemed very well content;
She sigh'd, and said, It breaks my heart,
To think my Love and I must part.

While I was sailing on the sea,
I took all opportunity,
To send letters unto my Dear,
But yet from her I ne'r could hear.

When we were booming of a town,
Where cannon-balls flew up and down,
I'th' worst of all those dangers there,
My thoughts was still upon my Dear.

But since we are returned home,
My Love I went to wait upon,
Who did in Wapping dwell of late,
And now has made me unfortunate.

For when I to her Father came,
And ask'd for my Love by her name,
Her Father churlishly did cry,
Sir, all your love she does deſie.

Said I, what mean you, Sir, by this?
To tell you true, she wedded is
To a rich old Man for all her life,
And you may look for another Wife.

Curſt on all falſe love where-e'r it be,
A curſe on all ſuch perjury;
A curſe on thoſe who-e r do make,
Or break a vow for riches ſake.

A curſe on gold and ſilver too,
A curſe upon that Miſer, who
Has made his Daughter change her mind,
Oh! Womens tongues are like the wind.

Adieu all comfort of my life,
Adieu the pleaſures of a Wife,
Adieu all falſe-hearts here on ſhore,
For I will ne'r ſee England more.

I'll go where boombs and cannons play,
Where they ne'r ceaſe both night nor day,
I'll range the ſeas until I die,
Where waves are toſſing mountains high.

Since I have loſt my heart's delight,
I bid unto the World good night,
I'd rather be where bullets fly,
Than in a Woman's company.

The young Woman's Anſwer.

I N e'ry ſtreet I hear 'em ſing
My Love's complaint, who ſerv'd the
I went with him to the Boy i'th' Nore,
And could have gone all the World o're.

He ſays my love appeared true,
I do declare it was ſo too;
And let his love be ne'r ſo great,
Mine was as much, tho' unfortunate.

A golden chain I had of him,
Which I will freely return again;
As for my ſighing when we did part,
'Twas from the bottom of my heart.

Then both of us did ſtraight agree,
At his return married to be;

As for his letters he ſent to Town,
I do declare I ne'r had one.

But now I find it (tho' too late)
My Love complains of his hard fate,
But 'tis my Father's fault indeed,
He often ſaid that you were dead.

Thoſe letters that you ſent to me,
My Father would not let me ſee;
But always ſaid, Child be at reſt,
For thy Sweet-heart was ſlain at Breſt.

Then he perſwaded me to wed
To a rich old Man that's almoſt dead;
It's true I'm married, and am a Wife,
I wiſh I'd liv'd ſingle all my life.

I always lov'd a Seaman brave,
And once I was in hopes to have
Him which I now ne'r expect to ſee;
You Maidens all then pity me.

While we are young and once in love,
It looks like bleſſings from above;
Yet our Friends oftentimes will make
Us break thoſe vows for riches ſake.

And as for gold and ſilver too,
I freely curſe it as well as you;
For if that had not caus'd this ſtrife,
Then you and I had been Man and Wife.

Altho we both are croſt in love,
Your reſolution I'd have ye move;
Since now you ſee the fault's not mine,
Think not ſo hard on woman-kind.

Where one Woman is falſe in love,
A hundred Men they falſe do prove;
Tho' I lay not this charge to you,
Nor I hope you don't think me untrue.

Return, return, I beg my Dear,
For here are thouſand Women here,
That are more beautiful than I,
Therefore ne'r go where bullets fly.

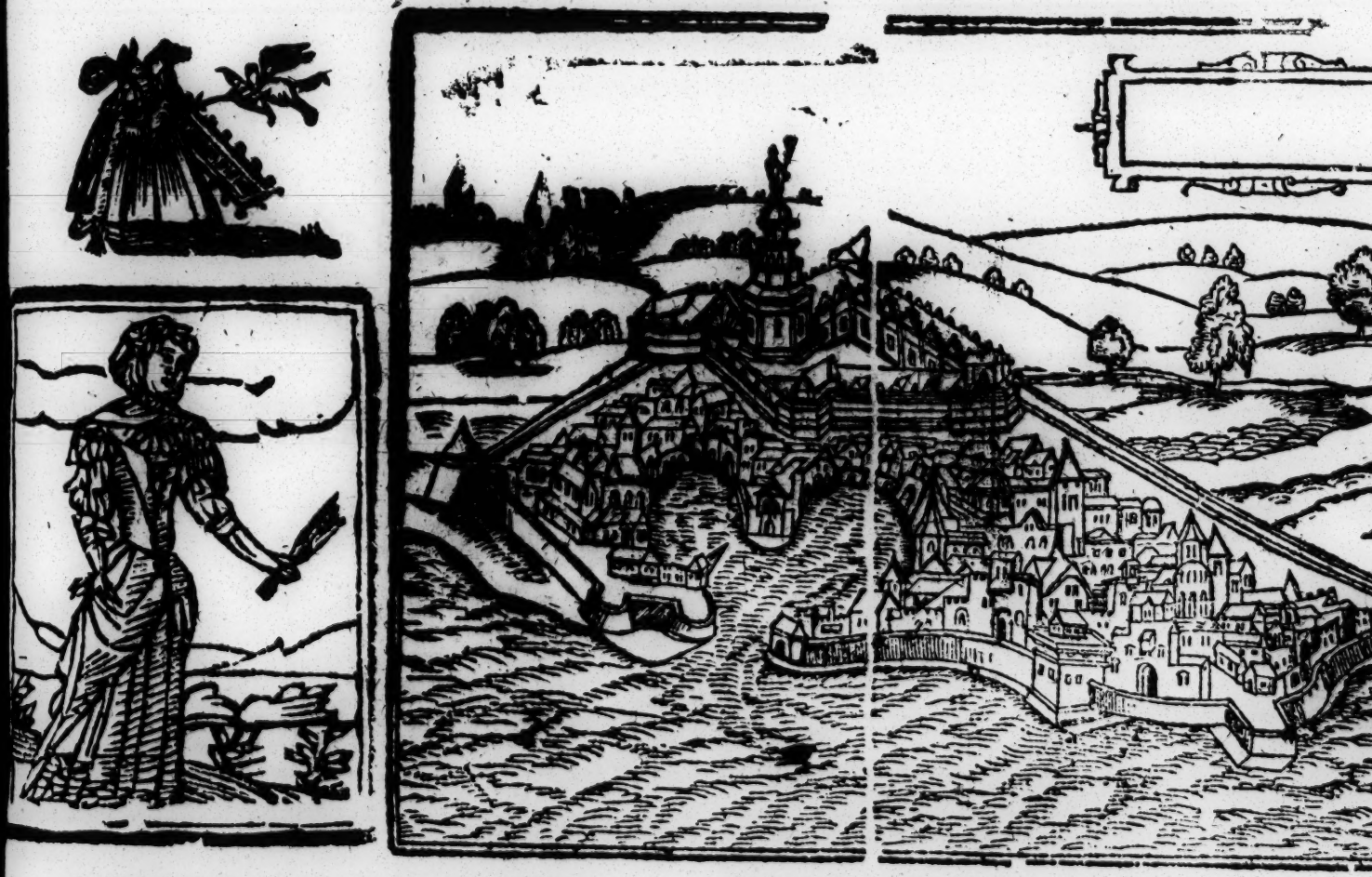
'Twould be the comfort of my life,
To ſee you have a happy Wife,
Tho' I am croſt, 'twill eaſe my pain,
To ſee you once return'd again.

London: Printed for Charles Baker.

The Seamans ſorowful Bri

See here the conſtant mournful Bride,
In ſorrow doth complain;
For fear her joy and hearts delight,
Should ne'r return again.

To the Tune of, *Ah! Jenny Gin.*



My Love is on the blackiſh Sea,
and I am on this ſide,
'Twould break a poor young creatures heart,
that lately was a Bride:
That lately was a joyful Bride,
ſo pleaſant to the eye,
But Hollands Land, doth me withſtand,
and part my Love and I.

The Love that I in heart have choſe,
I therewith am content,
The floating Sea ſhall Wyed be,
ere I will repent:
But cruel Fate my joys arreſt,
it cannot helped be,
Ah! ſtill I do cry, moſt mournfully,
fate parts my Love and me.

O gentle Neptune be ſo kind,
to ſend him back again,
He ne'r will be out of my mind,
that now hath croſt the Main:
Oh hapleſs Bride, ſo ſoon to looſe
the pleaſure of thine eye,
But rigid fate, my bliſs doth hate,
and parts my Love and I.

ride.

No sleep shall give my troubled mind
a comfortable hour,
For while my Love is on the Main,
fears do my joys devour:
And e'ry blast that blows, I fear,
my Love should drowned lye,
But 'tis a grief, beyond relief,
so Love for thee i'le dye.

Ah! cruel Fate, too much unkind,
why dost thou serve me so?
Give ease to my destressed mind,
and banish all my woe;
For I shall never be at rest,
till I my Love do see,
Then gentle wind, be sure be kind,
ne'r part my Love and me.

You sturdy Rocks be sure give way,
and let my Love sail by,
For if he should be made your Prey,
in what a case were I:
Or if the waves should cruel prove,
which I ne'r hope to spy,
I should be lost, and strangely crost,
to part my Love and I.

Blow wind and send a happy Gale,
that he may home return,
If thou but fill his prosperous Sail
I need no longer mourn:
My happiness will be compleat,
when him I chance to see,
Now I lament, in discontent,
since Fate parts him and me.

You powerful Stars that Mortals rule,
mind but my sad complaint,
And send me home my Love again,
that now am like to faint:
I sigh, I pant, I waste away,
no pleasures can I see,
Since my Delight, is out of sight,
and fate parts him and me.

Now must I blame the cruel wind
that sent my Love away,
O fates, why were you so unkind,
as not to let him stay:
Just in the bud of all my joys.
could you so cruel be,
To banish hence, my Love, my Prince,
and part my Love and me.

Is it in vain to sigh and mourn,
unhappy then am I,
Or now because I am forlorn,
must I in sorrow dye?
No, no, I hope there's joys in store,
that I may live to see,
Though now oppress, I may be blest,
Heavens bless my Love and me.

The Seaman's Answer.

Leave off thy tears my only joy,
since I am safe arriv'd:
Let not this grief my Love destroy,
nor be of hopes depriv'd;
For I'le imbrace thee in my Arms,
and fill thee with such bliss;
That Venus with her dallying Charms,
envies our happiness.

Though I upon the Seas was tost,
when absent from my Dear:
Fearing each moment to be lost,
yet this my comfort were:
That I should safe again return,
which now I find is true;
And since I in Loves passion burn,
I bid the Seas adieu.

Now we will revel day and night,
within each others Arms;
In thee shall be my chief delight,
I'le shield thee from all harms;
Kindly thy body I'le imbrace,
and ever constant be.
No other joys shall e're take place,
I'le live and dye with thee.

Printed for J. Deacon, in Guilt-spur-street.

A Serious Diſcourſe between two Lovers.

This Song will teach young Men to woo,
And ſhew young Maidens what to do;
Nay it will learn them to be cunning too,

To the Tune of, When Sol will caſt no Light, Or, Deep in Love.

J. Wade.

MY pretty little Rogue
do but come hither,
With thee I'le not collogue,
if thou'lt conſider,
Thy paines for thee I've took,
Cupid ſo wounded me,
But now I'me in the Brook,
if thou doſt not love me.

I'le forſake all my Kin,
Father and Mother
I value not a Pin,
or any other,
'Tis only thy ſweet face,
the which doth move me.
And I think thou haſt ſome grace,
and thou'lt love me.

Riches I'le promiſe none,
nor no great Treaſure,
Becauſe I'le do no wrong,
to thee my Pleaſure;
But all that e're I have
thou ſhalt command it,
And I'le maintain thee brave,
thou'ſt underſtand it,

My Word nor yet my Oath
ſhall not be broken,
Then take this ſuggared kiſs
in ſign of Loves Token.
My heart is firm and true,
then let pity move thee,
I'le not ſeek for a new,
if thou'lt but love me.

The Maid.

GOod Sir I thank you fine
for what is ſpoken,
But all's non gold that ſhines,
and as for your token,
I ſhall not it receive,
though you do move me,
My joy thou'lt here bereave,
for I cannot love thee.

Young men can ſwear and lie,
but who will believe them.
All goodneſs they deſie,
and it here grieves them.
Only to tempt a Maid
by their deluſion,
Therefore I am afraid
'twill breed confuſion.

A Maid had need beware
that doth mean honeſt,
Leſt ſhe fall in a ſnare,
when they do promiſe;
For they'le vow and ſware
they'le never leave you,
But when they know your mind,
then they'le deceive you.

Therefore I will be wiſe,
leſt I be taken,
In a fools Paradice,
and then be forſaken,
I'le put no truſt in man
to one nor other,
Let them do what they can,
if't were my brother.

The Man.

My Dear you do but jeſt,
I may boldly ſpeak it,
Of all I love thee beſt,
prithee ſo take it,
There is no fleſh alive,
ever ſhall move me;
If thou wilt be my wife,
I'le dearly love thee.

Servants on thee ſhall tend,
and come at thy pleaſure,
For I will be thy friend,
to bring thee Treaſure.
What canſt thee wiſh for more?
then do but prove me,
And thou ſhalt plainly find
how dear I love thee.

For means thou ſhalt not want,
if I do gain thee.
I have good houſe and land,
for to maintain thee.
I have good Sheep i'th field,
and Beaſts that's proving.
All is at thy command,
if thou'lt be loving.

I'le give thee gold my Dear,
I'le give thee Mony,
Then thou needs not to fear,
I'le be thy honey.
No Lady in the Land,
ever ſhall move me,
Thou'lt have my heart and hand,
if thou'l't but love me.

The Maid.

Your words are very fair,
I much commend you,
Seeing you are ſo rare,
thus I'le befriend you.
Though at firſt I was coy,
'twas but to prove thee,
Yet now I'le be thy joy,
and dearly love thee.

The Young man hearing this,
by the hand took her,
The bargain ſeal'd with a kiſs,
he nere forſook her,
But ſtrait to Church they went,
things were ſo carried,
He gave his Love content,
when they was married.

Thus all young Maids may find,
young man are honeſt,
If they bear the like mind,
true to their promiſe.
But if they falſifie,
who can believe them,
And when they have loſt their Loves,
then it doth grieve them.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Paſſenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

THE School of Venus.

VVhen Lusty Lads and Lasses meet,
and merrily do play ;
The pleasures are so strong and sweet,
both Sexes Love obey.

Tune of, *Hail to the Mirtle Shade.*

HOw long shall I sigh and mourn,
and part with my sorrowful tears,
How long shall I live forlorn,
possessed with troubles and fears ;
Now, now I do vow and protest,
the torment is great that I feel ;
And I am debarr'd of rest,
my sorrows I cannot reveal.

Oh who could imagine that love
should prove such a terrible pain,
There's nothing my pangs can remove,
while my love doth show me disdain ;
For passion grows stronger, and stronger
and let me do all that I can ;
These plagues I'le endure no longer,
but will have a bout with a man.

Though Father and Mother perswade,
their labours will prove but in vain,
My thinks I'm too old for a Maid,
all people they will me disdain :
My Maiden-head I will not keep,
whatever to me doth betide,
I never shall quietly sleep,
till I have a stout Lad by my side.

How happy are those that are wed,
and nightly do tast of that bliss,
For want of which I am half dead,
and hardly can meet with a kiss :
No creature was ever more vext,
then I for the want of a man ;
But I'le be no longer perplext,
I'le have one this night if I can.

There's many more younger then I
have talked what I do so want,
It makes me put finger in eye,
to think that young-men are so scant;
And my heart it is ready to burst
since I can no comfort enjoy,
Of Virgins sure I am the worst,
with me there is none that will toy.

A young-man that heard her complain,
unto her he did hastily go,
He told her he'd ease her of pain,
and banish her sorrow and woe:
He catch'd her fast hold in his arms,
and gave her sweet kisses good store,
She freely could put up these harms,
by no means she'd give o're.

At last he so wanton did grow,
that nothing could serve but the bed:
She thither did willingly go,
and parted with her Maiden-head:
Such kissing and clipping was there,
the like was scarce ever before,
The youngster could not forbear,
while she cry'd for more and more.

But when she the youngster had tam'd,
his courage began to grow cool,
His eagerness then she much blam'd,
and told him he did like a fool:
Had you fair and softly gone,
you might have continu'd till night:
But when you were forc'd to be gone,
you rob'd me of joy and Delight.

And every minute, said she,
to me will appear as a year,
Till again I do dally with thee,
who now art my Joy and my dear:
No pleasure before that I knew,
could be half so pleasant as this:
Quoth she, I'le thy courage renew,
by the charms of an amorous kiss.

About his neck she laid her arms,
till kisses had made him half mad,
And by the force of her charms,
had wearyed the young wanton Lad:
Then sighing to her he did say,
I now must be forc'd to give o're;
No longer the wanton I'le play,
this time I can kiss thee no more.

Printed for *Josiah Blare*, at the *Looking-Glass* on *London-Bridge*.

The Scolding WIFE

To a pleaſant new Tune.

THere was young-man for lucre of gain,
He lov'd a Widow well,
His Friends did tell him often and plain,
in ſcolding ſhe did excel.
Why that is no matter, quoth he,
ſo I may have her Bags of Gold,
let her not ſpare to Brawl and Scold,
For I'll be as merry as merry may be.

This Woodcock wedded his hearts deſire,
a Widow with Money enough;
They was not ſo ſoon out of the Quire
e'er ſhe begun to ſnuff:
Methink you be very fine,
you can no quicker get you hence,
without ſuch large and great expence,
Of ſugared Sops and muſick to dine.

They was not all at ſupper ſet,
or at the board ſate down,
E'er ſhe began to brawl and ſcold,
and call'd him a peaking Clown:
That nothing he could doe
that was pleaſing in her ſight;
but ſtill ſhe ſcolded day and night,
Which made this merry man's heart full of woe.

If he had provided any good cheer
for him and her alone,
Then she wou'd a said, with words more hot,
you might a done this of your own.
If sparingly he will be,
then she would have said with words more hot
I will not be pinch'd of what I brought,
But of mine own I will be free.

That nothing he could doe
That was pleasing in his sight,
But still she scolded day and night, (woe.
Which made this merry man's hearts full of
O God in his Prayer he did beseech
To take his Life away,
A hundred times he curst
The Priest, the Clerk, the Sexton too,

And tongue that did the Widow woe,
And legs that brought him first.
It fell out upon a day
that with his friends he did devise
to make her of her scolding guise,
And what they did they shall be weary:
They got and ty'd her Arms
She could not them undoe,

And many other pretty Charms
they used her unto,
Her Petticoat was rent and torn,
Upon her Back they did put on,
They tore her Smock sleeves all along,
As if a Bedlam she had been born;
Her hair about her head they shook,
All with a bramble Bush.

They ring her Arms in every crook
Till out the blood did gush,
And with an Iron Chain
Fast by the Leg he did her tye,
There within an old dark House by:
So soon he went away again,
And with a Countenance so sad,
He did his Neighbours call:

Quoth he, my Wife is Mad,
She doth so rave and brawl:
Help Neighbours all therefore,
To see if that you can reclaim
My Wife into her Wits again
For she is troubled wondrous sore.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye-corner.

The Scolding Wives Vindication:

OR, An ANSWER to the

CUCKOLD'S COMPLAINT.

Wherein ſhe ſhows what juſt Reaſons ſhe had to exerciſe Severity
her inſufficient Husband.

To the Tune of, The Cuckold's Complaint. Licenſed according to Ord

I Have been abus'd of late,
by ſome of the Poet's Crew,
Who ſays, I broke my Husband's Pate,
but this I did never do.

'Tis true I his Ears did ruff,
and gave him a Kick or two;
For this I had juſt Cauſe enough,
becauſe he would nothing do.

He's lain like a Log of Wood,
in Bed, for a year or two,
And wont afford me any good,
he nothing at all would do.

I am in my blooming Prime,
dear Neighbours I tell you true
I am loft to loſe my Teeming Ti
yet nothing at all he'll do.

He ſays that I keep a Friend,
but what if I did keep two,
There's no one can me diſcommen
for nothing, &c.

I make it full well appear,
to be both juſt and true,
I kept my Maiden-head Two Year
for nothing at all he'd do.

Sometimes he'd give me a Kiss,
and I wou'd return him two,
But when he comes to farther Bliss
he nothing at all wou'd do.

I am a young Burome Dame,
and fain would my Joys renew,
But my poor Cuckold is to blame,
he nothing, &c.

He says I have him abus'd,
but what if this same be true?
For this I may be well excus'd,
since nothing, &c.

Sure never was Wife so fool'd
as I, for a year or two;
I did for him whate'er I could,
yet nothing, &c.

I feasted him e'ery day,
with Lamb-stones, and Cock-broths too,
Yet all this Cost was thrown away,
he nothing, &c.

I fed him with Jelly of Chicks,
and curious Egg-Caudles too,
I'le good fed him with Faggot-sticks,
for nothing, &c.

He lyes like a lump of Clay,
such Husbands there is but few,
'Twould make a Woman run astray,
when nothing, &c.

Now now let him take his ease,
and sleep while the Skye looks blue,
I have a Friend my mind to please,
since nothing, &c.

Long, long, have I liv'd at strife,
I kick'd, and I cuff'd him too,
He's like to live no better Life,
since nothing at all he'll do.

I solemnly do declare,
believe me this is true,
He shall dig Gravel next Horn-Fair,
and that he is like to do.

Printed for *P. Brooksby. J. Deacon. J. Blare. J. Back.*

The STATES-MAN'S
Last Will and Testa

OR,

His worthy Legacies left to his beloved Cronies, for whom he had a par

Tune of, *O rare Popery.*

ALas! I am taken most monstrous ill,
Sweet Writer bring hither your Paper and Quill,
For here I am ready to make my last Will,
And leave my Legacies, delicate Legacies,
Chancellors Legacies, O.

My wonderful portions I here will divide,
According as Merit my reason shall guide,
Let Lucifer have my invincible Pride,
Sing O brave Legacy, &c.

My Covetous heart now
I leave to old Misers i
Like me get in Gold her
Sing O rare Legacies,

My small Guts let hone
That they of the same n
And then scrape my Gu
Sing O brave Legacy
A delicate Legacy,

s

ſtament ;

d a particular kindneſs.

t now as bitter as Gall,
llers in hopes that they ſhall,
ld here the Devil and all,
gacies, &c.

t honeſt Muſitioners take,
ame may Fiddle ſtrings make,
y Guts till their very hearts ake,
Legacy, Chancellors Legacy,
egacy, O.

And as for my Nole I will leave that alone,
To my deareſt Friend that makes pitiful moan,
Becauſe he has never a Nole of his own,
Sing O rare Legacy, &c.

My unruly Tongue which run at that rate,
And bantred men out of their reaſon of late,
I leave it to Fiſh Women at Billingſgate,
Sing O rare Legacy, &c.

My Brains I bequeath but I know not to who,
But hold, I remember the Jeſuit Crew,
They'll ſerve them for plotting more miſchief to do;
Sing O rare Legacy, &c.

My old empty Skull to the Pope now ſhall go,
In token of Favours which he did beſtow,
'Twill make him a lucky large Punch Bowl I know,
Sin O rare Legacy, &c.

My honoured Reverend Father the Pope,
He ſent his ſweet Son here a ſanctified Rope,
But I have no need of the ſame now I hope,
I'll leave that Legacy, delicate Legacy,
to one of the Jeſuit Crew.

My lucky large Conſcience which Bribes did receive,
To ſome Corrupt Lawyer I freely do leave,
That honeſt Men he may of Living bereave,
A worthy Legacy, &c.

My Body I into the Weſt do return,
It will make the Wives there a good butter Churn,
Thus for my bad deeds I may do one good turn,
Sing O rare Legacy, &c.

Now ſign it and ſeal it according to Law,
The Major ſhall ne'er keep the Minor in awe,
Nor wrong them ſo much as the weight of a ſtraw,
Of theſe my Legacies, Chancellors Legacies,
delicate Legacies, O.

FINIS.

Printed in the Year, 1689.

The Scornful Maid, and the Conſtant Young-Man.

With mocks and taunts ſhe doth him jear,
As in this ditty you may hear;
Yet no denyal he would have,
But ſtill her favour he did crave:
Yet at the laſt ſhe granted love,
And vowed She would conſtant prove;
Yet in this Ditty you may find,
It is Money that doth a bargain bind.

Tune of, *Times Changling I will never be*: Or, *Sawny*, Or, *A Fig for* France.

ALL hail, all hail, thou Lady gay,
the glory of the world to me,
More beautious in mine eyes I ſay,
then Venus in her prime could be:
One ſmile from thee I now do crave,
If ſo much favour I could have:
One ſmiling glance from that twinkling eye,
Will ſave my life, or elſe I dye.

Stand back, good ſir, what would you have
your ſpeeches let me underſtand,
What is the thing that you do crave,
do not you think me to trappan:
What beauty here Sir can you ſpy,
Hands off, I pray come not me nigh:
Either a ſmile, or elſe a frown,
I think will ſerve for ſuch a Clown:

What ails my deareſt hearts delight,
ſweet Lady now be not ſo coy,
Thou ſeem'ſt to be an Angel bright,
in thee is all my earthly joy:
Then do not ſeek my life to ſpill,
But grant me love for my good will:
One glance from that bright twinkling eye,
Will make me for to live or dye.

The Second Part, to the ſame Tune.

O Fie away, thou fondling now,
my very heart thou vexeſt ſore,
I ſcorn ſuch py'd-Noſe lacks as thou,
pack, pack, I ſay, come here no more:
That Maid which ſets her love on thee,
May ſay ſhe is blind and cannot ſee:
The durtieſt Drabin all the Town,
May prove too good for ſuch a Clown.

Oh ſay not ſo, my only joy,
I am the man which loves thee dear,
Thy ſpeeches doth me ſore annoy,
but yet thy love I do not fear:
In time I hope thou wilt change thy mind,
For all thou ſeem'ſt at firſt unkind:
One ſmiling glance, &c.

Good Sir, I pray this anſwer take,
you ſpend your time in vain on me,
I pray you ſeek ſome other Mate,
my heart doth ſcorn thy baſe degree:
What do you think I am ſo blind,
To have a Clown by birth or kind?
Oh no, I pray you come not me nigh,
For I ſcorn my ſhooes thou ſhould'ſt untye.

Well Lady, now if it be ſo,
that I no favour here can have:
But now by force from thee muſt go,
ſome other Maidens love to crave:
This Gold and Silver I will let flie,
Before the next ſhall me deny:
For all thou termeſt me ſuch a Clown,
I have a Year five hundred pound.

Tis not your Gold, good ſir, that ſhall
tempt me to yield unto your will,
That Maid which comes when you do call,
will find you have but little ſkill:
In this ſame caſe, you do profeſs
To pleaſe a Maid, I do proteſt
I ſee no skill that you can have,
To give a Maid what ſhe doth crave.

If that be all my deareſt Dear,
if that thou pleaſe me but to prove,
Then of my skill thou needſt not fear,
lo, I have here what Maids do love:
Here is Gold and Silver, come and ſee,
With all delights to pleaſure thee:
Therefore ſome favour to me ſhow,
Before that I from hence do go.

What doſt thou think I am ſo fond,
to yield my freedom here for Gold,
Or doſt thou think I dote on means,
O no, it never ſhall be told
That money ſhall my Maſter be,
Therefore come thou no more at me:
Be gone, be gone, ſtand not to prate,
For fear I break thy Clowniſh pate.

Then fare you well thou ſcornful Dame,
for ſeeing it won't no better be,
Yet I muſt needs ſet forth thy fame,
of all the Maids that e're I ſee,
For beauty rare within mine eyes,
No Man can win a rarer prize:
If thou would yield to me thy love,
I conſtant always vow to prove.

Well Sir, if you will conſtant prove,
as now you do profeſs to me,
Then I do grant to thee my love,
and I vow to prove as true to thee:
Here is hand and heart to thee I give,
And I vow to love thee while I live:
What more can you deſire of me,
For a conſtant wife I will prove to thee.

If it be ſo my Deareſt Dear,
thou ſhalt never have cauſe to repent,
For coſtly cloathing, with Iewels rare,
I have to give my Love content:
Here is my hand, my heart is thine,
And bleſſed be the hour and time:
That thou didſt grant thy love to me,
Come now we will go and Married be.

FINIS.— By *T. Robins.*

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-Ball, in *Weſt ſmithfield.*

The Scotch Lad's M

OR,

Pretty *Moggies* Unkindneſs.

To an excellent New Scotch Tune. This may b

A Lad o'th' Town that made his moan
one Winters morning early,
Alas! that I muſt lye alone,
and Moggies bed ſo near me;
All night I turn, and toſs, and ſigh,
And never can I cloſe my eyes,
For thinking that I lig ſo nigh
the Laſs I love ſo dearly.

She's all Deli
and juſt Arts
And that ſhe ſ
my heart an
I'd give the W
Each morn her
If I were but
I'd never as

Moan.

may be Printed, R. P.

l Delight from foot to crown,
ſt fifteen her Age is,
t ſhe ſtill muſt lye alone,
art and ſoul enrag'd is:
the World I might put on
en her ſtockings or her ſhoon;
e but her ſerving-Man,
ver aſk for Wages.

GIn Moggy wou'd but be my Bride,
I'd take no farther warning,
Nor value all the world beſide,
nor other Ladies ſcorning;
My love is grown up to the height,
I prize ſo much my own delight,
I care not, had I her one night,
ſo I was dead i'th morning.

Geud faith, ſhe's like a pretty Lads,
I never ſaw a ſweeter;
She all her Sex does far ſurpaſs
in Beauty and in Feature:
Gin on her face I chanc'd to gaze,
Her pretty looks ſuch Charms diſplays,
That I muſt ever ſpeak her praiſe;
Venus was not compleater.

When ever Moggy I eſpy,
I lowly doff my Bonnet;
And oft in her ſweet company
I ſing a love-ſick Sonnet:
Yet ſhe regardleſs of my pain,
Which I ſtrive to expreſs in vain,
Bids me forbear for to complain,
and tell her no more on it.

Ah waes me! Moggy's to blame,
not to grant my deſire;
Gin ſhe did firſt create the flame
which fet my heart on fire.
Was I a King of great Renown,
And had a Scepter and a Crown,
I at her feet wou'd lay them down,
one night for to lig by her.

Gin ſhe ſo mickle is unkind,
my life is grown uneaſie;
No reſt nor quiet can I find,
nor nothing that can pleaſe me.
But if ſhe ſtill continues ſo,
And no more kindneſs will beſtow,
To the Elizium ſhades I go;
ah! Death will quickly ſeize me.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brookſby at the Golden ball in Py-corner.

Scotch Moggy's Misfortune:

TOGETHER

With her chearful Hops, that *Shakum Guie* will bury his Wife, and then make *Moggy* a happy Mother.

To an Excellent New Tune.

Licensed according to Order.

Shakum Guie has gotten a Wife,
And he is a weary of his Life:
The day will come that she will dye,
And Shakum Guie will marry me:
Ha, ha, Robin quoth she,
Ha, ha, Robin quoth she,
Ha, ha, ha, Robin quoth she,
Kind Robin loves me.

My Father left me a good Stock,
Full Forty Weathers in a Flock,
With Geese, Ducks, Hens, and a fighting C
Kind Robin for thee:
Ha, ha, Robin quoth she,
Ha, ha, Robin quoth she,
Ha, ha, ha, Robin quoth she,
Kind Robin loves me.

My Mother sent me to the Well,
Better she had gone her self,
Robin gard my Belly swell,
Kind Robin he loves me;
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Robin he chash me about the stack,
Robin laid me on my Back,
Robin he made my Rump to crack,
Kind Robin loves me,
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Robin he took me by the Tale,
Over the Ditch he made me fall;
Robin ruffled my Falale,
Kind Robin loves me;
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

My Mammy she gave unto me
Forty Marks as thou shalt see,
And I will give it aw to thee,
Kind Robin quoth she,
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Sinn I wes married to a Laird,
I should neither Spin nor Card,
But fill the Cup, serve to Laird,
The day that I was married;
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Robin, Robin let me be,
Till I have got my Nurses Fee,
And I will drink it aw with thee,
In geud Scotch Yale and Brandy,
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Robin is o'er the Water gane,
It will be long ere he come home;
On Saturday we'll give up our Names,
And Sunday we'll be married,
Ha, ha, Robin quoth she,
Ha, ha, Robin quoth she,
Ha, ha, Robin quoth she,
Kind Robin I am for thee.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

THE

Scotch Souldiers Kindneſs.

It being the Sorrowful Ditty of Fifty Young Damſels of *Southwark*, who lately loſt their Maiden-heads with thoſe Valiant Souldiers lately Quartered in that Place.

Stout Souldiers then are Valiant Men,
Their Fame will ever Ring,
We may admit that they ſhould get
Brave Souldiers for the KING:

In Warlike Fights, both Lords and Knights,
And Valiant Souldiers dye,
Then well may they with Damſels play,
To get a New Supply.

To the Tune of, The Crafty Laſs.

This may be Printed, R. L. S. June 25.

SCotch Jemmy, and Iockey, and Sawny,
with many brisk Lads of that Land,
Stout hearted Couragious and brawny,
brave Boys that were under command:
Near Southwark a while they remained,
where Damſels they daily did court,
Their favour they quickly obtained,
and then there was ſport upon ſport.

Thoſe Lads were both Jovial and Jolly,
as Blith as the Birds in the Spring
With Jenny, and Maudlin, and Dolly,
they boldly did run at the Ring:

Thoſe girls when the bargin was making
they vow'd they ſhould play in the dark,
But yet if I am not miſtaken,
theres none could come nearer the mark

It ſeems there is forty or fifty
young Girls that for gaming did ſtrive,
But yet they were wondrous thrifty,
for now they do happily thrive:
And alſo reſpect without meaſure,
thoſe Souldiers they then did adore,
Since they were endu'd with that treaſure
they never enjoyed before.

But while they were Counting and toying
they thought it would never be day,
But now comes the woful annoying
when thence they were Watching away
Then Margery, Winny, and Mary,
with Iude, and Gillian, and Kate
Young Nelly, and Susan, and Sarah,
a pittiful Tale did relate.

Ah this is their sorrowful ditty,
to see they are utterly left,
Their friends will afford them no pitty
now they're all joys are bereft:
Quoth Doll let us draw a Petition
to send to the Captain with speed,
Wherein we'll declare our condition,
quoth Iude let this be agree'd.

They sent for a Scrivener to write it,
a neighbour that lived hard by,
He had a cute wit to Indite it,
and knew how the matter did lye:
O this is our hearty desire,
to marry and make us their Bride,
Our love shall be always intire,
we'll follow the Camp by their side.

Their Writeing they thought to deliver,
and Husbands they thought to obtain,
Poor girls they did use their endeavour,
but still it did prove but in vain:
They are in a woeful condition,
alas they look pittiful wan,
For when they came with their Petition,
the Captain and Souldiers were gone.

O then what a woeful Narration,
these left young Damsels did make
Being crost in their expectation,
they knew not what course for to take:
Then Maudlin with Iude and Betty,
together with all the whole train,
Did sound forth their sorrowful Ditty,
and weeping they sigh and complain.

But seeing it hath been our folly,
no remedy now can be made,
Counsels is ruled by Dolly,
how thus indiscretion hath said:
My Sisters why should we be daunted,
and Iude was just of that mind,
We will not with sorrows be haunted,
hence being loving and kind.

We'll leave it Girls when we grow older
now since it is gone let it go.
I am glad that upon a brave Souldier,
my Maiden-head I did bestow:
Then full with my kind exhortation,
and on it we'll set a good face,
We'll slight not the Worlds exclamation,
a fig for the thoughts of disgrace.

Entered According to Order.

Printed for I. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt Spur-Street, without Newgate.

The Scotch Wooing: Or,

JOCKEY *of the* Lough, *and* JENNY *of the* Lee:

Jockey *Wooes* Jenny, *for to be his Dear,*
But Jenny *long time is in mickle fear;*
Least Jockey *should be false or prove unkind,*
But Jockey *put that quite out of her mind,*
So that at length they fairly did agree,
To strike a Bargain up, *as you shall see.*

To the Tune of, *Jockey's gone to the Wood.*

DEar jockey's gone to the Wood
and Dame jenny's gone twa,
Dear jockey would Court a good,
but Dame jenny says nay:
Come jenny my dearest love,
pithee jenny fancy me:
Thou art the blithest bonniest Girl,
and the featest Lass,
that e're jockey's ey'n see.

When *Jockey* had Woo'd her thus,
she said pithee forbear,
Thou *Jockey* art false I fear,
and would *Jenny* insnare:
Dear *Jenny* believe it not,
that thy *Jockey* is untrue,
For I do swear by all that's good,
In this pleasent Wood,
and by Bonnet that's Blew.

O *Jocky* shame faw thy Luggs,
for telling like a Tale,
It is not aw thy honey words,
are like for to prevail:
For *Jenny* is a harmless Lass,
fearing for to be trappan'd,
Although that *Jockey* is a Lad,
But few like are to be had,
in all fair Scotland.

My *Jenny* ne'r make a Din,
but let us gang play,
Since that thou art so neat and trim
upon this Holliday:
I'le give thee ale and spiced cakes,
And love the tenderly,
There we' have a merry bout,
And keep a Rebel Rout,
under the Green wood Tree.

Dear Jockey I like it weel,
a little sport to make,
Yet do I fear that after all,
poor Ienny's heart sud ake:
I wad not for a score of pounds,
I should come unto disgrace,
Then pithee Iockey get the gone,
and leave thy *Jenny* all alone,
in this uncouth place.

O jenny ne'r tell me that,
thy *Jockey's* like a Loon,
Thou need'st not for to be a fraid,
by Iockey to lig down:
For as I am a lively Lad,
meaning to the honestly,
I'le give the nothing that is bad,
But the best that can be had,
as *Jenny* shall see.

O *Jockey* sud I beleive,
'tis sure what you say,
And that you sud your *Jenny* leave,
and basely gang away:
My *Jenny* I'le plight my Troth,
ever to thee to be true,
Then beleive me what I say,
For I scorn to gang a way,
to make my *Jenny* rue.

Why sud I not now beleive,
when dear *Jockey* does swear,
By Bonnet and all that's good,
that e're *Jockey* shall wear?
Then let us gang heam my dear,
and be merry there a while,
I love the heartily my joy,
Thou art the onely Boy,
on whom *Jenny* shall smile.

My *Jenny* thou chear'st my heart,
to give thy consent,
Thy *Jockey* will never start,
but give *Jenny* content:
A Trenchmore Galiard we will
all for joy this very night, have
And ith morn we'l gang toth' Kirk
Where I'le see my *Jenny* smirk,
as soon as day light.

Thus *Jockey* and Ienny beath,
agreed for to be wed;
For *Jockey* he thought it long
to have *Jenny* in Bed:
Next morning to the Kirk they went
finely wedded for to be,
And at this time are man & wife,
Living free and void of strife,
in their own Country.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-ball*, in *West-smithfield*.

A Serious Discourse between two lovers.

This Song will teach young Men to woo,
And shew young Maidens what to do;
Nay it will learn them to be cunning too.
To the Tune of, When Sol will cast no Light, Or, Deep in love.

By John Wade.

My pretty little Rogue
do but come hither,
With thee I'le not collogue,
if thou'lt consider
The pains for thee I've took,
Cupid so wounds me.
But now I'me in the Brook,
if thou dost not love me.

I'le forsake all my Kin,
Father and Mother,
I value not a pin,
or any other;
'Tis only thy sweet face
the which doth move me,
And I think thou hast some grace,
and thou'lt love me.

Riches I'le promise none,
nor no great treasure,
Because I'le do no wrong
to thee my pleasure:
But all that e're I have,
thou shalt command it,
And I'le maintain thee brave,
thou'st understand it.

My Word nor yet my Oath
shall not be broken,
Then take this sugered Kiss,
in sign of Loves token.
My heart is firm and true,
then let pitty move thee,
Ile not seek for a new,
if thou'lt but love me.

The Maid.

Good Sir I thank you fine
for what is spoken,
But all's not gold that shines,
and as for your token,
I shall not it receive,
though you do prove me,
My joy thou'lt ne'r bereave,
for I cannot love thee.

The ſecond Part, To the ſame Tune.

Young-Men can ſwear and lie,
but who will believe them,
All goodneſs they deſire,
and it ne'r grieves them,
Only to tempt a Maid
by their deluſion,
Therefore I am afraid
'twill breed confuſion.

A Maid had need beware
that doth mean honeſt,
Leſt ſhe falls in a ſnare
when they do promiſe:
For they will vow and ſwear
they'l never leave you,
But when they know your mind,
then they'l deceive you.

Therefore I will be wiſe,
leſt I be taken,
In a Fools Paradiſe,
and then forſaken.
I'le put no truſt in man,
to one nor other,
Let them do what they can,
if't were my brother.

The Man.

My Dear you do but jeſt,
I may boldly ſpeak it,
Of all I love thee beſt,
prithee ſo take it.
There is no fleſh alive
ever ſhall move me,
If thou will be my Wife,
I'le dearly love thee.

Servants on thee ſhall tend,
and come at thy pleaſure,
For I will be thy friend
to bring thee treaſure.
What canſt thou wiſh for more,
then do but prove me,
And thou ſhalt plainly find
how dear I love thee.

For means thou ſhalt not want,
if I do gain thee,
I have good houſe and land,
for to maintain thee.
I have good Sheep i'th field,
and Beaſt's that's proving,
All is at thy command,
if thou'lt be loving.

I'le give thee gold my dear,
I'le give thee money,
Then thou need'ſt not to fear,
I'le be thy honey:
No Lady in the Land
ever ſhall move me,
Thou'ſt have my heart and hand
if thou'lt but love me.

The Maid.

Your words are very fair,
I much commend you,
Seeing you are ſo fair,
thus I'le befriend you:
Though at firſt I was coy,
'twas but to prove thee,
Yet now I'le be thy joy,
and dearly love thee.

The young man hearing this,
by the hand took her,
The bargain ſeal'd with a Kiſs,
he ne'r forſook her.
But ſtrait to Church they went
things were ſo carried,
He gave his Love content,
when they was Married.

Thus all young Maids may find
young men are honeſt,
If they bear the like mind,
true to their promiſe,
But if they falſifie,
who can believe them?
And when they have loſt their loves
then it doth grieve them.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the Golden-Ball, in *West-Smithfield*.

THE Shepherds Complai

AND THE

Comforting Shepherdels.

Poor *Coron* making his Complaint
was comforted at laſt;
But when he thought himſelf half dead,
his *Silvia* held him faſt.
To the Tune of, **Maggys Jealouſie.**

OH Cupid thou now art too cruel,
to uſe a poor Lover ſevere,
Thou doſt to my flame add a fuel,
that coſts me full many a tear:
Then ceaſe to be ſo out of reaſon,
and let me no longer complain,
But grant me ſome eaſe for a ſeaſon,
and eaſe all my ſorrow and pain.

Whilſt others do ſweetly lye ſleeping,
I ſigh by my ſelf all alone,
My eyes they are ſwelled with weeping,
no ſorrows like mine e're was known:
But whilſt to my ſelf I do pine,
I do find all my ſorrow in vain,
For my love ſhe will ne'r be ſo kind,
as to baniſh my ſorrow and pain.

Ah! *Silvia*, be cruel no longer,
to him that thy beauty adores,
Thy Charms they grow ſtronger & ſtronger,
then let thy ſoft tears waſh my ſores:

Which I for thy ſake have
though thou doſt my ſer
I'm certain they cannot be
but I muſt e'ne dye of my p

What profit Love is it unt
to frown a poor Lover to
And murder the man that
thus ſtrangely to ſtiffle
My dear I do humbly intr
to grant me my freedom
For certainly if thou doſt
I languiſh 'twixt ſorrow an

But in vain do I beg for
when Cruelty locks up t
If young-men they once w
they'd never love Beaut
Then be but as kind as po
and we ſhall no longer c
But now we for death mu
and dye with extreams of o

aint :

ls.

have endur'd,
p ſervice diſdain,
ot be Cur'd,
my pain.

it unto thee,
ver to death?
that doth wooe thee,
iffle his breath?
p intreat thee,
dom again,
doſt cheat me,
ow and pain.

g for a freedom,
s up the doors,
nce would but heed 'um
Beautys no more:
as you are fair,
ger complain,
y muſt prepare,
as of our pair.

The Womans Anſwer.

What makes my dear ſhepherd to languiſh
and ſigh out his pittiful moan?
I bleed at the thoughts of his anguiſh,
he knows that I love him alone:
But yet he doth ſeem to be jealous,
of ſome that do graze on the Plain,
But I think he hath very few fellows,
and therefore i'le conſtant remain.

He talks of the pains he endured,
and ſuffered all for my ſake,
I'm wounded and cannot be cured,
and my heart it is ready to break:
But Coron is ſtill a reviling,
the trueſt that lives on the Plain,
No longer then I am a ſmiling,
but he feels a terrible pain.

If I ſhould be always a kiſſing,
the world would my folly admire,
The Shepherds at us would lye hiſſing,
and hinder what he doth deſire:
But i'le in a corner imbrace him,
that he may no longer complain,
At night in my boſom i'le place him,
for to baniſh his ſorrow and pain.

Was ever poor Shepherdeſs kinder,
then now I do promiſe to be?
How can he then chuſe but mind her,
that loves ſo unchangeably?
He cannot enjoy greater bliſs,
then with his true Love to remain,
That each minute will give him a kiſs,
for to baniſh his ſorrow and pain.

You Lovers take pattern by me then,
that hath vow'd to be conſtant till death,
For all Loyal Shepherds to ſee then,
that I at the loſing my breath,
Was free from all kind of deceit,
and a wavering mind did diſdain,
Now kindneſs I once more repeat,
and I waſte with my horrible pain.

FINIS.

Printed for *J. White*, at the *Black Swan*, at the *Bridge-foot*, near *Southwark*.

Shewing how King Henry, *with the* Earl Martial, *in Fryars Habits, c*
Fryars from France, *which she sent for.* *to a pl*

QUeen Elenor was a sick woman,
and afraid that she should dye;
Then she sent for two fryars of France,
for to speak with them speedily.

The King call'd down his nobles all,
by one, by two, and by three;
And sent away for Earl Martial,
for to speak with him speedily.

When that he came before the King,
he fell on his bended knee,
A boon, a boon, our Gracious King,
that you sent so hastily.

I'll pawn my livings, and my lands,
my scepter and my crown,
That whatever Queen Elenor says,
I will not write it down.

Do you but put on one fryar's coat,
and I'll put on another,
And we will to Queen Elenor go,
one fryar like another.

Thus both attired the
when they came to
The bells they did rin
and the torches bu
When that they cam
they fell on their be
A boon, a boon our G
that you sent so ha
Are you two fryars o
which I suppose yo
But if you are two E
then hanged you sh
We are two fryars o
as you suppose we
We have not been a
since we came from
The first vile thing th
I will to you unfo
Earl Martial had my
underneath this c

its, came to her instead of two
o a pleasant new Tune.

ed then they go:
e to White-hall,
did ring, and the quiristers sing,
es did light them all.

y came before the Queen,
heir bended knee,
our Gracious Queen,
so hastily.

yars of France, she said,
ose you be:
two English fryars,
you shall be.

yars of France, they said,
se we be,
been at any mass
ne from the sea.

ing that e'er I did,
u unfold,
d my maiden-head,
this cloath of gold.

That is a vile sin, then said the King,
God may forgive it thee:
Amen, amen, quoth Earl Martial
with a heavy heart then spoke he.

The next vile thing that e'er I did,
to you I'd not deny;
I made a bor of poyson strong,
to poyson King Henry.

That is a vile sin then said the King,
God may forgive it thee:
Amen, amen, quoth Earl Martial,
And I wish it so may be.

The next vile thing that e'er I did,
to you I will discover,
I poysoned fair Rosamond,
all in fair Woodstock-bower.

That is a vile sin, then said the King,
God may forgive it thee:
Amen, amen, quoth Earl Martial,
and wish it so may be.

Do you see yonders little Boy,
a catching of the Ball?
That is Earl Martial's son, she said,
and I love him the best of all

Do you see yonders little Boy,
a tossing of the ball,
That is King Henry's son she said,
and I love him the worst of all.

His head is like unto a bull,
his nose is like a boar.
No matter for that, King Henry said,
I love him the better therefore.

The King pull'd off his fryar's coat,
and appeared all in red;
She shriek'd, and she cry'd, she wrung her hands,
and said, she was betray'd.

The King look'd over his left shoulder,
and a grim look looked he,
And said, Earl Martial, but for my oath,
then hanged shouldst thou be.

FINIS.

Printed for T. Bates, at the White-hart,
in West-Smithfield.

A Ship-load of Waggery.

OR,

Clouded Merriment to please young men and maids.

Maidens, here's long, and strong, both great and small;
For one poor Penny you may purchase all.

To a New Tune. Or *Cloris awake.*

A Ship must have a Steers-man
to steer her Course true,
And a Maid must have a youngman
to give her her — Top and Top gallant.
A ship she Sails trimly,
Maids, if they be not pleased,
They'l frown and look grimly.

A Ship must have a Rudder
to steer in the dark,
And a Maid must have a youngman
to hit at her — Top and Top gallant.
A ship she sails &c.

A Ship must have a Canon
to keep off her Foes,
And a Maid must have a youngman
to take up her — Top and Top gallant.
A ship she sails &c.

A Ship must have a Boltsprit,
with a Spritzen a cross,
And a maid must have a youngman
with a swinging long — Top & top gallant
A ship she sails trimly,
Maids, if they be not pleased,
They'l frown and look grimly.

A Ship muſt have a Buntlin
to hawle up her Bunt,
And a maid muſt have a youngman
to tickle her —Top and Top gallant.
A ſhip ſhe ſails trimly,
Maids, if they be not pleaſed,
Theyl frown and look grimly.

A Ship muſt have a Maſt; a long,
ſtrong, and ſtrait Stick,
And a Maid muſt have a youngman
with a lufty long——Top and Top gallant,
A ſhip ſhe &c.

A Ship muſt be well Victuall'd
with Meat without Bones,
And a maid would have a youngman
with a ſtout pair of — top and top gallants,
A ſhip ſhe &c.

A Ship ſhould have a Captain,
her Men to command,
And a maid would have a youngman
to have his P— Top and Top gallant.
A ſhip ſhe &c.

A Ship ſhould have a Maſter
to take in her freights,
And a maid would have a youngman
to ſaile in her—— top and top gallant.
A ſhip ſhe ſails &c.

When a Ship is under ſaile
we do wiſh her good luck,
And a maid under a youngman
we wiſh her a good — top and top gallant,
A ſhip ſhe &c.

When a Ship comes into Port
ſhe muſt enter her Cockit,
When a youngman comes to'th ſore
he muſt enter, and — top and top gallant,
A ſhip ſhe ſails trimly,
Maids, if they be not pleaſed,
They'l frown and look grimly.

Printed for P. Brooks at the golden Bell in
Weſt Smithfield.

A ſoluntary S O N G, for all ſtubborn Sinners to amend their Lives and evil Ways.

For uncertain is mans life one day
For many you ſee are ſnatcht away
We ſtand in need then every minute & hour.
To pray for Gods Grace to give us power
To repent our lives and mend our ways
We are in great danger in theſe days.

If Death do come and we be unprepar'd,
There will be then a bad reward;
Therefore we had need to watch and pray
That our Sins they may be all waſht away;
There's but one way that we can have,
There's no Repentance in the Grave.

To the Tune of *The Sinners Redemption.*

GOod People mind what here is penn'd
and underſtand what I do ſay
Repentance by no means prolong
'twill be your own another day,
Happy's that ſinner to be ſure,
That true Repentance can procure,

For when that I am dead and gone
you find theſe words for to be true,
Forſake your Sins then every one,
before you bid the world adieu,
Happy's that Sinner,

If you are not prepar'd for Death,
when he doth give the fatal ſtroak
And comes to ſtop your mortal Breath,
your Souls undone and Hearts are broke,
Happy's that Sinner,

The Riches of this world have wings
and oft you ſee do fly away
Then mind you that which comfort brings
that never fades nor will decay
Happy's that Sinner,

Do Righteous things to every one
as thou wouldeſt have them to do to thee
By this a good man may be known
by his good works and piety,
Happy's that Sinner.

Cheriſh the poor that are in need
the Rich do ſeldom want a friend
But he that gives the poor indeed,
doth to the God Almighty lend,
Happy's that Sinner to be ſure,
That true Repentance can procure.

The ſecond part to the ſame Tune.

The naked man ſee that you cloath,
the hungry Perſon ſee you feed,
Theſe things obſerve falſe dealing loath
and thou ſhalt happy be indeed,
Happy's that Sinner.

Frequent the Church where Godly men,
Gods word do preach and cry down ſin,
Keep Gods Commandements and then
a bleſt condition thou art in,
Happy's that Sinner

The Widow be thou kind unto
and help the Orphant that's oppreſt,
For he that all theſe things will do
there is no doubt but he is bleſt,
Happy's that Sinner,

And he that hath mercy loves to ſhow,
ſhall mercy find himſelf at laſt,
But Cruelty will overthrow
and all the other vertues blaſt,
Happy's that Sinner.

Flee that which loathſome is to man,
and hatefull in Gods bleſſed ſight
'Tis drunkenneſs that here I mean,
wherein ſo many take delight,
Happy's that Sinner,

Take Pleaſure in Gods Holy Word,
and therein let your hearts delight,
Such Pleaſure 'twill your Hearts afford
that you will find advantage by't,
Happy's that Sinner.

Pride was you know the Devils Fall,
as Holy Scriptures plain do tell;
'Twill alſo bring mans Soul to thrall
and is a plain path-way to Hell,
Happy's that Sinner,

And oft the holy Bible read
therein you may great Comfort find,
For wounded Souls there's help indeed
and Comfort for the troubled mind,
Happy's that Sinner.

Mind not the Peoples vain applauſe
but let your actions ſpeak your praiſe
Keep Gods Commands and obey his Laws,
and thou ſhall happy be always,
Happy's that Sinner.

Repent thee of thy wickedneſs
and do it moſt unfeignedly,
So in thy life God will thee bleſs
and ſave thy Soul when thou ſhalt dye,
Happy's that Sinner.

Do not delay Repentance for
'tis without doubt a great offence,
And that which Conſcience will abhor,
when thy poor Soul is gone from hence
Happy's that Sinner.

Then mortal man ſince Death is ſure
put thou thy confidence in him
Who only can thy help procure
in time of need when Death looks grim
Happy's that Sinner.

Now the God of Heaven be our guide,
that we all may make a happy end,
That we all our Sins may lay aſide
to pray our Saviour Chriſt be our friend,
Happy's that Sinner to be ſure
That true Repentance can procure.

This may be Printed, *R. P.*

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden ball in Pye corner.

The Sorrowful CITIZ

Or, The Couragious PLOW-M

With the Witty Anſwer of a Country Damoſel.

You Citizens I pray beware,
that does this Story hear;
To the Tune of, *The Country Farmer.*

Dote not too much on Bea
leſt this may prove your
This ma

A Londoner into the Country went,
To viſit his Tennants, and gather in Rent;
He on a brave Gelding did gallantly Ride,
With Boots and with Spurs, and a Sword by his ſide
Becauſe that the Inn Keepers they will not ſcore,
He lined his Pockets with Silver good ſtore:
And he wore a Wigg coſt three Guinnies and more,
His Hat was cockt up Sir, behind and before.

Thus like a great Gallant that was A-la-mode,
Upon his ſtout Gelding he Gallopt the Rode,
He came to an Inn Sir, where he did alight,
Reſolving to reſt there, and tarry all Night:
There was a fair Damſel her Name it was Priſs,
The Londoner proffer'd to give her a Kiſs;
and would fain have been doing the thing you may gueſs
But ſhe ſcornfully ſaid ſhe was no London Miſs.

With Eloquent Speeches
And proffer'd her Guinnies,
I pray you be Civil, good
And tempt me no more, for
By Credit I tell you, I ne
And therefore good Sir, I
To proffer your Guinnies,
I ſlight them and you Sir,
Good Sir, what a rout an
Would Robin the Plow-m
He will quickly make you
I would not be one that ſh
For all your brave alls, yo
My Chaſtity is not to be
I care not a fig for your
I pray you be Civil and le

ZEN;
MAN.

on Beauty fair,
e your ſhare.
is may be Printed, R. P.

eches this Gallant did Wooe,
nnies, but this would not do;
good Sir, ſhe reply'd,
e, for you muſt be deny'd:
, I never will ſtain,
ir, I would have you refrain,
nnies, for all is in vain,
Sir, with ſcorn and diſdain.
uit and a racket you make,
low-man was here for your ſake;
e you to alter your Note,
hat ſhould be in your Coat;
ls, you are ſomething too bold,
to be bought nor ſold;
your Silver and Gold,
and let go your hold.

Why, do you imagine I will be afraid
Of ſuch a courſe Coxcombly Country Blade?
For ſhould he come in and give me a croſs word,
I'le make him to taſte of a piece of my Sword:
For I am a Perſon of Noble Degree,
Then prithee ſweet Damſel be ruled by me,
He dare not come in if he chance but to ſee
That I am a Kiſſing and Courting of thee.

Cot-zo, quoth the Maiden, pray who have we here!
Or what is the cauſe that he ſhould ſtand in fear?
Before that the Maiden could ſay any more,
Stout Robin himſelf he came in at the Door;
To him the whole Story ſhe did declare,
The Londoner being amazed, did ſtare;
He would have been hid, but he could not tell where,
For he was catcht napping as Moſs catcht his Mare.

The point of your Sword Sir, you ſaid I ſhould taſte,
But firſt let me tell you, your ſhoulders i'le baſte;
With that he lent him a ſturdy ſtout ſtroke,
His Sword and his Noddle together he broke;
Tho' I go in Leather, and you wear fine Cloſe,
I will have my true-Love in ſpight of your Noſe;
And then he laid on, and redoubled his blows,
Ten Guinnies to Robin the Plow-man he throws.

Forbear honeſt Plow-man, for I do proteſt,
What ever I ſaid then it was but in jeſt;
Then prithee Good-fellow, let's finiſh this ſtrife,
And take up thoſe Guinnies and pardon my life:
The weight of your blows I do heartily rue,
Then prithee ſweet Maiden, ſee what you can do,
Perſwade him and here is five Guinnies for you,
To buy you a Gown and a Petticoat too.

She took up the Gold and put it in her Purſe,
And running to Robin, ſaid ſhe, it is thus,
He crying for pitty, now lay no more on,
But let it appear you're a Merciful Man:
Said Robin, begone then, and come no more here,
Away he packt off, thus the Coaſt he did clear,
He ſent him away with a Flea in his Ear,
This Plow-man he lives but in Sommerſet-ſhire.

FINIS.

Printed for *J. Blare*, at the Sign of the *Looking-Glaſs*, *LONDON-BRIDGE*.

The Bozwoman Damels D
For Want of a Husb

This Maiden ſure was in a Longing Temper,
And Young men they are to blame that would venture,
It is a pity any Damſel ſhe
Should Want the help of a Young man's Company.

This Maidens Fortune pro
That never a Young does
But Young men hereafter
They do not bring Young
To the Tune of, *Th*

I am a poor maiden lives in great diſtreſs,
I am lonely tormented now I do confeſs
To ſee ſo many are marryed and I lye a lone
That I have ſo long tary d and ſtill can get none
I am ready to fret my ſelf out of my wit
To ſee ſo many have Husbands, and I a maid yet,
Which makes me to fret & to grieve and to make moan
To ſee ſo many get Husbands and I can get none.

I ſhall be undone if ſome courſe be not tane
I am ſo much troubled with lying alone
To lye in my Bed and to toſs as I do
It will kill any maiden the truth it is ſo,
I tumble, I pull and I hall and I tear,
When I think of a Husband but I am never the near
Which makes me to fret and to grieve & to make moan
To ſee ſo, &c.

When I ſee a young
I am mightily vexed
Becauſe I can't have
I am ready to go mad
My maiden head loud
I am in great danger
Which makes me to fre
To ſee ſo, &c.

When I am a making
I could wiſh that ſome
That would humour m
That I might be marr
For never poor maiden
To lye with a Husband
But ſtill I do fret to g
To ſee ſomany get

Lamentation
sband.

ıne proves ſo very Hard,
g does her no more Regard :
eafter be ſure to have a Care,
Young Maidens to Deſpair.
of, *The Country Farmer.*

oung woman to give a young child the
bexedand ſozely oppzeſt (Bzeaſt
habethe Comfozt of a man
mad let me do what I can
louds me ſo ſoze I do ſay,
anger I ſhall go aſtray
e to fret and to grieve and to make moan
c.

naking the Beds oh then I do ſwear
ſome pity Young man I had there
our my Fancy to give me Content
marey'd I am ſo fully bent
aiden had more need of a Cure
sband oh that would be pure
t to grieve and make moan
get Husbends and I can get none.

There is now little pitty in Youngmen I find
That a maiden ſhould prove them to be ſo unkind
To ſee other maidens that now are Wed
What Comfort they have when with Husbands they're (Sped
While I do lye knawing the ſheets all the night
To think of the Comfort, I de have it I might
Which makes me to fret to grieve and make moan
To ſee ſo many get Husbands and I can get none.

Of all maidens in London my Luck is the Worſt
That I cannot get marry'd, ſore I am Croſt
And ſo many Yonng men that in London there be
And never a One do except now of me
I think I was born in the Arſe of the Moon
That never a One will take me in my Bloom
Which makes me to fret and to Cry I'm undone
To ſee ſo, &c.

My Longing will kill me I greatly do fear
If I be not marry'd before the next year
Therefore if ſome Young man will take pitty on me
And to eaſe all my Grief and my great miſery,
Then I ſhould be eas'd and clear out of Sorrow
Tho' to have a Husband of my own that I need not to bor- (row
But yet I do fret and grieve and make moan
To ſee ſo, &c.

There was never no maiden ſo ſorely oppreſt
For want of a Husband I take little Reſt
And yet there is no Young man that comes on this way
That I can have his favour with me for to ſtay
I fear I'ſe be glad for to mourn all my Life,
Neither Rich man nor Poor man will make his Wife
Which makes me to fret and grieve and make moan
To ſee ſo, &c.

And now I have told the beſt part of my mind
I ſhall dye a Maiden Young men are ſo unkind
It do's Kill my heart that 'its Ready to brake
When I ſee ſo many Young men to walk in the ſtreets
And never a One will take me to be Marry'd
That I fear all the days of my Life I muſt tarry
I have the worſt luck now to lye all alone
To ſee ſo many get Husbands and I can get none.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye-corner*.

The Sorrowful Mother,

OR,

The Pious Daughters Last Farewel.

She patiently did run her Race,
believ'd the Word of Truth;
And Death did willingly embrace,
tho' in her blooming Youth.

To the Tune of, Troy Town. This may be Printed, R. P.

DEar Mother, I alas! must leave
the pleasures of this life, and you,
Yet never seem to sigh or grieve,
although I bid the world adieu;
For Death now my life destroy,
Yet we shall meet again in joy.

My Daughter dear, and is it so?
that I indeed must part with thee;
This fills my heart with grief and woe,
from sorrow I shall ne'r be free;
But languish here in deep dispair,
My grief is more then I can bear.

Dear Mother, do not thus lament,
my joys abundantly encrease,
To leave this world I am content,
for I shall now lye down in peace,
Such moan for me you need not make,
Sure he that gives may freely take.

To his good will I ought agree,
but as thou art my Daughter dear,
I weep and do lament to see
that Heavens hand is so severe;
To send thee to thy silent Grave,
No greater sorrow can I have.

O that I could but you enjoyn
to exercise your patience still,
And never murmur nor repine,
against the Lords most gracious will;
For if he say, it shall be so,
Why should I not be free to go?

My feeble Carcass now is weak,
therefore I say my dearest friends,
Unto the Lord alone I seek,
to gain a pardon for my Sins:
That so my Conscience may be clear,
Deaths cruel Dart I'de never fear.

For it will me from grief release,
as soon as he the stroke shall give,
I having made my perfect peace,
I now had rather dye then live:
Alas! what is this present Life,
But sorrow, trouble, care and strife.

Her Friends was fill'd with grief and woe,
so that they could not well refrain
From tears which did in sorrow flow,
they wrung their hands and wept amain
With fainting voice, O then said she,
Weep for your Sins and not for me.

For I am going where I shall
be happy to Eternity,
Therefore to God for Mercy call,
as knowing you must follow me:
No Mortal in the world is free
From Deaths Usurping Tyranny.

Tho' some you see in Pride appears,
adorn'd in Silk and sweet Perfume,
Altho' they flourish many year,
yet Death at last will be their Doom:
they then must change their garments swee
For a poor Shroud or Winding-Sheet.

Consider well what I have said,
for I must leave you now, said she
For here behold all round my Bed,
sweet Messengers that waits for me;
Who on their Wings will me convey,
Where peace and joys will ne'r decay.

This does much comfort now afford,
as knowing they my Soul will bring
Into the presence of the Lord,
where blessed Saints and Angels Sing
Then with a dying sigh, said she,
Sweet Saviour now I come to thee.

When she out of this world did go,
her Mothers sorrow was not small,
Each Friend did manifest her woe,
by tears, which did like showers fall:
No tongue is able to express,
Their sorrow, grief, and heavinels.

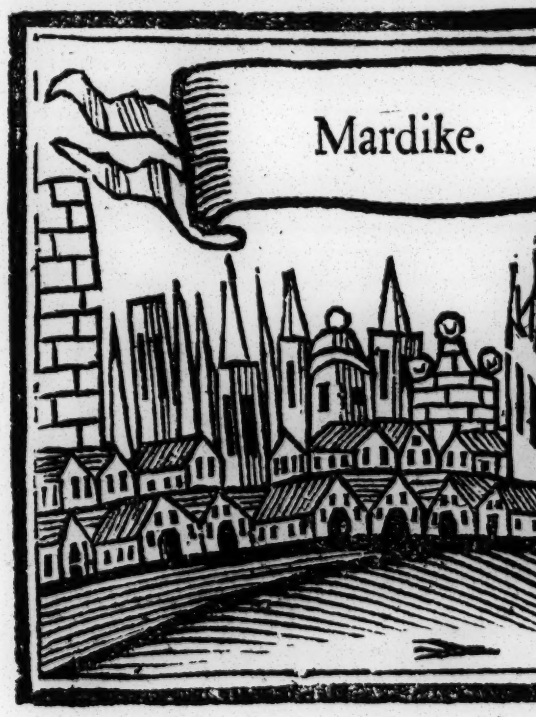
A tender Mother did express
those words unto her friends, and said,
My grief and sorrow is the less,
to see the happy end she made:
A worthy pattern may she be,
To Damsels now of each degree.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt-spur-street.

The Soldiers Fortu

OR

The Taking of *MARDIKE.*



VVHen firſt Mardike was made a Prey,
'Twas Courage that carry'd the Fort away;
Then do not loſe your Valors Prize,
By gazing on your Miſtreſs Eyes;
But put off your Petticoat-Parley;
Potting and lotting, & laughing and quaffing Canary,
Will make a good Soldier miſcarry,
And never Travel for true Renown:
Then turn to your Martial Miſtriſs,
Fair Minerva the Soldiers Siſter is; (Sir,
Rallying & ſallying, with gaſhing & flaſhing of Wounds,
With turning and burning of Towns, Sir,
Is a high ſtep to a great Mans Throne.

Let bold Bellona's Brewer
And his Tun ſhall overflow
And give the Cobler Sword
And a Tinker may trappan
Such fortunate Foes as the
Turn'd the Crown to a C
Father and Mother, and S
And many a good Family
By a terrible turn of F
He that can kill a Man, thun
And pull his Enemies dow
In time may be an Officer

tune:

E.

ewer frown,
rflow the Town;
Swoꝛd and Fate,
appan the State:
as theſe be,
o a Croſs at Naſeby:
and Siſter & Bꝛother confounded,
mily wounded
of Fate.
n, thunder and plunder the town, ſir,
es down, Sir,
Officer great.

It is the Swoꝛd do's oꝛder all,
Makes Peaſants riſe, and Pꝛinces fall;
All Syllogiſms in vain are ſpilt,
No Logick like a Basket-Hilt;
It handles 'em joynt by joynt Sir;
Quilling & drilling, and ſpilling and killing pꝛofoundly,
Untill the Diſputers on Gꝛound lye,
And have never a woꝛd to ſay: (a Carter,
Unleſs it be quarter, quarter, truth is confuted by
By ſtripping & nipping, & ripping and quipping Evaſions,
Doth Conquer a power of Peꝛſwaſions,
Ariſtotle hath loſt the Day.

The Muſket beaꝛs ſo great a Foꝛce,
To Learning it has no remoꝛſe;
The Pꝛieſt, the Lay-man, and the Loꝛd,
Find no diſtinction from the Swoꝛd;
Tan-tarra, Tan-tarra, the Trumpet,
Has blown away Babylon's Strumpet:
Now the Walls begin to crack,
The Counſelloꝛs are ſtruck dumb too,
By the Paꝛchment upon the Dꝛum tw;
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, an Alarum,
Each Coꝛpoꝛal now can outdare 'um,
Learned Littleton goes to rack.

Then ſince the Swoꝛd ſo bꝛight doth ſhine,
We'll leave our Wenches and our Wine,
And follow Mars where ere he runs,
And turn our Pots and Pipes to Guns:
The Bottles ſhall be Gꝛanadoes,
We'll bounce about the Bꝛavadoes, (French Boys,
By huſſing and puſſing, and cꝛuſſing and cuſſing the
Whoſe Bꝛows has been dy'd in a Trench Boys;
Well got Fame is a Maꝛꝛiey's Wife,
The Dꝛawer ſhall be the Dꝛummer,
We'll be Colonels all next Summer; (bꝛave Boys,
By hilting and tilting, and pointing and joynting like
We ſhall have Gold, oꝛ a Gꝛave Boys,
And there's an end of a Soldiers Life.

FINIS.

Pꝛinted foꝛ P. Bꝛookſby, at the Golden Ball in Pye-Corner,

The Souldier his Salutation to the wary Wench of Worceſter,

Who kindly intreats her to grant him a kiſſe,
Alſo her Deniall, in anſwer to this.
To a pleaſant Scottiſh Tune, call'd Lowdens Delight.

FAir Venus, I admire
the power of thy Son,
No ſooner to give fire
but ſtraight the day is won.
He'l undertake the God of war to tame,
If againſt his boſome right he aime,
Folly were it to reſiſt the flame
wherein I fry
Sweet Lady pitty
My mournful Ditty
do not deny
To kiſſe thy captive Souldier
Or elſe for grief I dye.

Ile change my coat and colours,
to go along with thee:
No more of Mars his followers
hence forwards will I be
I am ever bound to be thy ſlave
Till thou grants to me the thing I crave
'Tis thy favour I deſire to have
then cure my pain
Oh now or never,
Elſe captive ever
ſhall I remain,
My heart is deeply wounded
But yet I am not ſlain.

How canſt thou chuſe but fancy
a Souldier ſo compleat:
whoſe fortunes may advance thee
and make thy honour great
I pray thee do not then ſo cruel prove,
For my heart I cannot yet remove,
More thou hates, the more I'm bound to love,
thine I am ſtill
Oh fie on Cupid,
Which made me ſtupid
for want of skill
I now muſt be contented,
To ſerve thee at thy will.

In truth I know no reaſon
but I may be ſo bold
To kiſſe that lovely Priſon
which keeps my heart in hold.
More cruel than a Gaoler would ſhe be
That denies me of my liberty.
If a kiſſe or two would ſet me free
or eaſe my ſmart
Do not abſent thee
Nor thus torment me,
ſince that thou art
The Priſon and the Keeper,
Of my impriſoned heart.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

COme, come, do not refuſe it,
but let us now imbrace
For once and do not uſe it
none ſees us in this place,
It's in thy power, with a ſmile or frown
For to raiſe me up or caſt me down:
Let thy penalty on me be known,
be it weal or woe
Come kill or cure
What I endure
no man doth know,
And then farewel for ever,
My friend, or cruel foe.

Farewel, there is no duty
nor ſervice due to me
Then tel her not of beauty
where none is plac'd you ſee.
Do not then on Cupid thus complain
Unto her that cannot eaſe thy pain,
Neither will I be of Venus train
I am afraid
Thou doſt but flatter
Faith no ſuch matter,
ſhall me perſwade
I will not kiſſe a Souldier
Leſt that I be betraid

Change not thy coat nor colours
to tarry hear with me
Good Souldiers by their Valours,
will firſt approved be
Never ſay thou art a ſlave of mine
Nor any thing I have of thine,
Rather ſhalt thou dig the grave of mine
here in this place
Ere thou ſhalt woe me
So to undo me,
fie it is baſe
To bring poor Country Laſſes
Unto ſuch foul diſgrace.

In London you have plenty,
why would you come away?
I warrant you there's twenty
would never ſay you nay.
If to them thou wilt not conſtant be,
When another thou doſt chance to ſee,
Thy affection ſoon will glance from me
and further range
Men once removers,
Then conſtant Lovers
it is moſt ſtrange.
To find a faithful Souldier
Not ſubject unto change.

Why cal'ſt thou me thy priſon
or Gaoler which am none?
If that be all the reaſon
I pray thee now be gone.
For there is no harbour in my breaſt
To be granted to ſo bold a gueſt
Neither will I yeeld to thy requeſt
therefore in vain
Is thy intruſion
By no deluſion
thou ſhalt obtain
From me thy fond deſire
My honour ſo to ſtain.

Go, go or elſe forbear me
faith I will never yeeld,
Thy captain he'l caſhier thee
haſte haſte into the field.
Leaſt thy abſence breed thee more diſ-
By thy doting on a maiden face (grace
For the loſing of thy Souldiers place
would be a ſhame
Haſte now or never
Elſe Coward ever
they'l thee proclaim.
To loſe ſo great an honour
By following Venus Game. FINIS.

The Springs Glory:

OR,

A precious Poſie for Pretty Maidens:

Who walk in the Meadows to hear the Birds ſing,
With pleaſure rejoycing to welcome the Spring.
The tune is, *Monk hath confounded, &c.*

NOw that bright Phœbus his rays doth diſplay
warm Zephirus blows with a gentler gale,
Nights they grow ſhorter to lengthen the day,
and Wood-nymphs do trip it o're hill & o're dale:
The Fawnes and the Satyrs
Nimbly cut Capers,
And dance Levaltors round in a ring,
Then let us bear a part
And with a joyful heart
Deck flowry Garlands to welcome the ſpring.

With ſweet ſmelling flowers ỹ ſence to delight,
the fields are beſpangled like ſtars in ỹ skies,
With Cowſlips and Primroſes, yellow & white
and other rare colours to pleaſe mortal eies;
The Daffadown-Dilly
Violet and Lilly
And Tulips lovely pleaſure do bring
Then let us bear a part,
And with a joyful heart
Deck flowry garlands to welcome the ſpring.

Flora's fine Tapeſtry now doth adorn,
the earth with a Livery pleaſant to view,
Trées they do bloſſome which winter had torn,
and meadows are deckt in a very rare hue:
The Fairies are tripping
And Lambs are skipping,
Pretty birds chirping in the Woods ſing:
Then let us bear a part,
And with a joyful heart
Deck flowry garlands to welcome the ſpring

Harke how the Nightingale tuneth her notes
her tender breaſt leaning againſt a ſharp thorn
The thruſh & ỹ blackbird with their pretty throats
doth chant forth their melody evening & morn:
The Cuckow well known
In City and Town,
Her conſtant old tone ſhe ſweetly doth ſing:
Then let us bear a part
And with a joyful heart
Deck flowry garlands to welcom the ſpring.

The ſecond Part, To the ſame Tune.

NOw pretty maidens delights for to walk
abroad in the meadows ſo pleaſant & grẽn
Whilſt with their lovers they prattle and talk,
and pick up the flowers ſo gay to be ſẽn:
Of which they make Poſies
In the grẽn cloſes,
Decked with Roſes home for to bring:
Then let us bear a part
And with a joy'ul heart
Deck flowry garlands to welcom the ſpring.

Pretty ſweet Betty walks out with her love,
rejoycing that Summer is drawing ſo near,
Whileſt Dicky doth call her his Turtle Dove
and vows that no other but ſhe is his dear:
Thus with their courting
And lovely ſporting
They are conſorting whilſt the birds ſing:
Then let us, &c.

Nanny doth riſe in the morning betimes
to mẽt her beloved all in a fair grove,
Where he is compoſing of ſonnets and rimes,
to ſet forth her praiſe and to welcome his love:
Her body is ſlender
And her heart tender,
He doth commend her for every thing:
Then let us, &c.

Dolly the Dairy maid ſmugs up her ſelf
and takes up her milk-pale to trace in the dew,
In hopes to meet Roger who ſcorns to be baſe
ſhe often hath try'd him and ſtill he prov'd true;
But oh what a jumbling
And what a tumbling,
All without grumbling love hath his ſwing:
Then let us, &c,

Now is the time that all creatures rejoyce,
by nature they know when ỹ ſpring doth appear
They lovingly couple and freely make choice
before the hot Summer approacheth to near:
Let us take pleaſure
Whilſt we have leaſure
Leaſt ſuch a pleaſure chance to take wing.
Then let us, &c.

Trim up your Arbors and deck up your bowers,
for this is a time to be merry and glad,
Hang up your garlands & ſtrow your ſwẽt flow-
and let not a lover once ſeem to be ſad: (ers
For we'le go a Maying
With muſick playing,
Cupid obeying, love is a King:
Then let us bear a part
And with a joyful heart
Deck flowry garlands to welcom the ſpring.

Licenſed according to Order. I. P.

Printed for W. Gilbertſon,

Strephon and Cloris:

OR,

The Coy Shepherd and Kind Shepherdess.

He's fearful that his Flocks should go astray,
And from her kind Embraces would away;
But she with loving Charms doth him so fetter,
That for to stay he finds it much the better:
When Flocks & Herds, & all concerns do fail,
Love must be satisfied, and will prevail.

To a pleasant New Play-house Tune; Or, *Love will find out the way.*

Behold dread *Cupid*, with his Golden Dart,
And bended Bow, doth pierce each Shepherds heart
Witness here *Strephon* yields to Loves Essays,
His Head being Crown'd with never-fading Bays.

Ay! Cloris awake,
it is all abroad day,
If you sleep any longer
our Flocks they will stray:
Lye still my dear Shepherd,
and do not rise yet,
For it is a cold Windy morning,
and besides it is wet.

Fy Cloris make haste,
for it is no such thing,
Our time we do waste,
for the Lark is on wing
Besides I do fancy
I hear the young Lambs,
Cry, ba, ba, ba, ba,
for the loss of their Dams.

My Shepherd I come,
though I'm all over sorrow
But I swear i'le not love you
if you rise so to morrow:
For methinks it's unkind,
thus early to rise,
and not bid me good morrow,
brings tears from my eyes.

O hark, my dear Cloris,
before thou shalt weep,
I'le stay to embrace thee,
neglecting my sleep:
My Flocks they may wander,
one hour, two, or three,
But if I loose thy favour,
I ruin'd shall be.

I joy my dear Shepherd,
to hear thee say so,
It eases my heart of
much sorrow and woe:
And for thy reward
I will give thee a Kiss,
And then thou shalt taste
of a true Lovers bliss.

But Cloris behold how
bright Phœbus his Beams,
Invites us to go
to the murmuring streams:
I hear the brave Huntsman
doth follow the cry,
And makes the woods ring,
yet how sluggish am I.

The Hounds and the Huntsman
may follow the Chase,
Whilst we enjoy pleasure
in a far better place:
Thou know'st my dear shepherd,
there is no delight,
Like Lovers Enjoyment,
from morning till night.

Alas my dear Cloris,
what dost thou require,
The care of my Flocks
doth abate my desire:
The Lambs are new Yeaned,
and tender for Prey,
And I fear the sly Woolf
the should bear them away.

My Love do not fear it,
the woolf he is fled,
To take up his Lodging
in his Molly bed:
Then let me embrace thee,
whilst we do agree,
And I promise to go,
thou shalt after be free.

Ah Cloris! thy words
are so powerful with me,
That I could be willing
to tarry with thee:
Therefore to content thee,
one hour I will stay,
But I vow by God Cupid
I will then go away.

Now I have my wishes,
dear Shepherd we'l part,
although thou dost carry
away my poor heart:
I bless the great Gods,
that to Lovers are kind,
To bring us together,
such bliss for to find.

Then farewel dear Cloris,
till I see thee again,
For now I will haste to
my Flocks on the Plain:
Where I shall record
thy true Love in such Rhimes
For Shepherds to admire
in succeeding times.

Printed for I. Clarke, at the Horse shooe, in West-smithfield

The Subtile Damosel:

Or, Good Counsel for Maids.

Wherein she shews to every Maiden fair,
To take heed of false young men wherever they are:
For Frummety *Dick* doth love well the Kettle,
And porrige pot *Will* is a man of great mettle.

To the Tune of, *the new made Gentlewoman,*

I Once had a Servant, as other Maids have
That pretended to love me but he proved a knave:
He thought by his tricks to overcome me,
But I was as cunning and crafty as he.

His tongue was so tipt with temptations that I
Out of his presence or sight could not lie;
He call'd me his honey, his duck and his dear:
But now his words to me he doth them forswear.

But now I am free from him, I'm glad in my heart:
'Tis never be said, I will mourn when we part:
But unto all Maids now the truth I will show,
To take heed of false young men wherever they go.

I'th' first place take heed, and beware what I say:
For when you are bound, they'l force you to obey:
Never trust a man that hath a red Nose,
Before he'l want his liquor he'l pawn your best cloaths:

There's Dick came and Harry,
both Robin and Will
Have showed themselves clowns,
and so they'l be still:
For Peter at dancing
he put them all down
But John kist the best of all
men in the Town.

But though I did promise him
and count him the best
Yet he can dissemble
as well as the rest:
From eighteen to thirty
these young men I mind
Loves a wench in a corner,
if they can them find.

For this I'm resolved,
and so I say still,
There's not one amongst twenty
but he doth prove ill:
Search every City
and Town you shan't see
A man that proves constant
and faithful to be

Though John of good mettle,
and counted so civil,
At a Frumme'y Kettle
he'l fight with the Devil:
For at long spoon and custard
he's a right honest man:
But I have forsook him
then love him who can.

There's Bob a good fellow
to give him his due:
Such a young man again
I think there is but few:
Yet with one disease he is
troubled I smell,
If he meet with a wench,
he can't kiss her but tell.

Also came the Taylor
and the Weaver I discern,
The one is for Shreds,
the others for Yarn:

These two boon Companion
work hard I do see,
And they're striving which of them
the best thief will be.

Last Valentines day
I met with my Dear,
He took me by the hand,
and lead me to the Fair:
He gave me fine fairings,
to kiss me was bold:
But at last I do give him
the dog for to hold,

His eloquent speeches
could do him no good,
I can give him fair words,
and then leave t'th' mud:
He talkt of deep learning,
but I did him tell
That he went to school
in some bottomless well.

The world now adaies
it is come to that pass,
That every Boy now
doth look for a Lass:
Theres Bacon-fac'd Harry
as short as my thumb,
All arse and no body. Sing
come pudding come.

These young men & more of them
which I could name,
To wrong pretty Maidens
they think it no shame.
But what shou'd we speak on't?
it oft has been try'd,
That honest young men
they cannot abide.

Thus Maids have I told you
some part of my mind,
How 'tis very heard a good
Husband to find.
Though my Love hath left me,
to grieve I ne'er shall:
If the rest prove no better,
old Nick take them all

Finis. By J. Wade.

London, Printed for Richard Hardy at the Horshoe in West Smithfield.

The ſubtil Miſs of LOND

OR,

The Ranting Hector well fitted by this cunning

Who by putting certain Ingredients into his Wine, laid him into a deep ſleep, and ſtriping
tire, cloathed him in a red Petticoat, and a Coyf on his Head; then ſent him in a great Ch
Graveſend.

To the Tune of, **The two Engliſh Travellers.**

This may be Printe

A Miſs who near London did ſet up her Trade,
And whilſt ſhe did uſe it, ſome projects ſhe play'd,
Amongſt all the reſt, here is one I declare,
The like of this humour you ſeldom did hear.

As ſhe was a ranging along in the ſtreet,
A Ranting brave Gallant ſhe chanced to meet;
His Coat was of Velvet, a Sword by his ſide,
He feared no dangers, whatever betide.

This Gallant no ſooner had fixed his Eyes
Upon her fair Beauty, but ſtraight he replyes,
I'le give thee a Guinea, ſo I may enjoy
Thoſe tender embraces; ſweet Love be not coy.

To ſeal this kind promiſe, he gave her a kiſs;
O fie, fie, forbear Sir, what mean you by this?
Your words are ſo winning, I grant your demand,
What Damſel is able your force to withſtand!

They ſtraight ſtruck a bargain and
To her habitation they poſted away
Where with her old Mother this M
Now liſten, i'le tell you what after b

A Dinner of Dainties they ſtraight
For their jovial paſtime, no charges
But yet I muſt tell you, it ſoon can
Tho' they found the meat, yet he pa

For Claret, Canary, he freely did co
To ſhow himſelf noble, he'd pay for i
And thus he appeared moſt jovial a
They all were as merry as merry m

They ply'd him with Bumpers, w
And likewiſe with other ingredien
They gave him in order, his courag
Which quickly did make him as w

DON:

ing Miſs,
iping his Gallant At-
at Cheſt by water to

Printed, R. P.

n and made no delay,
away,
is Miſs ſhe did dwell ;
after befel.
caight did prepare,
harges they'd ſpare ;
on came to paſs,
t he paid for the ſawce.
did call,
y for it all ;
bvial and free,
erry might be.
rs, which he ne'r deny'd
redients beſide,
ourage to cool,
as wiſe as a fool.

This Liquor up into his Noddle did creep,
So that in ſhort time they had laid him to ſleep ;
His Reaſon and Senſes was perfectly fled,
With their ſubtile Doſes, as if he were dead.

Then, then they went on with their rifling trade,
And of this brave Gallant a Booty they made,
He had ſtore of Silver, both Guineas and Rings,
His Watch and Broad-Pieces, and other rich things.

Thus while he was ſleeping they ſtript off his Cloaths
His Hat, Wigg and Cravat, his Shirt Shoes & Hoſe ;
Then being as naked as e're he was born,
In other Apparrel they did him adorn.

A courſe Hempen Smock they did put him on there,
One which the old Woman was uſed to wear ;
A red Petticoat, with a Coif on his Pate,
Then he was array'd at a notable rate.

They put him into a great Cheſt that ſtood there,
And made a ſmall hole for to let in the air ;
So great was the kindneſs which to him they ſhow'd,
They called a Porter to take up this load.

This Gallant had told them he had at Graveſend,
An Uncle who was his particular Friend ;
And therefore to Billingſgate they did repair,
And hir'd a Boat-man to carry him there.

As ſoon as the Cheſt was ſet ſafe in the Boat,
To the Waterman they delivered a Note,
And bid him be careful his truſt to diſcharge,
He vow'd he wou'd do it, their pay being large.

But now at the laſt comes the cream of the jeſt,
He knew not what treaſure he had in the Cheſt,
Until at Graveſend he had ſet him on ſhore,
Then, then he awaken'd and never before.

It was about twelve of the Clock in the night,
They call'd up his Uncle to ſee this ſtrange ſight ;
The red Petticoat, with a Cope on his Crown,
With wonder and laughter did fill the whole town.

With grief, ſhame and ſorrow his Heart it did bleed,
Next day up to London he rid with all ſpeed ;
His Cloaths, Watch and Guineas, in hopes to obtain,
For tho' he did ſeek her, it was but in vain.

The Miſs had no ſooner committed this Crime,
She ſhifted her Lodging, it being high time ;
Therefore this young Gallant muſt patiently bear
His loſs, for to find her he could not tell where.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt-ſpur-ſtreet, without Newgate.

The Taunton Maids delight,

OR,

Hey for the honeſt Wooſted-Comber.

In *Taunton* Town a Maid doth dwell,
Who loves a Wooſted-Comber very well,
In the praiſe of him ſhe doth declare,
No other Tradeſman can with him compare.

All Sweethearts that doth come ſhe does refuſe,
Only a Wooſted-Comber ſhe doth chuſe,
To him ſhe wiſheth good proſperity,
For 'tis a Comber muſt her Husband be.

The Tune is, *I have a good old Mother at home*, &c. *T. L.*

YOu pretty Maids where e're you are,
come liſten unto me,
And briefly to you I'l declare
in every degree,
My choice in chooſing of a mate
to you I will unfould,
A Wooſted-Comber is the man
that I love better than Gold:
Then hey for the Wooſted-Comber brave,
I love him as my life,
ever I a Husband have,
I will be a Comber wife.

Many youngmen to me doth reſort,
that of ſeveral callings be,
With Sugered words they doth me court,
to gaine true love of me:
But I don't regard what they do ſay,
of them I make but a jeſt,
No man ſhall ſteale my heart away
from him whom I love beſt.
Then hey for *&c.*

Now a true deſcription you ſhall have
concerning of my ſweet hearts,
And how I fitted them moſt brave
according to their deſerts,
Although they ſtrived with might and main
yet I lay at per due,
There's never a one ſhall me conſtrain
to change an old Love for a new.
Then hey for the Wooſted-Comber brave
I love him as my life
If ever I a Husband have
I will be a Comber's wife.

The firſt that to me did make ſuit,
it was a Barber brave,
He gave unto me a kind ſalute,
and ſaid 'twas my love he did crave:
But I made to him this reply,
I will not be marryed yet,
Your Rayzer and Waſhing bills truly
for my Baſon is not fit.
Then hey for *&c.*

Then came a Miller unto me,
that was both strong and stout,
He swore that I his wife must be,
but I gave him the rout:
Quoth I, be gone Mr. Loggerhead,
and take this answer in briefe,
When 'tis my fortune for to wedd,
it shall not be with a Thief.
Then hey for the Woosted-Comber brave
I love him as my life,
If ever I a Husband have
I will be a Comber's wife.

Then came a Smith that was cole-black,
and askt me if I would wedd,
He said that a good wife he did lack,
at night to warm his bed:
But I answered him presently
with words plain and downright,
A Blacksmith's hammer never shall
upon my Anvill smight.
Then hey &c.

A prick-louse Taylor he came in,
with his Bodkin, Shearers, and Thimble,
To complement he did begin,
with speeches quick and nimble;
He said if I would be his mate
bravely maintain'd I should be,
But I told him that Cabbage I did hate,
with my body 'twould not agree.
Then hey &c.

Then came a cold Shoemaker
that was both neat and trim,
He ask't if I could find in my heart
to love and fancy him;
Quoth I, march off with Sir Hugh's bones,
your suite it is in vain,
For it is not a Shoemaker
that shall my love obtain.
Then hey &c.

An honest Weaver came at last,
and said he'd constant prove,
He said he would maintain me brave,
if I would be his love:
He was a handsome proper Lad,
exceeding all the rest,
Of all the six Suitors I had
the Weaver was the best,
Except the Woosted-Comber brave, &c.

Of all sorts of Tradesmen that are
dwelling in Taunton town,
None with a Comber can compare,
for valour and renown:
He is both couragious and stout,
in Battel to fight he is free,
To his enemy he'l face about,
he scornes a Coward to be,
Then hey &c.

When he with his Comrades doth meet,
his money he'l freely spend,
With good strong Beer his heart he'l cheer,
to the Ale-wife he's a good friend:
And when he hath spent an hour or twain
in merry company,
At the Come-pot again with might & maine,
his work he then doth ply.
Then hey &c,

Sometimes in the fields with his true-love
a progress he doth take,
With kisses sweet he doth her greet,
and much of her doth make:
On the green grass the time they pass
in sweet felicity,
With heart and mind their loves they bind,
ne'r parted for to be.
Then hey &c.

And thus the Woosted-Comber's praise
I have declared to you,
In every part is his desert,
I have described true,
He is the man that I esteem,
above Rubies or Pearle,
I'de rather chuse to lie by him
then by a Lord or Earle.
Then hey &c.

God bless the Combers and Weavers both
that in Taunton doth dwell,
Unto them all both great and small
I heartily wish well;
To those in *Milverton* so brave
I also do commend,
God Trading I wish they still may have,
and so I make an end.
Then hey for the Woosted-Comber brave
I love him as my life,
If ever I a Husband have
I will be a Comber's wife.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the golden Ball in *West-Smithfield*.

The three VVorthy Butchers of the N

I weep, I wail, and travel much in pain;
Now all my youthful days are ſpent, they'l never come again: | Once I was a Man, but now a
| For all my Companions are f

To a pleaſant New Tune.

DId you never hear of worthy Butchers three?
And how they ſpent their days in mirth and jollity?
There was Kitſon, Wilſon, and Johnſon, mark me what I ſay,
They took three hundred pounds worth of Goods upon a day.

When as the day of payment began for to draw near,
Their money to their Creditors intended for to bear;
And riding thrown Blankly-Lane as faſt as they could trig,
Be merry my hearts, ſaid Johnſon, let us ſing up a jigg.

With a hey down, down, with a down derry dee,
God bleſs all true men out of thieves Company;
Riding then up Blankny-Lane as faſt as they could hie,
Be merry my hearts ſaid Johnſon, I hear a woman cry.

O help, help, help, O help, or elſe I dye,
O help me ſome good Chriſtians, for my torments they draw
O hark, O hark, ſaid Johnſon, I hear a woman cry, (nigh
Sure I came of a woman, and ſhall I ſee her dye?

Don't ride on neighbour Johnſon, now Kitſon he did ſay,
For that is ſome lewd woman, will caſt us all away:
If you had but rid on this way as oft as we have done,
You would have heard this cry before, and now let us be gon

Then Johnſon whipt into the wood
Whereas he found the woman w
With Cords faſt ty'd in twain, a
And found her there ſtark naked

Alas, ſaid Johnſon, what man has
Ye came not of a woman, that wou
Hath thou no lewd Company? now
For here we are come to ſave thy li

No I have no lewd Company, the
Three Ruffians came riding by, a
They took my Clooths from me, a
And left me here in woful ſort,

So Johnſon he whipt out his ſword
And preſently the womans Cords,
A Shirt out of his Cloak-bag pre
And put it on the woman to cover

I have neither wife nor Children,
And thou ſhalt be Lady of all till
Johnſon being a loving man, and
He put his Cloak about her to ke

Straight upon Horſe-back preſen
And they rid all out of the wood,
Riding then up *Blankly-Lane* as fa
Be merry my hearts ſaid Johnſon

With a hey down down, with a h
What if here were ten thieves
Riding then up *Blankly-Lane* as fa
Be merry my hearts, ſaid Johnſ

The woman hearing him ſay ſo,
She put her finger to her ear, a
Ten thieves then with weapons
They ſtept before Johnſon, and qu

What is it ſo? ſaid *Johnſon*, ſt
I vow that ſome of you ſhall befo
Stand faſt, fight men, ſee that yo
For I vow his hand ſhall off that

Alas, ſaid *Kitſon*, to fight no hea
No more have I ſaid *Wilſon*, in fa
Here is three hundred pound that
And you ſhall have it all, and let

...e *North.*

...t now alas am none,
...ns are from me fled, and gone,

...the wood with all might and ma...in,
...oman with Cords fast ty'd in twain
...twain, and hand and foot was bound
...k naked, with her hair pin'd to the
(ground.
...an has us'd thee so?
...hat would work a womans woe:
...? now Johnson he did say,
...be thy life, thou mayst cast us all
(away.
...ny, the woman she did say,
...g by, and rob & me by the way:
...n me, and hand and foot me bound
...ful sort, with my hair pin'd on the
(ground.
...s sword with all his might & main
...Cords, Johnson he cut in twain:
...bag presently plucked he,
...o cover her secresie.

...ildren, Johnson he did say,
...ll till death take life away:
..., and bore a careful mind,
...er to keep her from the wind.

...presently went he,
... wood, and rid on gallantly:
...e as fast as they could trig,
...Johnson, let us sing up a Jigg.

...ith a hey down derry dee,
...ieves so we are true men three,
...e as fast as they could hye,
...Johnson, the Lands end draweth
(nigh
...ay so, presently by and by,
...ear, and gave a squeaking cry,
...pons drawn in hand,
...and quickly bid him stand.

...nson, since 'twill no better be,
...ll before I killed be:
...that you be not idle,
...f that lays hold on my Bridle.

...o heart have I,
..., in faith i'de rather dye:
...d that we are bound to pay,
...nd let's scape with life away.

What is it so, said *Johnson*, fight men, and be free,
And stand but at my back, keep the dark blows from me:
Stand fast, fight men, fight men and be free,
And by the help of God we shall win the victory.

Five of these thieves and the woman they did go,
To *Kitson* and to *Wilson* and bound them fast in woe: ground.
As these ten Thieves playd before him and playd upon the
For *Johnson* had five Pistols with Bullets charged sound.

With Bullets charged sound, presently he let flye,
Till five of these Thieves upon the ground did lye:
Put up, said the other five, put up without delay,
For if that he gets charged, he will kill us all this day.

Fight on, said the Woman, fight on I say to ye,
For if you five dont kill him, I vow your Priest to be:
So *Johnson* he whipt out his sword with all his might and main,
And play'd about him gallantly till three more of them were slain

Put up, said the other two, put up without delay,
For if that he continue fight he'l kill us all this day:
Fight on, said the woman, fight on I say to ye,
For if you two dont kill him, I vow your Priest to be.

As these two Thieves play'd before him, alas he did not mind,
For presantly the woman knockt him down behind:
Oh wretched woman, wickedly hast thou done,
Thou hast kill'd the bravest Butcher that ever *England* won.

For had but my fellows, had they prov'd true to me; dye,
They were cowards, said the woman and as cowards they shall
Two of these thieves and the Woman they did go
To Kitson and to Wilson where they lay bound in woe:

A Club in her hand, as she got all the gains,
Went to Kitson and to Wilson and dasht out both their brains.
How this murder was discovered, list and you shall hear,
It was by a silly Shepherd, hid in the hedge for fear,
A Gentleman and his man as they came riding by,
Seeing this woful murder straight sent forth hue and cry,

Ay, but do what e're they could, taken they could not be,
For they got Ship at *Yarmouth*, and so went over Sea,
This is the trick of Thieves when they have murder done,
When they have committed Roguery, full fast away they run.
(reign,
God bless our royal King and Queen, and send them long to
In health, wealth, and prosperity, true justice to maintain,
God bless all true men that travel by Land or Sea,
And keep all true men out of Thieves Company,

FINIS. Paul Burges.

Printed for P. Brooksby in West-Smithfield.

TOBIA'S ADVICE,

Or, A Remedy for a ranting Young-Man.

VVhile you are ſingle you take but little care,
Therefore I ſay better you married were,
Perhaps there's ſome at this will make a Jeſt,
But *I* ſay ſtill a married Life is beſt.
Therefore young-men take this Advice of me
Better take one than run to two or three.

Tune of, *Daniel Cooper.*

By *Tobias Bowne.*

ON May morning as I walkt forth,
I to my ſelf was muſing;
Though I what a fool am I in truth
that I ſo long am chuſing,
For Maids enough are to be had,
I to my ſelf was thinking,
Sure I will have one good or bad,
to keep me out of drinking.

Yet ſome there be have ſaid to me,
a ſingle life is gallant;
But where is he that I can ſee
that lays up any Talant?
They'l ſay we'l live ſo all our life,
for marriage we'l prevent it;
But where is he without a wife
that can live well contented.

For marriage is a thing ordain'd
and what man can deny it?
If my true-love doth conſtant prove,
I am reſolv'd to try it:
He that doth live a ſingle life,
I count a ſimple action,
But if you get a loving Wife,
that will be ſatisfaction.

I pray obſerve what I do ſpeak,
you'l ſay theſe lines are witty;
How many hearts you cauſe to break
in Country, Town and City,
And then you think to caſt it off,
and turns it to a laughter;
You think that you do well enough,
but pray mark what comes after.

When I was young I did the like,
then I was brisk and bonny;
Sometimes walk abroad all night,
and so spent all my money,
But now I see it's vanity,
i'le strive for to prevent it,
I'le go no more to seek a Whore,
I'm with my wife contented.

All you stand by I ask you why
that Marriage should be slighted;
Sure you may say as well as I
youngmen are over-sighted:
But here you run and there you run,
and count your selves brave fellows,
But if that One you had at home,
she'd keep you from the Alehouse.

A youngman said that he would wed
but he aim'd at promotion;
He fain would have a wife in Bed,
but not without a portion:
I call'd him fool unto his face,
I did not like his speeches;
Said I, take thou a virtuous Lass,
she's better far than Riches.

If once you get a loving mate,
and you abroad are ranting,
You'l think why shall I stay out late,
my wife she finds me wanting;
I will haste home unto my choice,
she shall not for me tarry:
And if you will take my advice,
I think it good to marry.

And then you may live happily
be but a little thrifty;
Sure if you spend your time away
till you do mount to fifty,
And then a wife you chance to have,
you may become a Father;
You'l say what money might I have sav'd,
had I been married rather.

And so I bid you all adieu,
I hope you don't deny me,
I do not speak to you or you,
but all that stand here by me.
It's but a penny once your life,
the Ballad's ready for ye;
And so I wish you a good wife
when that you chance to marry.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* in *Py-corner*.

TOBIAS Obſervation;

A Youngman came unto a fair,
by chance he met his true Love there
ſaid he, ſweetheart thou art welcome here,
invited her to drink ſome Beer,
But in the end prov'd ne'r the near,
as in this Song it will appear.

Tune of, *The Country Farmer.* By *Tobias Bowne.* This may be Printed, R. P.

There was a Youngman who lately expreſt
his love to a Damſel that liv'd in the Weſt;
And thus he began his mind to declare
ſaid he, thou art welcome unto this Fair
I have a great mind with thee to talk,
come pray let us to the Tavern walk
Ile do thee no harm thou needſt not fear,
for Fairing i'le give thee one flaggon of Beer.

Pray how doth your Father and Mother at home,
they were well this morning then anſwered Joan
Said he if you pleaſe to walk with me
we will be as merry as merry may be:
To tell thee the truth I do love the dear,
yet I am ſo doubtful my mind to declare
For fear what I aſk you ſhould me deny
and then for you r Love I ſhall ſurely die
I hope you will not offended be
though I make ſo bold to ſpeak unto thee,
For night nor day I can take no reſt,
for Love that lies harbour'd within my Breaſt
And thou art ſhe that canſt eaſe my pain,
then grant me love for love again:
Give me ſome kind anſwer my heart to eaſe,
and let me not languiſh in Loves diſeaſe.

The Maids Anſwer.

Good Sir, I do fancy you jeer at me,
your Riches and mine will never agree,
For I am a poor Mans daughter its known
I work for my Living abroad & at home
Sometimes I'me at whom to ſpinning of Yarn
and ſometimes abroad to reaping of Corn
Sometimes in the Feild to milk the Cow
I get what I have by the ſweat of my brow.

I live as well contented as any Maid can,
what need I intangle my self with a Man,
I walk where I please at my own command
I need not say shall I, pray shall I husband,
Now I have my self to guide and to rule,
in marrying some people have plaid the Fool:
Methinks it is troublesome to be a Nurse,
when children are froward & husbands are worse

Yet for your Love I have no cause to deny
sure you deserve one that is better then I
For you have a good estate of your own
And I am a poor Mans Daughter it's known,
Yet I am content, with what little I have,
Perhaps if I marry I may be a Slave,
Therefore I'le beware how I marry in haste,
for fear I have cause to repent at the last.

The Mans Answer.

O prithee my dearest take pitty on me,
no one in the World, I fancy but thee,
And do not abuse me for loving thee dear,
I'le willingly tarry for thee one whole year
Nothing shall be wanting thy mind to fulfil
so thou wilt but grant me thy Love & good Will
But if thou deny me and Love thou hast none,
then surely thy Heart is as hard as a Stone.

Sweetheart prethee tell me, I know you well can
whether you do fancy another youngman
Pray pardon my boldness in asking so far,
or to any other ingaged you are,
My dearest resolve me if you'l be so be kind,
that will be great ease to my troubled mind,
But if from all other Men thou art free,
I shall live in hopes that my Bride thou wilt be.

The Maids Answer.

Good sir, you pretend a great deal of good will
yet I am not ready your mind to fulfil,
For I have no fancy to be made a Wife
nor ne'r was concern'd with no man in my Life
And for to live single it is my delight
and so honest youngman I wish you good night,
Pray by your leave let me pass by you youngman
for now it is high time for me to be gone.

The Mans Answer.

And must thou begone and no longer wilt stay
then I wish I had not a seen thee this day,
For now I am troubled with doubt and with fear
because I am slighted for loving so dear
Young-men I advise you where ever you be
If Cupid do hit you, then think upon me,
Although you Love dearly yet never declare,
unto any Damsel the Love that you bare.

And so having ended I wish you all well
each youngman & maid to the place where you do well
But yet I would have you one penny bestow
& that is the price of this Ballad you know
You know it is good to learn Children to Read,
it's fit for a Youngman to sing to a Maid
It is good for pastime on each holy day,
and here be the Ballads come buy them away.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye-corner*.

TOM Tell-Truth.

All you that will not me believe,
disprove me if you can;
You by my Story may perceive,
I am an Honest Man.
To the Tune of, *Tantara rara rara, Tantivee.*

TOM Tell-Truth,

I Killed a Man and he was dead,
fa la la la la la,
I killed a Man and he was dead,
fa la, &c.
I killed a Man and he was dead,
And run to St. Albans without a head
with a fa la, fa la la la, fa la la la la la la.

I asked him why he run so wild,
fa la, &c.
I asked him why he run so wild,
fa la, &c.
I asked him why he run so wild.
He told me he got a Maid with-Child,
with a fa la, &c.

And in his head there was a Spring,
fa la, &c.
And in his head there was a Spring,
fa la, &c.
And in his head there was a Spring,
A thousand great Salmons about there did swim
with a fa la, &c.

I Sadled a Whore and rid to White-Hall,
fa la, &c.
I Sadled a Whore and rid to White-Hall,
fa la, &c.
I Sadled a Whore and rid to White-Hall,
And under the Gate-house she gave me a fall,
with a fa, &c.

I lay in a Swound three and twenty long year,
fa la, &c.
I lay in a Swound three and twenty long year,
fa la, &c.
I lay in a Swound three and twenty long year,
And when I awak'd I was filled with fear,
with a fa la, &c.

The thing that did fright me I cannot express,
fa la, &c.
The thing that did fright me I cannot express,
fa la, &c.
The thing that did fright me I cannot express,
I saw a Man big as the Tower, no less,
with a fa la, &c.

This Man with the Monument would run away,
fa la, &c.
This Man with the Monument would run away,
fa la, &c.
This Man with the Monument would run away,
But at *Algate* Watch they did him stay,
with a fa la, &c.

I got up agen and rid to Hide-Park,
fa la, &c.
I got up agen and rid to Hide-Park,
fa la, &c.
I got up agen and rid to Hide-Park,
And made the Old Whore to sneeze and to fart,
with a fa la, &c.

A top of Pauls Steeple there did I see,
fa la, &c.
A top of Pauls Steeple there did I see,
fa la, &c.
A top of Pauls Steeple there did I see
A delicate dainty fine Apple-Tree,
with a fa la, &c.

The Apples were ripe and ready to fall,
fa la, &c.
The Apples were ripe and ready to fall,
fa la, &c.
The Apples were ripe and ready to fall,
And kill'd seven hundred Men on a Stall,
with a fa la, &c.

The blood did run both too and fro,
fa la, &c.
The blood did run both too and fro,
fa la, &c.
The blood did run both too and fro,
Which caused seven Water-Mills all for to go,
with a fa la, &c.

I see Pauls Steeple run upon Wheels,
fa la, &c.
I see Pauls Steeple run upon Wheels,
fa la, &c.
I see Pauls Steeple run upon Wheels,
And in the middle of all Moor-fields,
with a fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la la.

Printed for *J. Wright*, *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passinger*.

THE

Trappand Cuckold-maker.

OR,

Yea - and - Nay well fitted.

A Baker went with full intent,
a Beauty to adore;
Thus Yea and Nay, did run astray,
But he'll do so no more.

Tune is, *O Mother* Roger, *&c.* This may be Printed, *R. P.*

There was of late a Cuckold-maker,
if you will believe the truth;
Yea and nay, he was a Quaker,
yet he us'd the tricks of youth.
On a day it chanced so,
he would to his Neighbour go,
When her Husband was not within,
This discourse he did begin,
Saying, if thou wilt me obey,
I'le tender thee by yea and nay.

Love let me have my hearts desire,
wherefore shouldst thou say me nay;
Beauty sets my Heart on fire,
little Lambs thou knowst will play:
Since I have my love reveal'd,
Prithee dearest do but yield,
I will be a constant friend,
When I cannot come I'le send
Thee many presents, day by day,
And love thee too by yea and nay.

The Woman then with modeſt bluſhes,
in a paſſion ſhe revil'd;
But the Quaker often hu∫hes
her, to be more kind and mild:
Thus he whiſpers in her Ear,
Truly, ſaid he, thou needſt not fear,
Any manner of diſgrace,
We may freely here embrace:
Then prithee make no more delay,
I love thee well by yea and nay.

Thus he endeavour'd to delude her,
but ſhe anſwer'd him, and ſaid,
Never was a Man more ruder,
yet I will not be betray'd
To your humours, no not I,
Therefore make no more reply,
Then he catch'd her in his arms,
Saying, thoſe alluring charms,
My heart and ſenſes does betray,
I love thee well by yea and nay.

She found he would not be contented,
no denyal would he take,
Therefore ſhe a Trick invented,
and to him ſhe thus did ſpeak;
If I do commit this Crime,
It muſt be ſome other time,
Come to me too morrow night,
Thou ſhalt have thy hearts delight;
I will be ſure, he then did ſay
To come, my dear, by yea and nay

He thought ſhe had the truth related,
ſeeing ſhe had told him when;
Therefore home he went and waited,
thinking every hour ten,
To her Husband ſhe did tell,
Ev'ry thing that had befell;

Now when ſhe has this declar'd,
For his coming they prepar'd.
As you ſhall hear: then liſten pray,
They were too hard for yea and nay.

Now when the hour was expir'd,
to her Chamber then he came,
To enjoy what he deſir'd,
of this fair and comely Dame,
When he was come in the room,
Preſently he did preſume
To embrace the Beauty fair,
Thinking no one had been there,
Her Husband ruſhing in ſtraightway,
Alas! this daunted yea and nay.

The good man vow'd he would not take
ſhe had left him in the lurch,
Yea and nay was almoſt naked,
when with two ſtout rods of Birch
He did laſh both Leggs and Hips,
Round the room he ſkips and ſkips,
With his ſad and mournful Cryes,
Tears they trickle from his Eyes.
O pardon me good Sir, I pray,
I'le come no more by yea and nay.

O why ſhouldſt thou thy Heart ſo harden
let ſome pitty now be found,
Giving me thy gracious pardon,
here I'le give thee thirty pound;
Tho I once have done amiſs,
Do not tell the World of this:
If I pardon you therefore,
See you tempt my Wife no more.
The ready money he did pay,
He would not truſt poor yea and nay.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt ſpur-Street.

The Trappan'd Tay

O R,

A Warning to all *Taylors* to beware how they Marr

Shewing how a Begger-wench being insinuated into a house of Bawdery, was sud
of Rags into silks, flanting it each day with Gallants, (yet passing for a Maid.) A
fell deep in love with her person, and afterwards married her, which was no soo
Bawd disrob'd her of the rich attire, and put on the Raggs which she brought w
discontent of our *Mousieur Starveling*.

To the Tune of, How many Crowns and pounds have I spen

I Le sing a Song, and a dainty brave Song,
it's neither of Seaman nor Saylor;
But to tell you the truth, it's a bonny brave Youth,
he's a finikin Vapouring Taylor.

It was in the prime of Cow cumber time,
when Taylors had very much leisure;
This Gallant so nimble did cast by his Thimble,
to sport away time for his pleasure.

A Begger-Wench chanced to London to come,
a Girl that had very good Features;
With begging about, an old Bawd spy'd her out,
for sure there is many such Creatures.

This cunning old Craft with subtle intent,
did find that the Lass she was willing;
She took the Wench in, and washed her cleam,
and put on her very good Linnen.

She pull'd off her raggs, an
and made her as fine as fi
For she was so smug, she loo
and she was as brisk as a

She gave her an art that she
as if she had been an old s
She liked the Trade far bet
then abroad in the Countr

She taught her the Trade t
after she had been twenty
And silly Fools they are the
being baffled and basely a

Oft times in the door like a
she stands for to tempt in
And when they come in, she
then dearly they pay for t

But while she did frisk, the
it was his chaunce for to sp
She ravisht his heart before
in hopes for to gain his d

For verily she pretended to b
a Country Gentlemans D
Came up the last Term new
but mark how she fited hi

He told her that he would m
for he was a Man of rega
He gave her rich gifts to pu
for he was in hopes of a b

By little and little she seeme
being moved thereto by h
Pretending that she will like
to joyn with him in lawfu

ylor:

Marry.

s ſuddenly transformed out
d.) A Taylor living hard by,
o ſooner done, but the old
ght with her; to the great

l ſpent, &c.

gs, and gave her black baggs
as fine may be;
he look'd like a Jugg,
as a Lady.

hat ſhe acted her part,
old ſtander;
ar better ſhe ſaid,
Country to wander.

rade to paſs for a Maid,
penty times uſed:
re cheated like gulls,
ſelp abuſed.

ike a crafty young Whore,
apt in her Tullies:
n, ſhe'l teach them to ſin,
for their follies.

k, the Taylor ſo briſk,
to ſpy her:
before ſhe did part,
his deſire.

ed to be
ans Daughter:
m new faſhions to learn,
ted him after.

ould marry with ſhe,
f regarding;
to purchaſe his drifts,
s of a bargain.

e ſeemed to yield,
a by his carriage;
ill likewiſe agree
n lawful Marriage.

BUt when the old Bawd found out their deſign,
ſhe ſwore ſhe will have ſatisfaction:
But the Taylor ſo ſad had not enough paid,
but ſhe preſently enter'd an Action.

She ſtripping the Bride, he ſtanding beſide,
like one that did ſcorn to diſown her:
He teas'd his brags, when he ſaw his wifes rags,
and wiſh'd that he had never known her.

The rags the Whore knew for to be her own
to take them agen ſhe had reaſon:
And ſince ſhe did catch a blade that could patch,
he had patching work for a whole ſeaſon.

And thus ſhe did ſnap the Taylor in a Trap
to pay for his Wives apparel,
That ſhe had him lent, which made him repent,
it was but in vain for to quarrel.

And thus the poor Taylor was finely trappan'd,
he curs'd, he ſwore, and he vapour'd;
That made him to ſwear, and to pull off his hair,
like a Pigg in a Halter he caper'd.

He skipt and he jumpt, but ſure he was numpt,
as well as ever was any:
A Begger-wench Bride to lye by his ſide,
may pleaſe him as well as a Lady.

And now we will leave him to kiſs up his Wife,
ſhe has enough to cool his courage;
Let Taylors beware and have a great care,
how they joyn with ſuch beggers in marriage.

Unleſs that my Song it be tedious and long,
i'le end it with, hey down derry;
We put it in rhime this Cowcumber time,
that Taylors may laugh and be merry.

FINIS.

printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*.

The Troubles of theſe Ti

OR,

The Calamities of our Engliſh Nation,
Makes many a heart ſore ſad, and out of Faſhion,
Which is a trouble and grief to all,
There's many a man in danger for to fall,
But it is our Sins that cauſes this to be,

That brings this Trouble, and this Mi
Lets pray to the Lord, our Nation to d
And all Engliſh people Strive their live
And not to take ſo much the Lords Nam
We muſt look for Judgments for the ve

To the Tune of,

A Leſſon for all true Chriſtians.

POor England now is full of Care and Grief,
To ſee the Wars amongſt us for to be ſo brief;
It makes all People they know not what to do,
They are ſo full of care the truth is ſo.

Trading is down, there's little to be got,
The poorer ſort they are very hard put too't,
To maintain their Charge and children in their need,
To ſee them want will make their hearts to bleed.

There's many plaints, there's little for to do,
They walk up and down, ſo heavily they go,
They know not what to think, or how to tell;
But it is the Lord that can make all be well.

Let us pray to the Lord then with a tend
There is nothing better that can take our
'Tis not the Arm of fleſh can do us wrong
If the Lord be with us, who can hurt us

But the pride o'th Nation has been very
Now we muſt ſuffer for it to be ſure;
The poorer ſort of People abides the ſmart
But a true Believer in God is the beſt

It's not the ſtrength of Armed Men ſecur
That can relieve us, or make us ſecure,
It's the Lord from Heaven that muſt be o
To bring Peace and quietneſs in England

Times,

this Misery,
on to defend,
eir lives to mend,
ls Name in Vain,
the very ſame.

a tender heart,
ke our part;
wrong,
rt us than.

very ſore,
e;
ſmart,
e beſt part.

beſure,
eure,
ſt be our friend,
gland agen.

And we our ſelves be in mighty care,
To live uprightly, and the Lord to fear;
The Sins o'th Nation to the Lord doth cry,
Makes all theſe Troubles on this Land to lye.

Therefore we had need to pray then Night and Day,
To defend us from the Sword then every way;
The War and Sword brings Famine at the length,
If it hold long in bloody force and ſtrength.

We know not what this may come to at laſt,
Or how this trouble will be over-paſt,
But the Lord above, He's in Heaven ſtill,
Let all be done unto His Bleſſed Will.

For if theſe troubles do continue Long,
There's many Thouſand will be clear undone;
But the Lord he does know beſt then what to do,
If we can be careful our ſins for to forgo.

We deſire that love amongſt us may increaſe,
And grant our Nation a true happy Peace,
What a comfort that would be, if the Lord be pleas'd,
That of this War our Nation could be eas'd.

If it hold long, we ſhall be all undone,
We need to pray then every Mothers Son,
That the Lord of Heaven may of us take a care,
To forgive us our Sins, and put us out of fear.

When great Afflictions comes upon our Land,
That the Lord is pleas'd amongſt us for to ſend,
We may thank our ſelves; our Wickedneſs is great,
Our Sins lies heavy, and I'm ſorry for't.

Now to conclude, we have no more to ſay,
That we may ſerve the Lord, and Him Obey,
And bleſs our Engliſh Nation evermore,
And take off theſe troubles, which grieves our Nation ſore,
That we may live in happineſs agen,
And let all good Chriſtian people ſay, Amen.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brookſby, at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.

A True CHARACTER
OF
Sundry Trades and Callings:
OR,
A New Ditty of Innocent Mirth.

This Song is New, and perfect True,
there's none can this deny;
For I am known, Friend, to be one
that scorns to tell a Lye.

To the Tune of, Old Simon the KING.

This may be Printed, R. P.

NOw Gentlemen sit you all merry,
I'll sing you a Song of a Want,
I'll make you as merry as may be,
though Monies begin to grow scant:
A Woman without e're a Tongue,
she never can scold very loud;
'Tis just such another great Want,
when the Fidler wants his Crowd:
Good People I tell unto you,
these Lines they are absolute new,
For I hate and dispise the telling of Lies,
this Ditty is merry and true.

A Ship that's without e're a Sail,
may be driven the Lord knows whither;
'Tis just such another sad Want,
as the Shoe-maker wants his Leather:
A Man that has got but one Legg,
will make but a pittiful Runner,
And he that has no Eyes in his Head,
will make but a sorrowful Gunner:
Good People I tell unto you,
these Lines they are absolute new,
For I hate and dispise the telling of Lies,
this Ditty is merry and true.

A Doctor without any Stomach,
will make but a pittyful Dinner,
And he that has got no Victuals to eat,
will quickly look thinner and thinner:
A Bell without ever a Clapper,
will make but sorrowful Sound,
And he that has no Land of his own,
may work on another Man's Ground:
Good People I tell unto you,
these lines they are absolute new,
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
this Ditty is merry and true.

A Black-smith without his Bellows,
he need not to rise very soon,
And he that has no Cloaths to put on,
may lye in his Bed till noon:
An Inn-keeper without any Custom,
will never get store of Wealth,
And if he has ne'r a Sign to hang up,
he may e'ne go hang up himself:
Good People, &c.

A Miller without any Stones,
he is but a sorrowful Soul,
And if that he has no Corn to grind,
he need not stand taking of Toll:
The Taylor we know he is loath
to take any Cabbidge at all,
If he has no Silk, Stuff or Cloath,
to do that good Office withal.
Good People, &c.

A Woman without e're a Fault,
she like a bright Star will appear;
But a Brewer without any Malt,
will make but pittiful Beer:
A Man that has got but one Shirt,
when e're it is washt for his hide,
I hope it can't be no great hurt,
to lye in his Bed till 'tis dry'd,
Good People, &c.

A Mountebank without his Fools,
and a Skip-kennel turn'd out of Place,
A Tinker without any Tools,
they are all in a sorrowful case:
You know that a Dish of good Meat,
it is the true Stay of Man's Life,
But he that has nothing to eat,
he need not to draw out his Knife.
Good People, &c.

A Pedler without e're a Stock,
it makes him look pitiful blew;
A Shepherd without e'er a Flock,
has little or nothing to do:
A Farmer without any Corn,
he neither can give, sell or lend;
A Huntsman without e'er a Horn,
his Wife she must stand his good Friend.
Good People, &c.

A Plow-man that has ne'er a Plow,
I think may live at his ease;
A Dairy without e're a Cow,
will make but bad Butter and Cheese.
A Man that is pittiful poor,
has little or nothing to loose;
And he that has never a Foot,
it saves him the buying of Shooes.
Good People, &c.

A Warren without e'er a Coney,
is barren, and so much the worse;
And he that is quite without Money,
can have no great need of a Purse.
I hope there is none in this place,
that now is displeas'd with this Song,
Come hup up my Ballads apace,
and I'll pack up my Awls and be gone.
Good People I tell unto you,
these Lines they are absolute new,
For I hate and dispise the telling of Lies,
this Ditty is merry and true.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.

The Poor Mans Prayer

for Peace, in theſe ſorrowful Times of Trouble.

O R,

Poor *England's* Miſery in this time of Diſtreſs.

It is for our Sins as we do underſtand,
That all this great trouble doth lye on this Land
This Innocent Blood may make us all ſtart,
God bleſs us hereafter we take not a part
Our great God of Heaven and our gracious King,
Let us ſerve and obey in every thing.

To the Tune of Game at Cards.

POor Englands ſorrows this many a year
has made us much to ſtand in fear,
This twenty years and more I ſay
we have had ſuſpition of this day
Our ſins are got ſo very high
let us to God for mercy cry,
That all our trouble they may ceaſe
And *England* may enjoy true Peace.

What though the times be very croſs
it's for our Sins we muſt confeſs
Let us ſerve God and obey the King
obſerve Gods word in every thing:
And keep no Rebellion in our Heart
that is the thing makes *England* ſmart

Every morning when we riſe
with Heart and Mind let us deviſe
To call one God and fall to Prayer
to bleſs our doing every where.
Take not ſo much Gods Name in vain
for that we greatly are to blame.
And pray all our troubles they may ceaſe
And *England* may enjoy true peace.

The Weſtern Parts have ſuffered moſt
by Enemies that came on their Coaſt
But bleſſed be the God of might
that fought the Battel for the right
But if we truſt in God near fear
he will defend us where

LEt's not distrust in God at all
he can defend both great and small
We need not fear what Man can do
if our God be not our Foe
It is our sins causes all this Woes
that makes so many their lives lose
And pray all our troubles they may cease
And *England* may enjoy true Peace.

Let us repent and call on God
then he'l take off his heavy Rod,
And spare us for his mercies sake
innocent Blood does make us quake.
There be Widdows we do fear
and many a Fatherless Child this year.
Pray that our troubles they may cease,
That *England* may enjoy true Peace.

Keep a good Heart and never fear
and work with patience ne'r despair
We have a God if we him trust
will not forsake us for he is just.
Rely upon him that is Divine
let us keep from evil and ne'r repine
And pray, &c.

For Englands Sins as you may see
that causes this difference here to be,
There's but one way that we can have,
and one true way our Souls to save,
I am sorry that our English Men
has no more perseuance of the same.
And pray &c.

I have no more to say on this
I pray God mend all that is amiss
And God bless our King and Kingdom too
that he his Enemies may subdue.
And God bless us all then every way
that Gods and the Kings Laws we may obey
And pray our Troubles they may cease
That *England* may enjoy true Peace.

That we the right way may persue
lets keep from swearing drunken crew
For swearing drunkards do excell
that damn themselves and Souls to Hell
Children as soon as they can speak
will swear 'twould make one's Heart to ake,
Then let us pray and ne'r rebel,
And by the grace of God we shall live well,

F I N I S.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.

True Love Exalted:

Or, A Dialogue between a Courteous young Knight of the City of *London*, and a *Searge Weavers* Daughter of *Devonſhire*.

Shewing how the young Knight was Travelling in *Devon-ſhire*, and fell in Love with a fair Maid there: How he Courted her to be his Miſs, but ſhe not yielding to his Laſcivious deſires, he was ſo much in Love with her Vertue, that he Marryed her, and made her a Lady, and carryed her to the Kings Court at *London*, where they now live in joy and happineſs.

The Tune is, *Tender Hearts*, &c.

The Author ſpeaks.

IN the Weſt in Devon-ſhire.
Liv'd a Maid of Beauty rare,
pretty Peggy as her name;
So much Beauty, ſo much Duty
Peggy there had all the Fame,

Whereſoe're that you are walking,
Or of whatſoever talking,
pretty Peggy muſt come in;
So much Beauty, ſo much Duty,
not to worſhip were a Sin.

Fate that many a one does flatter,
Told of this the truth o'th matter,
to a young and lovely Knight;
One lov'd Pleaſure, more then Treaſure
beauty was his chief delight.

Straight he was with Love involved,
and to try it was reſolved,
if that Peggy would be kind,
But did never, meet with ever,
ſuch a Face, or ſuch a mind.

The Knight:
When he firſt beheld the Creature,
All her Charms were ſent by Nature,
neither Spots nor Tower ſhe wore:
But was ſinging, and a Spinning,
at her poor old Fathers door.

Peggy.
When ſhe ſaw him ſhe retired,
But his ſences were ſo fired,
at the little interview;
Stay, he ſaid, thou lovely Maid,
for now I Swear report is true.

STraight ways, then he ent unto her,
And with all his art did woe her,
kiſt her hands and bleſt her eyes:
Proffer'd her Treaſure for his Pleaſure,
but alas! ſhe ſtill denies.

Golden promiſes he made her,
And with vows would fain perſwade her,
but her vertue was too ſtrong:
All his art, ne'r wrought her heart,
though poor Peggy was but young.

Quoth he, dear Peggy, be not cruel,
To your ſelf and me my jewel,
Leave your homely Rurial Sport,
Be but mine thou ſhalt ſhine,
amongſt the Glorious ſtars at Court.

All the Pride of London City,
That can make proud Lady's pitty,
what the Changes affords that's rare,
All ſhall be, my dear for thee,
and none with Peggy may compare.

Peggys Anſwer.

Sir, quoth ſhe, do not endeavour,
The poor Daughter of a Weaver,
has a heart of vertuous mould;
That no pride; can draw aſide,
to be corrupted by your Gold.

The Knight.

Then quoth he, dear *Peggy* may be
You'l deny to be a Lady,
tell me how that ſuits your mind,
Sir, quoth ſhe, my poor degree,
is ſtill to humble thoughts confin'd.

For that, quoth he, I ne'r will fault thee,
But for humbleneſs exhalt thee,
thou this day my Bride ſhall be,
Then he tarryed till they marryed,
and Lady Margaret was ſhe,

The Author.

You may think her friends conſented,
And that ſhe was well contented:
and I'm ſure ſo was the Knight;
All the day they kiſs and play,
and God knows what they did at night.

Now you ſee how ſhe regarded,
For her vertue how rewarded.
made a Lady for her parts;
Rais'd to power, without Dower,
only by her own deſerts.

You that would be great as ſhe is,
And would have a Knight as he is,
let her Vertues be your guide,
To London fair, they did repair,
the Knight and his beloved Bride.

Now ſhe hath no other care,
But to pleaſe her only Dear,
ſerve her Father and her Knight,
All his Treaſure's at her pleaſure,
he her joy, ſhe his Delight.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden- Ball in Pye-corner.

True Love Unvail'd,

Or, *The Coy Lady Over-come at last.*

This lively Gallant having time and leiſure,
Did Court the Lady to Injoy his pleaſure;
But ſhe ſeemed coy, and would not moved be,
Unto his loving ſuit for to agree:
Till at the length, Love pleading without fee
She did reſign up all immediately.

To a Rare New Tune, Or, *The French Minnim.* With Allowa

DOwn in a Valley where Nymphs are a playing,
and the Young Shepherds are tending their Shæp,
Carefully kæping their Flocks without Straying,
after a Dream in a ſlumbring ſlæp:
I ſpy'd two Lovers juſt at their firſt mæting,
who ſeemed fearful leaſt they ſhould be ſeen,
Kindly Imbracing, and lovely græting,
as hand, in hand, they paſt over the græn.

A proper young Stripling the Youth he was truely,
clad in faich Clothing moſt ſæmly to ſæ,
Though he was troubled with paſſions unruly,
Ruddy Complexion'd, and Comely was he:
Of a fine Carriage, and loving Behaviour,
ſcarce ſuch another there was to be found;
One that in Love was not ſubject to waver,
though the blind Archer had given him a Wound.

The Maid ſhe was bonny, of beauty moſt bright,
and like to Diana was cloathed in græn;
Hee nods muſt be frozen that could not delight,
in ſuch a Girls Company foz to be ſæn:
With Amorous Glances ſhe lookt on her
yet ſhe did modeſtly bluſh the ſame tim
Which made him moze willing his mind
fearing his ſilence was counted a crim

Now my own Dearest, ſince 'tis our goo
here foz to meet at this time, in this p
Let me no longer thy Favour impoztune
but let us freely and kindly imbzace:
Cupid will ſmile, and Dame Venus look
foz to behold us in love to agree,
Therefoze my Honey thou need'ſt not be
but on this Hillock come ſit down by m

Oh! quoth the Maiden, and bluſht at the
there may be danger in coming too nig
Love though 'tis ſweet, may be termed
bitter inth' end, though it's fair to the
Therefoze excuſe me I fear to be taken,
leaſt at the laſt I be left in the lurch,
Foz many a Girl hath been baſely forſaken
being juſt ready to go to the Church.

out fee,

llowance.

t on her Lover,
me time,
s mind to discover,
a crime.

our good fortune,
n this place,
portune,
byace:
ns look chearful,
,
not be fearful,
on by me.

t at the motion,
too nigh,
ermed a potion,
r to the eye;
taken,
urch,
foretaken,
urch.

The second Part, To the same Tune.

Be not so fearful my dear but sit by me,
for why unto thee I vow and protest,
I cannot live if thou seem to deny me,
since of all others I fancy thee best:
Make no delay, for in Love it is odious,
at thy command I will ever remain,
Seeing the time, and the place are comodious,
who from such pleasant delight can refrain?

Thy pritty body so neat and so slender,
hath Captivated my heart and my eye,
That love, for love, you are bound for to render,
take pitty on me or else I shall dye:
Do not delight to be cruel and froward,
for by this kiss I will ever be thine;
Ye that fair Lady wins, must be no Coward,
make no demur but agree to be mine.

O (quoth the Virgin) how I am devided,
being o'recome by your person and charms;
Honour must yield, when by love it is guided,
now could I freely flye into thy arms:
For to be real, my love and affection,
hath made me onely at thy own command:
Cupid hath brought my heart into subjection,
I can no longer your Batteries withstand.

Then (quoth her Lover) since we are concluded,
let us resolve to make use of our time,
We will no longer by fears be deluded
but take delight, whilst our love is in prime:
For when old age doth come, feeble and crazy,
then to our pleasures we must bid adieu;
Therefore in youth let us never be Lazy,
for the time past we can never renew.

Into a pleasant Grove then they retired,
where none could see them their loves to molest,
She being free to do what he desired,
under a Mirtle they sat down to rest:
Where they did pass away time at their pleasure,
yeilding each other, true joy and content;
And afterwards they walk home at their leisure,
having no cause of their time to repent.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-Ball, neer the Hospital-gate, in West-smith-field.

The true Lovers Admonition.

Of all the Colours in the world,
the black hair is the beſt,
Though fair & brown may be well curl'd
yet black exceeds the reſt:
That is the colour I do prize,
and love beyond all meaſure,
She that hath black Hair and black eyes,
eſteem her as a treaſure.

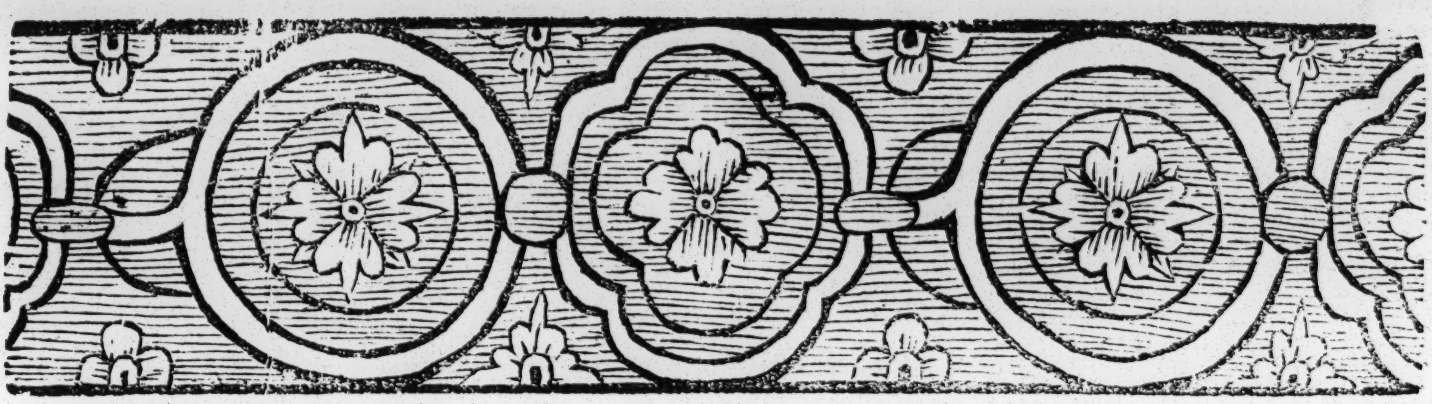
The Tune is, So Sweet is the Lals that Loves me,

YOu pretty little young men all,
come liſten to my Ditty,
Beware how you in love do fall
To have you wiſe and witty:
But whenſoe're you make a vow
before you do not break it,
For there be fair Young Maids enough,
that willingly will take it.

Let me a little you adviſe,
that when you go a wooing,
You may chuſe one that's fair and wiſe,
leaſt it be your undoing:
The Lals that hath a rouling eye,
I will vow and quickly break it
Though ſhe at firſt ſeem to deny,
I warrant thee by thee'l take it.

Do not thou chuſe a long-nos'd Lals,
for ſhe's inclin'd to ſcolding
And be to thee a plague alas!
be not to her beholding:
What though ſhe ſtore of money hath,
you'd better take one naked,
Not one in twenty that draws breath,
but will go near to take it.

And ſhe that is ſplay-footed too,
I'de have thee not to mind her,
But chuſe you one that's fair and true
if you know where to find her:
For here and there you'l find one fair,
will vow and will not break it
Not one in ten I ſay agen,
but will go near to take it.



The Carrot pate beſure you hate,
for ſhe'l be true to no man,
But put her to't and ſhe will do't,
and oft turns very common:
She that is red upon the head,
will doubtleſs ne'r forſake it,
But wanton be, aſſuredly,
and willingly will take it.

She that hath hair that's bright and fair,
will do the trick moſt neatly,
Of her i'de have you have a care,
leaſt ſhe cheat you compleatly:
Then do not try, for certainly,
if you but at her ſhake it,
She will conclude you are not rude,
but freely ſhe will take it.

The Crump, the Hopper-arſe and all,
will make you no denial,
They willingly will take a fall,
if you come to the tryal:
You'ld find that I ſpeak merrily,
by no means will forſake it,
It is well known there's few or none,
but willingly will take it.

The old, the young, the weak, the ſtrong,
full eaſily are tempted,
They will not be perſwaded from,
nor from it be exempted:
Then have a care all colour'd hair,
will right and reaſon make it,
To uſe their own, ſince it is known
that more or all will take it.

But let me not forget to praiſe,
the Glory of the Nation,
For there is none that now adays,
are free from Loves temptation:
Except it be the black, & ſhe,
hates Luſt and will forſake it,
She'l live & die contentedly,
and never mind to take it.

Except it be with her own Dear,
and then ſhe'l ne'r deny it,
To trade a touch, then theres no fear,
but ſhe'l reſolve to try it
And willingly ſhe will comply
though't were to lye ſtark naked,
For'tis well known, that with ones own,
it is no ſhame to take it.

Then you that do Woing go,
be by a friend adviſed,
For why, good counſel you do know,
too often is diſpiſed,
Take ſome girls by the Petticoat,
& do but gently ſhake it,
Then preſently ſhe will plainly ſhow't
thet merrily ſhe will take it.

And now for to conclude I ſay,
you ought for to be careful,
That you throw not your ſelves away,
then be exceeding fearful:
Try but the black how ſhe doth ſmack,
ſhe'l vow & ne'r will break it,
Firſt do her wed, then go to Bed
and I warrant ſhe will take it.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye-Corner.

True Lovers Extremity;

OR,

The Maidens miſerable Moan.

This Charming Fair, through deep Diſpair, did end her Days in Grief: To Death alone, ſhe made her moan, who yielded her Relief.

To the Tune of, Charon make haſt, *&c.* *This may be Printed, R. P.*

Having an hour of time and leiſure, ſtraight to the Valley I did repair, And where I reſolved

to take my Pleaſure, among the Lillies ſo ſweet and fair: I in a moment was amazed,

hearing a youthful Damſel cry, As in a Paſſion her Voice ſhe raiſed, never was Lover more true than I.

Then I being willing to know the reaſon
of the ſad moan which the Damſel made,
There I reſolved to tarry a ſeaſon,
ſtraight with a ſorrowfull ſigh ſhe ſaid,
He made a Vow and now he forgoes it,
I never knew the reaſon why;
While I was with him, full well he knows it,
never was Lover more true than I.

Down from her Eyes then her Tears they were
ſo that her Paſſion encreaſed ſore; (flowing
To her alas! I would fain have been going,
but that I fear'd to offend her more:
Her very Tears and Sighs did grieve me,
the which did ſeem to pierce the Sky,
Saying, alas! though my Love does leave me
never was Creature more true than I.

Whenhe did call me his dear Love and Jewel,
making to me a moſt ſolemn Vow,
I never thought he could have been ſo cruel
as to my Sorrow I find him now.
By his fair Words I was deluded
therefore I here in Sorrow lye,
Tho' from his preſence I am excluded
never was Creature more true than I.

Strephon he oftentimes ſu'd for my favour,
never was any young Swain ſo kind,
But my Affections was ſettled for ever,
I cannot waver with any Wind
No other Swain ſhall e'er enjoy me,
I for his ſake had rather dye,
Tho' by Unkindneſs he does deſtroy me,
never was Creature more true than I.

Long was I wo'de'er he once cou'd obtain me,
fearing, alas! what I find too true,
He moſt unworthily now does refrain me,
here may I bid all my Joys adieu:
This yielding Heart has prov'd my ruine,
here in this ſilent Grove I'll dye,
Nothing but Sorrows I find enſuing.
never was Creature more true than I.

I'll bid adieu to that ungratefull Creature
which is the cauſe of my grief and woe,
Death I deſire, there's nothing more ſweeter
to the Elizium Shades I'll goe;
Where with young Lovers I will wander,
free from this ſad Extremity;
I cannot bear what I now lye under,
never was Creature more true than I.

With that her ſpeech began for to fail her,
ſaying, Farewell to my unkind Love.
Every Creature did ſeem to bewail her,
nothing was pleaſant in all the Grove:
Her ſilken Locks, alas, ſhe rended,
ſaying, I here for Love muſt Dye!
With theſe laſt words then her Sorrows ended.
never was Creature more true than I.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye-corner.*

The True Lovers Ghoſt.

Falſe Men do often prove unkind
to thoſe that would to them be true ;
Then carefully my ſtory mind,
the like before you never knew.

To the Tune of, Tender Hearts of *London*-City.

Ladies all behold and wonder,
At the pains that I lye under,
burning in a quenchleſs fire,
What I endure there's none can cure,
but he whoſe perſon I admire.

Vertues in him ſtill are ſhining,
Though his pitty is declining,
and his heart doth grow obdure,
My tender heart doth feel the ſmart,
that none but he himſelf can cure,

Now I languiſh in my trouble,
And my ſorrows they grow double,
night and day I do lament,
But his diſdain creates my pain,
and all my comforts circumvent.

Not a Maid in all the Nation,
Ever took more recreation,
when I was from paſſion free,
But now in vain, I may complain,
for looſing of my Liberty.

Oh that Love ſhould have ſuch power,
Maidens freedoms to devour,
making Captive, who were free,
You maids take care, of love beware,
leaſt you in chains do lye like me.

Never did a ſlighting Lover,
So much cruelty diſcover,
as this Tyrant doth to me,
Oh come kind death, and ſtop my breath,
and end my pain and miſery.

As she sat thus discontented,
Of all hopes she was prevented,
for death with his all-killing dart,
Did give a stroak, which her heart broke
and so she dy'd with deadly smart.

When these tidings were brought to him
It was enough for to undo him,
sorrow then did him surprize,
Oh then he said, what is she dead,
the tears ran trickling from his eyes.

Since my Love is gone before me,
She that did so much adore me,
I'le make hast with her to be,
Deaths killing dart shall pierce my heart
my Love I come, I follow thee.

In this world I take no pleasure,
But do grieve beyond all measure,
'cause I proved so unkind,
But she's gone, my joys are flown,
and long I will not stay behind.

Thus he sat with grief tormented,
Her misfortune he lamented,
at last he struck his gentle breast,
And sighing said, O lovely Maid,
how for my sake wert thou oppress.

Then to him her Ghost appeared,
At which sight he greatly feared,
least he should be snatch'd away,
Yet 'tis, said I, but equity,
because my Love I did betray.

Then on him the Ghost it seized,
Whose anger could not be appeased,
but away with him it flew,
And through the ayr, it did him bear,
he had no time to bid adieu.

Lovers all but mind this Story,
That my pen hath lay'd before ye,
and prove loyal unto death,
Then you will find, content in mind,
when you do loose your vital breath.

Printed for, *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street*, without *Newgate*.

The True-Lovers Good-morrow.

A brace of Valentines I here preſent,
Who now together live in hearts content:
Theſe luckily did meet upon the way,
In **February** on the fourteenth day.
The Tune is, **As at Noon Dulcina reſted.**

Batchelor.

IN the month of February,
the green leaves begin to ſpring;
Pretty Lambs trip like a Fairy,
Birds do couple, bill, and ſing;
All things on earth,
That draweth breath,
In love togther then do joyn,
Why ſhould not I,
My fortune try,
And ſeek me out a Valentine.

Thanks kind fate I have my wiſhes,
for I have now met my dear,
Whom I greet with honey kiſſes,
her ſweet ſight my heart doth chear,
My deareſt love,
And Turtle-Dove,
O let my arms about thee twine,
For thou art ſhe,
I firſt did ſee,
Good morrow my fair Valentine.

Maid.

Surely Sir you are miſtaken,
for you met ſome other Maid,
Young-men they are given to ſcoffing,
and as much to her you ſaid;
Then do not ſtay
Me on the way,
with your ſweet words that you do coyn
Let me alone,
I muſt be gone,
Pray ſeek ſome other Valentine.

Batchelor.

If true faith may be believed,
on you firſt I did ſet ſight,
Sweet let not my heart be grieved,
who doth love your beauty bright,
Oft have I wiſht
I might be bleſt,
With your ſweet preſence for to joyn
And eaſe my mind,
Maids ſhould be kind,
And loving to their Valentine.

Maid.

SIr, to me you are a ſtranger,
Maids muſt look before they leap
In fair ſpeeches oft there's danger,
ſnakes under ſweet flowers Creep,
maids often find
mens words but wind,
The Sun ſhall ſet that bright did ſhine,
after a calm,
there comes a ſtorm,
Go ſeek ſome other Valentine.

Batchelor.

Fortune fair hath now decreed it,
that none but you I ſhould meet,
Dearly I do love, believe it,
for you are my only ſweet,
my grieved breaſt
can take no reſt,
Which doth my love-ſick heart conjoyn
Love I require
Love I deſire,
Of thee my beautious Valentine.

Maid.

For your affection Sir I thank you,
being more then my deſert,
Sure I cannot be ſo cruel,
to procure a Lovers ſmart,
'Tis modeſty
for to deny,
Yet from my words I may decline,
then baniſh pain,
take heart again,
For I will be thy Valentine.

Batchelor.

Now thou ſpeakeſt like an Angel,
and my drooping heart revive,
For to give thee all contentment,
day and night i'le ever ſtrive,
thy courteous words,
much joy affords,
And thy rare beauty ſo divine,
ſweet let me kiſs,
my fair miſtris,
My only joy and Valentine.

Maid.

If you intend what you have promis'd
and do love me as you ſay,
I may yield, but if you flatter,
I can my affection ſtay:
now I am free
as you may ſee,
No man can ſay that I am thine,
but being bound,
no help is found,
And then no more ſweet Valentine.

Batchelor.

When I from my promiſe alter,
let me then no longer thrive,
And let nothing with me proſper,
while that I remain alive.
pains i'le not ſpare,
but ſtill take care,
For to maintain thee neat and fine,
and for the beſt
that can be dreſt,
Then thou ſhalt eat ſweet Valentine.

Maid.

Seeing you are ſo kind hearted,
I have freely given conſent,
And my love to thee imparted,
hoping never to repent:
i'le conſtant prove,
to thee my Love,
For I am thine, and thou art mine,
i'le ſaving be,
as thou ſhalt ſee,
Sweet Husband, friend and Valentine.

Batchelor.

A thouſand thouſand thanks I render
back again to thee my love,
Who above the world I tender,
my firm faith ſhall ne'r remove,
then preſently
to Church let's hye,
Where in Hymens band's let's joyn,
take hand and heart,
till death depart,
My life, my Wife, and Valentine.

Printed for W. Thackeray, at the Angel in Duck-Lane, J. M. and R. M.

The true Lovers Happineſs

Or, Nothing venture, Nothing have.

Shewing how an Apprentice made bold to court his Maſters Daughter, got her good will, and married her unknown to her Parents yet afterwards her father ſeeing they loved eachother ſo intirely, he gave them a conſiderable portion of money to ſet up with, and now they live in a happy condition; this may ſerve for a pattern for others.

Their complements to you I will rehearſe
According as they are printed down in verſe.

Tune of, Amintas *on the new-made Hay,* or *Loyal Lovers.*

Man.

O My Dearest come away, (ſay
and harken what thy love doth
As I am here I vow and ſwear
I kindly will embrace thee;
Thou need not fear my only dear
that I ſhall e'er diſgrace thee.

I'le be as lowell as the day,
thy vertues I will not bewray,
No face alive ſhall e're deprive
me of my dearest jewel,
If thou deny I ſure ſhall dye,
then be not thou ſo cruel.

many years I loved thee,
therefore dearest pitty me,
Thy very frown doth cast me down,
thy ſmiles again revive me:
Thou haſt my heart where'r thou art
then don't forlorn give me.

Maid.

O fie thou ſimple Prentice boy,
how durſt thou with me tick & toy?
Or be ſo bold this to unfold
unto thy maſters Daughter?
If he ſhould know, 'twould breed thy
then what will follow after. (woe

I am my Fathers own delight
This you may underſtand aright,
No Daughter he hath elſe but me,
  which makes him highly prize me;
Therefore be mute, leave off thy ſuit
  I friendly do adviſe thee.

My Fathers anger pray you ſhun,
Leaſt you are utterly undone,
The priſon-gate will be your fate,
  if you run ſuch adventures,
Beſides all this, if maids you kiſs
  you forfeit your indentures.

Man.

Prithee deareſt do not flout,
At Eaſter next my time is out,
And then I ſwear I will not care
  for maſter nor ſuch trifleries:
But a wife I'le have my life to ſave,
  and you'r my only miſtriſs.

Though I am poor and thou art rich
Slight me not I thee beſeech,
You know my trade will keep a maid
  as well as yeoman Jarvis,
If I get Pearl my deareſt Girl,
  it ſhall be at thy ſervice.

Maid.

Thy ſpeeches I do much commend,
Yet dare I not to condeſcend
For fear I loſe as I ſuppoſe,
  my fathers dear affection.
Or elſe i'd yield to you the field,
  if I might have my election.

Man.

Never ſtand to complement,
This doth give me no content,
Tho' father frown & mother frown,
  yet none of them ſhall rout me,
I am not in jeſt I do proteſt
  I cannot live without thee.

Blame me not for ſaying ſo, (go
For love will creep where it cannot
Had I not ſpoke, my heart had broke
  I could indure no longer:
Though I did fight both day & night
  yet Cupid grew the ſtronger.

Thus he gain'd the Damſels love,
And honeſt to her he did prove,
He wedded her and bedded her
  although his Maſter's Daughter;
He pleas'd her well the truth to tell,
  and parents love came after.

Methinks I ſee thy lovely face
As I do walk in any place,
Thy chriſtal eyes where Cupid lies,
  thy cheeks are like to Roſes:
Thy lips are ſweet, when as we meet
  all bertue there incloſes.

For they gave them eighteen pound
whereby this couples joys were crownd
Thus may you ſee in each degree
  this youth was well befriended,
They live in peace, their goods increaſe
  and thus my Song is ended.

Printed for W. Thackeray, E. M. and A. M.

The Two-Penny Whore;

In a Dialogue betwixt a Spend-thrift and a Whore.

Or, a Relation of a Two-penny Bargain.

Of a Spend-thrift proffering two pence to a Whore,
Having ſpent all but that on her before.

The Tune is, *He that has the moſt Money is the beſt Man.*

A Luſty young Shaver, a vapouring Gallant,
That vainly had ſpent and conſum'd his eſtate,
In Taverns and Ale-houſes waſting his talent,
Reſolving Repentance, did then come too late:
Examining then of his Pocket, he found it
Was very much empty, and he was grown poor:
Quoth he, now my Pony's gon all to one two-pence
I'le make a clear end, & ſpend that on a Whore.

And as along in the Streets he was walking,
He chanced with one of his Nobs for to meet,
All in her Silks and bravery adorned:
With a Complement he there his Hopſie did greet.
Sweet heart if you will go with me to an Ale-houſe,
And grant me thy pleaſure now I am grown poor,
I have but two-pence left, on thee i'le ſpend it:
Quoth ſhe, then go look out your two-penny-whore.

My deareſt, thou knoweth my former condition,
And how I have ſpent my Eſtate upon thee:
And now for to light me it breeds my contrition,
And makes me with ſorrow tormented to be.
For I have but two-pence left, & I will ſpend it
On thee, I proteſt my Love I have no more:
Quoth ſhe, you may ſerve for a Pimp to another,
For I will be none of your two-penny Whore.

WHen formerly I in my silks was adorned,
And about my neck wore a fine flanders lac'd
Upon my head was no less than a Beaver: (band,
What was there then I had not at command?
Remember, that we two at that time together,
Took sweet Recreation before I was poor:
Quoth she, Sir at that time I was your companion,
And what must I now be your two-penny whore?

My former acquaintance with nearest Relations'
Because I before their advice would not take,
Do very much slight me: Men of Reputation
My company shuns, and do me quite forsake:
And bids me go seek for my baudy Companions,
Where I have consum'd my estate all before:
Go, she, I'de have all your friends for to know it,
That I will be none of your two-penny whore.

Thou knew'st that in company we two together
Have caused five Pounds to be spent at a Clap
All out of my Pocket: O how canst thou slight me,
And then could so closely hugg me in thy Lap.
It was for my Money, and not for my Person,
That you did my company so much adore:
However, I pray thee bestow this Two-pence:
Quoth she, I will be none of your two-penny whore.

How often with oaths, & with great protestation,
Ingaged you have to be faithful to me:
In weal or in woe I should here be forsaken,
And now all my Coyn's gone, I slighted must be:
But yet here's two-pence left, prethee now take it,
And let us do once as we have done before:
Quoth she I here did for two-pence, & therefore
Be packing, & hunt out your two-penny whore.

Well then my dear Love, if you'll not be perswa-
To take this my money because it is small, (ded
Let us do a little, a very very little
For former acquaintance, and that shall be all:
Quoth she, I do scorn for to break my old custom
Another man I have to wait on: therefore
I must bid a fazewel both to you & your two-pence,
For I scorn to be counted a Two penny-whore.

Quoth she, Sir before we depart I will tell you,
I dare undertake to prescribe you a way
How you may be doing: then let's to an Ale-house,
But take notice before, Half a Crown is my pay:
Then give me your twopence in earnest at present
You shall have your request sir, although you be poor:
But this I must tell you before you begin it,
I'le set seven Groats Sir upon your old score.

And thus you may see the condition of wantons,
And in what a wanton condition they are,
Before they will leave off their lewd dissolutions,
If they cannot get money, they trust the Devil,
They'l keep a man company while his purse is full,
And never forsake him until he be poor:
And then much ado he shall have with a wanton,
For one single Job to set on the Score.

You Gallants and others, I wish you be careful
That have an Estate, lest you waste it:
And fly evil Company of them be careful,
Lest into Poverty you should be cast:
And afterwards you be forc'd with shame soon
To creep unto those, where you spent all your store
The best way I know of for you now adays
Is to keep your goods out of the hands of

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passinger*, and *W. Whit*[illegible]

THE

True Lovers Knot Untied:

Being the right PATH whereby to adviſe Princely Virgins how to Behave themſelves, by the Example of the Renowned Princeſs, the Lady *ARABELLA*, and the Second SON of the Lord *Seymor*, late Earl of *Hartfort*. To the Tune of, *Frog's* Galliard, *&c.*

Licenſed and Entered according to Order.

AS I to Ireland did paſs,
I ſaw a Ship at Anchor lay,
Another Ship likewiſe there was,
which from fair England took her way.

This Ship that ſail'd from fair England,
unknown unto our Gracious King,
The Lord Chief Juſtice did command,
that they to London ſhould her bring.

I drew more near and ſaw more plain,
Lady Arabella, in Diſtreſs,
She wrung her hands and wept amain,
bewailing of her Heavineſs.

When near fair London Tower ſhe came,
whereas her Landing-place ſhould be,
The King and Queen with all their Train
did meet this Lady gallantly:

How now, Arabella, ſaid our King,
unto this Lady ſtraight did ſay,
Who hath ſtirr'd ye to this thing,
that you from England took your way?

None but myſelf, my Gracious Liege,
theſe ten long years I've been in love
With the Lord Seymor's ſecond Son,
the Earl of Hartford ſo we prove:

Though he be not the mightiest Man,
of Lands and Livings in the Land,
yet I have Lands us to maintain,
so much your Grace doth understand:

My Lands and Livings are well known
unto your Books of Vajelly,
Amounts to twelvescore pound a week,
besides what I do give, quoth she.

In gallant Darby-shire likewise,
I nineteen Headsmen maintain there,
With Hats and Gowns, and House-rent free,
and every Man five Marks a year.

I never raised Rent, said she,
nor yet oppress the Tennant poor,
I never took no Fines for Fines,
for why, I had enough before.

Whom of your Nobles will do so,
for to maintain the Commonalty?
Such Multitudes would never grow,
nor be such store of Poverty.

I would I had a Milk-maid been,
or born of some more low Degree,
Then I might have loved where I like,
and no Man could have hindred me.

Or would I were some Yeoman's Child,
for to receive my Portion now,
According unto my Degree,
as other Virgins as I know.

The highest Branch that soars aloft,
needs must beshade the Myrtle-tree,
Needs must the shaddow of them both,
shadow the third in his Degree.

But when the Tree is cut and gone,
and from the Ground is bore away,
The lowest Tree that there doth stand,
in time may grow as high as they.

Once when I thought to have been Queen,
but yet that still I do deny,
I knew your Grace had right to th' Crown,
before Elizabeth did dye.

You of the eldest Sister came,
I of the second in Degree,
The Earl of Hartford of the third,
a Man of Royal Blood was he.

And so Good-night, my Soveraign Leige,
since in the Tower I must lye,
I hope your Grace will condescend,
that I may have my Liberty.

Lady Arabella, said our King,
I to your Freedom would consent,
If you would turn and go to Church,
there to receive the Sacrament.

And so Good-night, Arabella fair,
our King reply'd to her again,
I will take Counsel of my Nobility,
that you your Freedom may obtain.

Once more to Prison must I go,
Lady Arabella then did say,
To leave my Love breeds all my Woe,
the which will be lives decay,

Love is a Knot none can unknit,
Fancy a liking of the Heart,
Him whom I love I cannot forget,
though from his presence I must part.

The meanest People enjoy their Mates,
but I was born unhappily,
For being croft by cruel Fates,
I want both Love and Liberty.

But Death I hope will end the Strife,
Farewel, farewel, my Love, quoth she,
Once I had thought to have been thy Wife,
but now am forc'd to part with thee.

At this sad Meeting she had cause,
in heart and mind to grieve full sore,
After that time Arabella fair,
did never see Lord Seymor more.

London: Printed by and for *W. O.* and *A. M.* and are to be sold by the Booksellers of *Pye-corner* and *London-bridge*.

The True-Lovers Holidaies:

OR,

The Wooing, Winning, and Wedding of a fair Damosel; performed by a lusty Souldier, Auxiliaries.

The Souldier Woo'd the Maid with words most kind,
She Answered him according to his mind.
To the Tune of, *No body else shall plunder but I.*

MY sweetest, my fairest,
My rarest, my dearest,
Come sit thee down by me and let's chat a while,
It doth my heart good, when
I see thee most nearest,
That we with pleasant talk ỳ sad times may beguile
If thou'lt have the patience to stay in this Bower,
That I may discourse with thee just half an hour,
I'le shew thee a Ticket from Cupids Commission,
Which Venus set hand to, upon this condition,
that no body else shall enjoy thee but I.

the Summer is come,
and the time is in season,
That each pretty bird have made choise of his Mate,
now I being a young man
of judgement and reason,
Have cause to be doing e're time's out of date,
Hark, hark how I hear the sweet Nightinga's verses
Whose ecchoes records what true-lovers rehearses;
The true-hearted Turtle-Doves now are a billing,
And so will I do my Love, if thou art willing
that no body else shall enjoy thee but I.

I pray thee Love leave me not,
though I am a Souldier,
And want skill in woing to deal with a Maid;
yet if thou wilt kisse me,
and make me the bolder,
Mark well and consider what here shall be said,
My hand and my sword shall from danger defend thée,
My purse and my person shall stoutly attend thee;
I'l buy thée a new kirtle, wrought
A dainty silk Apron, my minde shal
So no body else shall enjoy thee bu
if thou wilt consent, that
things shall be so carried,
Before this day fortnight I'l make
and we in the Church will
be lawfully married,
So shalt thou live bravely all daye
Thou shalt have thy servants to wa
thy purse shall be cram'd with gold
Nothing shall be wanting ỳ I can
So thou wilt be constant and thus
that no body else shall enjoy the
make answer sweet hony
to what I have spoken
That I may the better know whe
receive this Gold Ring
as an eminent token,
My love shall be permanent, loyal
One lovely look from thée, for aye
But a frown of thine will of life s
Then answer me kindly at this ti
That I may finde comfort by thi
and no body else shall enjoy thee

The Second Part to the s
Being the Maids Loving Answer

I'Le leave all my kindred
both father and mother,
My Uncle, my Aunt, and my G
my nearest acquaintance,
my Sister and Brother,
For 'tis my desire with a Souldi
In weal and in woe I will with m
Whilst some at my service and to
So long as my life lasts, if fortu
I'le march with thee bravely, w
And I'le be thy true-Love until

dier, being one of the

ught waſtcoat & beaver
e ſhall not waver,
hee but I.

make thée my wife,
ll

l dayes of thy life;
to wait on thy leiſure,
y gold crowns, & rich tre=
I can procure thée, (ſure
e thus much aſſure me,
by thee but I.

w whereon to truſt,

, loyal and juſt;
or aye will revive me,
f life ſtreight deprive me,
this time dear ſweeting,
by this happy meeting,
by thee but I.

to the ſame Tune.
Anſwer to the Souldier.

dred
er,
my Grandam alſo,
ice,
r,
Souldier to go,
with my Love travel,
e and toyle do much marvel
f fortune will guide me
bely, what ever betide me.
ve until I dye.

Is not the great Ordance
when they do rattle,
Shall make me fly from thee, my minde is ſo ſtout;
for when I perceive thee
preparing for battel,
I'le cloſely ſtick to thée, of that make no doubt, (me
and when thou haſt drawn thy brave blade to befriend
For courage and valour and skill I'le commend thée
In peace and in warres if thou pleaſeſt to prove me,
By day and by night thou ſhalt finde how I love thee,
I'le ſtill take thy part till the day that I dye.

moreover ſweet Souldier
thus much I muſt tell thee,
When I underſtood you took mée for your choice,
It made the very heart of me
Leap in my belly,
And all the merry veins in my body rejoyce;
You alſo requeſted of me certain kiſſes,
The which you accounted as true-Lovers bliſſes,
In ſtead of one kiſſe, now I'le give thée full twenty,
So thou wilt repay me again with like plenty.
and I'le be thy true love until I do dye.

this Ring which thou gaveſt me,
ſhall ſerve for a token,
I'le keep it for thy ſake whiles heaven lends me life,
the promiſe betwixt us
ſhall never be broken,
Be thou my ſweet Husband, I'le be thy kinde Wife:
Then ſerve Cupids warrant upon me and ſpare not,
For what thou canſt do with thy Ticket I fear not:
Let Vulcan and Venus with Cupid conſpire,
To kindle Loves fuel, or quench Lovers fire,
yet I'le love my Souldier until that I dye.

you ſaid in a fortnight
that we ſhould be married,
But I am unwilling to ſtay for't ſo long:
beſides in my minde I have
over much tarried;
Delayes amongſt Lovers doth oftentimes wrong.
Pray make all things ready 'twixt this and Sunday,
That we may be married on the next Munday,
So we in the Holy-days may make us merry,
With Banquets and Paſtimes until we be weary.
and I'le be thy true-Love until that I dye.

FINIS. L. P.

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*.

THE

True Lovers Tragedy:

Being an Incomparable Ballad of a Gentleman and his Lady,

That both Killed themſelves for Love, under the diſguiſed Names of

Philander and Phillis.

Phillis Philanders ſcattered Garments finds,
And thinks him ſlain, for which with Fate ſhe joyns,
And with her Fatal Poniard ſtriketh deep,
As Life no longer can it's ſtation keep,
The Crimſoe Streams ſo faſt flowd from her Veins,
Yet Dying, of her Loves dear loſs complains:
No ſooner Death had cloſed up her Starry eyes,
But her return'd *Philander* her eſpyes;
And finding that for him ſhe loſt her breath,
He kills himſelf, and crowns his Love with death.

To the Tune of, *Ah Cruel Bloody Fate.*

AH Cruel Bloody Fate,
what canſt thou now do more?
Alas 'tis now too late,
Philander to Reſtore;
Why thou'd the Heavenly powers perſwade,
Poor Mortals to believe,
That they guard us here,
And reward us there,
Yet all our joys deceive:

Her Ponyard then ſhe took,
and held it in her hand,
Then with a dying look,
cry'd thus I Fate command:
Philander! ah my Love I come,
to meet the ſhade below;
Ah! I come ſhe cry'd,
with a wound ſo wide,
There needs no ſecond blow.

Then Purple Waves of Blood,
ran ſtreaming down the floor,
Unmov'd ſhe ſaw the Flood,
and bleſs'd her dying hour:
Philander, and Philander ſtill,
the bleeding Phillis cry'd,
She wept a while,
and ſoy'd a ſmile,
then cloſ'd her Eyes and dy'd.

Upon the Blushing Ground,
ſtain'd with her Virgin blood,
She lay in Deaths deep Swound,
cloſe by the murmering Flood:
Which for the lovely Phillis ſake,
complain'd of cruel fate,
Which had caus'd ſuch care,
as had wrought deſpair,
I weep it to relate.

When loe Philander came,
with joy to seek his Love,
And her dear promise claim,
while Moon-beams from above,
Did twincle through the thickest shade,
and guild the flowry plain,
When he espys,
And ah Phillis cries
(not thinking she was slain)

Arise, arise from Earth,
shake off this dull repose,
Phillis my only mirth
to thee Philander bows,
Sooner I would have come to thee,
had not a Lyon staid,
My course to fight,
For which exploit,
he Lifeless now is made.

Ah me, what's this! she's cold,
ye Gods quite breathless too,
O Death durst thou infold,
this beauties not thy due:

Alas? O cruel Fate he cry'd,
by her own hand 'tis well
Oh the fatal blow,
That did overthrow,
by Heavens for me she fell.

Behold my Garments dy'd,
in Phillis precious blood,
Which falling from my side,
made her suppose me dead:
And therefore fell for love of me,
ah cruel destiny
And shall Philander,
Live to wander,
No by the Powers i'le dye?

I come my Phillis now,
prepare, for in thy Arms,
I will perform my vow,
a sleep like Death now charms:
These Ciprus wreaths our Crowns shall be
we'l Triumph over death,
From thy fair lip,
I'le Nectar Sip,
Even with my latest breath.

With that his Fatal Sword,
he plunged in his breast,
And sigh'd with dying words,
Oh now I am at rest:
Now Phillis now for ever mine,
Fate now no more shall part,
Then through the Wound,
Life passage found,
And left the Lovers Heart.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, near West-Smithfield.

The True Pattern of Loyalty: *Being*,

The Happy Agreement

Betwixt William & Susan.

Or, The Young Squire's Conquest over the Beauteous Damsel.

This *Damsel* dear, her *Love* did chear when ceased to be coy, { } She gave consent, now true content, is what they both enjoy.

To the Tune of, Charon make haste; &c.

William and Susan they happily meeting,
straight they sat down by a Rivers side,
Where I discover'd these true Lovers greeting
Susan, said he, wilt thou be my Bride,
Why should we any longer tarry,
let us in perfect love agree,
Here I protest if I ever Marry,
I will have none in the world but thee.

I will endue thee with Jewels and treasure,
always maintain thee both neat and brave,
There is no Lady enjoys greater pleasure,
thou shalt have what thy whole heart can crave
Prithee my dearest do but try me,
for I delight in Loyalty,
Grant me the blessing, and don't deny me,
sure I love none in the World but thee.

NOthing but true love alone I require,
do not torment me with any frown,
I will adorn thee with costly attire,
there is no Lady in London Town
That shall be able to Out-vie thee:
never was Man more kind and free,
Jewels and other rich Jemms I'le buy thee,
for I love none in the World but thee.

William I'de have you to leave of your Wooing,
I have another true love in store,
Why should you thus run on the Rock of Ruin,
is there not many young Beauties more?
Dearest though there be ne'r so many,
this is but small content to me,
If that I ever do marry any,
it shall be none in the World but thee.

For thee I'le ingage in the sharpest Duel,
e're any person shall me abuse,
Thus in the taking away my dear Jewel,
as long as I have a life to lose:
I am unworthy of thy favour,
if I should then a Coward be,
Loose thee, my dearest, O dye I had rather
for I love none in the world but thee.

Said she, you have made here a large relation,
how you will venture for me the field,
May like wise in what a most noble station,
you would maintain me, would I but yield,
Yet you may happen to deceive me,
young men are often false we see,
Susan said he, if thou wilt believe me,
I love no Creature alive but thee:

Dearest I am thy unfeighned pretender;
what I was first I am still the same,
All that I have I will freely surrender,
to thee, or else I was much to blame:
Sure I can ne'r be so ungrateful,
as to return a frown on thee
There is nothing that I hold so hateful,
than to be found in disloyalty.

The Maidens Reply.

Love, I no longer can stop your proceeding,
this with a trembling voice she sayd
My heart is wounded, which now does lye bleeding
of me you have surely a conquest made:
Love is a soft and gentle fire,
which does compell me to agree,
Thou art the man whom I much admire;
now I love none in the World but thee.

Never was creature adorn'd with more graces,
then his dear darling who was not coy,
And the young Squire with tender Imbraces,
in the sweet Raptures of Love and joy,
The which is far beyond expressing,
my loyal lover then said she,
No one but thee shall enjoy the blessing.
now I love none in the World but thee.

FINIS.

This may be Printed, *R. P.*

Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking-Glass on London-Bridge.

A Tryal of skill, performed by a poor decayed Gentlewoman,

Who cheated a rich Grasier of Sevenscore pound, and left him a Child to keep.
If you will know, then listen a while, | And you shall know that which will make you smile.
The Tune is, *Ragged and Torn.*

KInd Country-men list to my Ditty,
I pray you what ever you be,
I know that my case you will pitty,
I pray then take warning by me:
Sevenscore pounds I did lose,
besides a fine Babe at Nurse:
My Sweet-heart she did me abuse,
and left me no Coin in my Purse:
Take heed of bad women therefore,
by women are men over thrown,
And rich men are often made Poor,
when as they keep more then their own.

I bought some Cattel to Town,
and sold them for Sevenscore pound;
But money-less then I went home,
with sorrow encompassed round:
A dainty fine Cloak bag I had,
within it my treasure I laid,
My fortune now maketh me sad,
to think how that I was betray'd
Take heed &c.

As though Cheapside I did pass,
mistrusting no manner of harm,
I met with a proud decay'd Lass,
with a pretty fine Child in her arm:
She seemed in habit, to be
a Gentlewoman that was made poor,
She asked releif then of me,
then I thought to have made her my whore
Quoth she, pray yield some releif,
these words then unto me she said,
Unto a poor wretch full of grief,
a poor Gentlewoman decay'd:
Fair Mistris quoth I, I do grieve,
to see you so distressed be,
But I all your wants will relieve.
if you will be ruled by me:
Take heed, &c.

Go with me unto my Inn,
and there you shall lye at your ease,
You never was brought up to Spin,
but Gentlemens humours to please:
I'le tell them that you are my wife,
and this is my Child that you have;
'Twas I that did breed all the strife,
and with my self plaid the Knave.
Take heed, &c.

She seemed to be over-joyd,
and cast a Sheeps eye upon me,
She could not be better imploy'd,
and so we did quickly agree:
When unto the Inn I did come,
her fingers did itch at my Pelf,
I call'd for a large fair Room,
for my Wife my Child and my self:
Take heed of bad women therefore,
by women are men overthrown,
And rich men are often made poor,
when as they keep more then their own.

A Dainty fine Supper we had,
and brought up unto us with speed
But all the charge lay upon me,
I paid for it soundly indeed:
Now when she had sup'd I kist her,
and she was as willing as I,
But would to God that I had mist her,
and her decay'd Gentility?
Take heed of bad women therefore,
by women are men overthrown,
And rich men are often made Poor,
when as they keep more then their own.

Down stairs then softly she went,
and call'for my Cloack-bag with speed
This Harlot was surely bent,
for to undoe me with speed,
My night-cloaths are in it quoth she,
such mischief in Harlots are rife,
He gave her my Cloak-bag most free,
as thinking she had been my wife:
Take heed, &c.

She cunningly slunk out of doors,
when no body did her mind,
I may bid a pox of all Whores,
for leaving her Bastard behind:
Now farewell my seventeene pound,
Lul-a-by must be my Song,
I'me left like a horse in the pound,
'tis I that must suffer the wrong:
Take heed, &c.

I call'd her to come unto bed,
not thinking I had been undone,
I lookt like a man had been dead,
when as I perceiv'd she was gone:
I fretted, I fum'd, and swore,
the Child had got a new Dad'
And when I began for to rore,
the people did think I was mad:
Take heed, &c.

The Chamberlain run up amain,
sir, what is the matter, quoth he,
O call back that woman again,
for she hath quite ruined me:
She leaveth her Bastard behind her,
on purpose to shorten my life,
O prithee see if thou canst find her,
for why? she is none of my wife:
Take heed, &c.

But where is my Cloak-bag I pray,
for therein lies all my gains:
I gave it your wife by my fay,
then would you were hang'd for your pains
You called your wife and your honey,
why should not your wife then be bold,
To have the command of your money,
your Cloak-bag, your Silver and Gold:
Take heed, &c.

The Child lay crying apace,
and I lay swearing as fast,
To understand rightly my case,
the Inn keeper came at the last:
When he understood the matter,
he said he was glad 'twas no worse,
He told me that he would not flatter,
for I must provide me a nurse:
Take heed, &c.

I'm sorry you met with this Harlet,
the cause of your sorrow and grief,
But you would have made her your Harlot,
if she had not proved a Thief:
You wanted a bit for your Cat,
to purge out your mad mallencholly,
I pray you think wisely of that,
for you have paid well for your folly:
Take heed, &c.

This was all the comfort he gave,
I was never so begull'd,
The folks in the house did out-brave me,
and bid me provide for my Child:
I carried my Child unto Nurse,
to end all the trouble and strife,
With never a groat in my Purse,
I went unto my Wife:
Take heed, &c.

No wonder that meat is so dear,
the Grasier so pincheth the Poor,
But now it doth it doth plainly appear,
the Grasier maintaineth a Whore:
Since Wenches so chargable are,
the Grasier had need to be witty,
If ever it should be his care,
to fetch his loss out of the City.
Take heed of bad women therefore, &c.

FINIS.

Printed for I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.

A TURN-COAT of the Times.

Who doth by experience profeſs and proteſt,
That of all profeſſions, a Turn-Coat's the beſt.

Tune is, *The King's Delight*, Or, *True Love is a Gift for a Queen.*

AS I was walking through
Hide-Park as I us'd to do,
ſome two or three months ago
I laid me all along
Without any fear of wrong,
And liſten'd unto a Song;
It came from a powdered thing
As fine as a Lord or a King,
he knew not that I
was got ſo nigh,
And thus he began to ſing.

I am a Turn-coat Knave,
Although I do bear it brave,
and do not ſhew all I have,
I can with tongue and pen
Court every ſort of men,
And kill 'em as faſt agen.
With Zealots I can pray,
With Cavaliers I can play:
with Shop-keepers I
can cogg and lye,
And couzen as faſt as they.

When firſt the Wars began,
And Prentices lead the Van,
'twas I that did ſet them on,
When they cryed Biſhops down,
In Country, Court and Town,
Quoth I, and have at the Crown.
The Covenant I did take,
For form and faſhions ſake,
but when it would not
ſupport my plot,
'Twas like an old Almanack.

When Independency,
Had ſuperiority
I was of the ſame degree;
When Keepers did command,
I then had a holy hand
In Deans and in Chapters land:
But when I began to ſpy,
Protectorſhip drew nigh,
and Keepers were
thrown o'er the Bar;
Old Oliver then cry'd I.

WHen Sectariſts got the day
I uſed my yea, and nay;
to flatter and then betray,
In Parliament I gat,
And there a Member ſat,
To tumble down Church & State,
For I was a trufty trout
In all that I went about
and there we did vow
to ſit till now,
But Oliver turn'd us out.

We put down the houſe of Peers,
We killed the Cavileers,
and tipp'd the widows Tears
We ſequeſtred mens Eſtates,
And made 'em pay monthly rates
To trumpeters and their mates.
Rebellion we did Print,
And altered all the Mint;
no knavery then
was done by men,
But I had a finger in't.

When Charles was put to flight
Then I was at Wor'ſter fight
and got a good booty by't,
At that moſt fatal fall
I killed and plundered all,
The weakeſt went to the wall,
Whilſt my merry mates fell on,
To pillaging I was gone,
there is many (thought I)
will come by and by,
And why ſhould not I be one.

We triumphed like the Turk,
We crippled the Scottiſh Kirk
that ſet us at firſt to work,
When Cromwell did but frown
They yielded every Town,
St. Andrew's Croſs went down
But when old Nol did dye,
And Richard his Son put by,
I knew not how
to guide my plow,
where now ſhall I be thought I.

I muſt confeſs the Rump
Did put me in a dump, (trump
I knew not what would be
When Dick had loſt the day
My gaming was at a ſtay,
I could not tell what to play,
When Monk was upon that ſcore
I thought I would play no more
I did not think what
he would be at,
I ne'er was ſo numpt before.

But now I am at Court,
With men of the better ſort
and purchaſe a good report;
I have the eyes and ears,
Of many brave Noble Peers,
And ſlight the poor Cavileers,
Poor knaves they know not how,
To flatter, cringe and bow,
for he that is wiſe
and means to riſe,
He muſt be a Turn-coat too.

Printed for *William Thackeray* at the *Angel* in *Duck-lane*.

THE Undaunted SEAMAN;

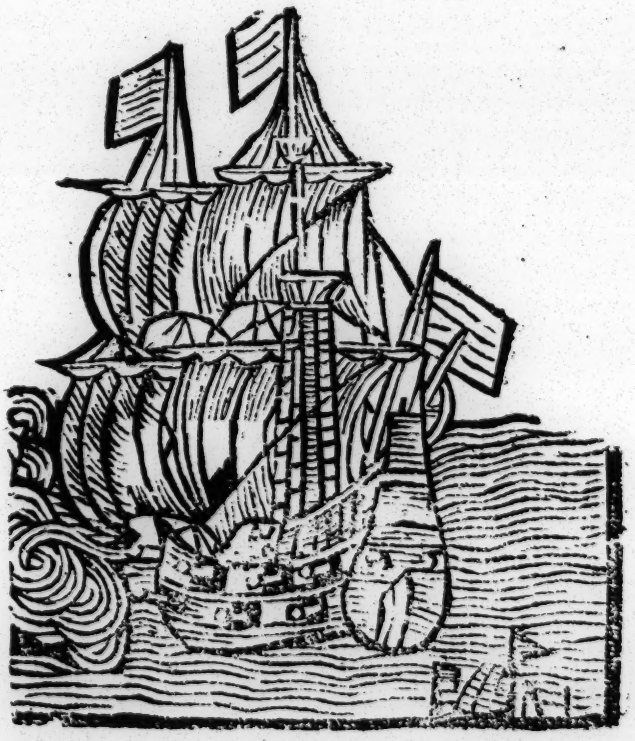
Who reſolved to Fight for his King and Country:

TOGETHER WITH

His Love's Sorrowful Lamentation at their Departure.

To the Tune of, *I often for my* Jenny *ſtrove.*

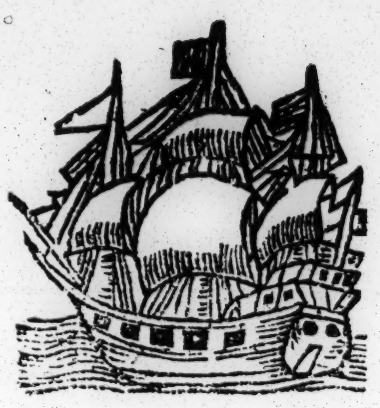
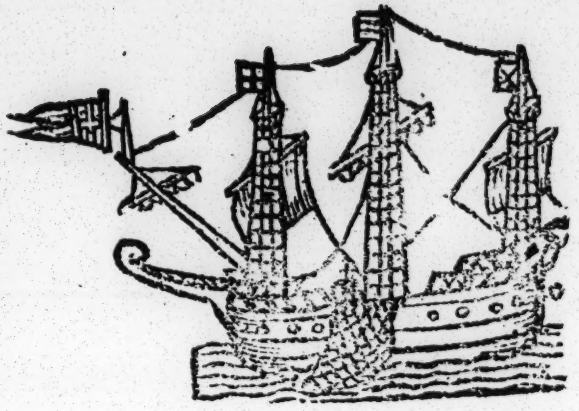
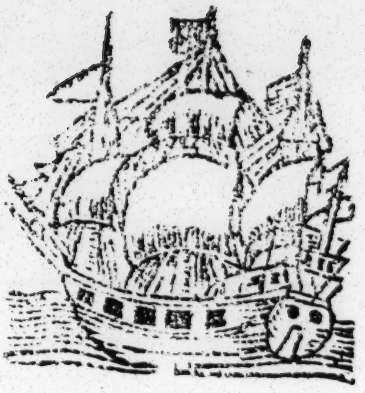
Licenced according to Order.



My Love I come to take my leave,
Yet pithee do not ſigh and grieve;
On the wide Ocean I will fight,
For to maintain the Nation's Right:
Under Noble Chief Commanders,
I reſolve to take my Chance;
On Board I'll enter, Life I'll venture,
To ſubdue the Pride of France.

My Dear, ſaid ſhe, be not unkind,
I ſhall no Peace nor Comfort find,
My very Heart will break for thee,
If thus we muſt divided be:
While thou art with Foes ſurrounded,
Where the loud-mouth'd Cannons roar;
This Warlike Action breeds Diſtraction,
I ſhall never ſee thee more.

Let no ſuch fear attend my Dear,
I hope to be as ſafe as here;
For King and Country's good I'll ſtand,
And vow to fight with Heart and Hand:
None but Cowards fear to venture,
Freely will I take my chance;
On Board I'll enter, Life I'll venture,
To ſubdue the Pride of France.

The Youthful Damsel then did cry,
I'll part with Gold and Silver too,
Another person to Employ,
that may be better spar'd than you:
Never shall I be contented,
While you leave your Native Shore;
This warlike Action breeds Distraction,
I shall never see thee more.

My Dear all Hazards will I run,
My thinks the Work cannot be done,
Except I do in Person go,
To Face that Perjur'd Potent Foe:
We have Warlike Sons of Thunder,
Which will Valiantly Advance
To the wide Ocean, for Promotion,
And to check the Pride of France.

My Dear, the Royal English Fleet,
With the Dutch Navy, will compleat
The Work, which fairly is begun,
We fear not but Monsieur will run;
For we'll drive the Rogues before us,
Teach them such an English Dance,
While they retire, still we'll fire,
Check the growing Pride of France.

With Sighs and Tears this Damsel said,
If you resolve to go to Sea,
In Sailers Robes I'll be array'd,
and freely go along with thee:
Life and Fortune I will Venture,
Rather than to stay on Shore;
Grief will oppress me, and possess me,
That I ne'er shall see thee more.

Said he, My Dearest stay on Land,
such idle Fancies ne'r pursue,
Thy soft and tender milk-white Hand,
Seamen's labour cannot do:
Here I leave both Gold and Treasure,
To maintain my Dear on Shore;
But still She crying and replying,
I shall never see thee more.

Thy Gold's no more than Moss to me,
alas! my Heart is sunk full low,
The want of thy sweet Company,
will surely prove my Overthrow:
Therefore dearest do not leave me
Here tormented, on the Shore;
Let us not sever, love for ever,
Lest I ne'er shall see thee more.

Tho' bitterly she did Complain,
Her Sighs and Tears were all in vain,
He would not suffer her to go,
So many Cares and Griefs to know:
But with sweet Salutes they parted,
She was left with Tears on Shore;
Here often crying and replying,
I shall never see him more.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, *J. Deacon*, *J. Blare* and *J. Back*.

Unfeigned Friendſhip,

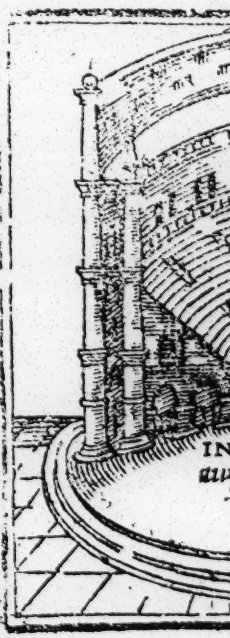
OR,

The Loyaliſts Cordial A

A pleaſant New Playhouſe Song, now greatly in Requ

Concord is that by which the world does move } *In thoſe Men's happineſs a*
Nor is the Worlds Creator ought but love : } *And none without them eve*

To a new Playhouſe Tune, called, How happy's the State, *or,* Can Life b



HOw happy's the State where no diſcords are breeding
No ſtrife, nor debate, no cares to ercœding ?
Oh ! there 'tis they're bleſſed, of all things poſſeſſed,
Oh ! there they have happineſs heap'd up in ſtore ;
There's treaſure, and pleaſure, & joy beyond meaſure,
So happy are they that need not no more.

Why then ſhou'd fond mortals ſeek their own annoy,
And open the Portals, themſelves to deſtroy,
To plague one another, and hate each his Brother,
To baniſh the Father and ruine the Son,
When treaſure & pleaſure wou'd flow beyond meaſure
If concord it triumphed and diſcord was gone ?

If each in his ſtation wou'd keep his right ſphere,
Then all our vexations wou'd ſoon diſappear :
Oh ! then all confuſion and all ſtrong deluſion
On th' wings of diſorder with
Then pleaſure, and treaſure,
Wou'd ſorrows, and cares,

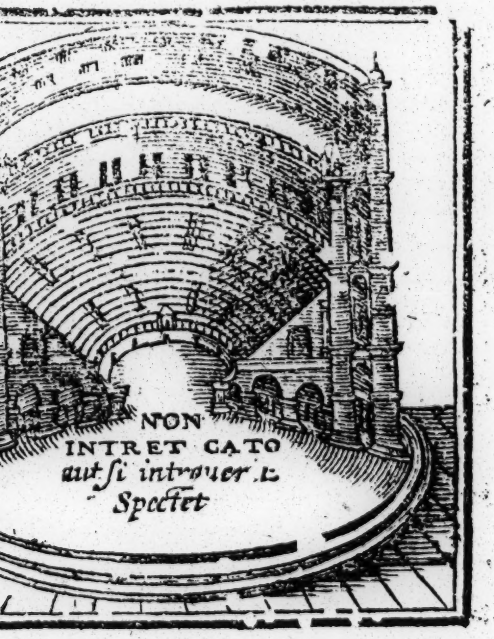
Then England be wiſe, and le
Let none be preciſe, their fond
Thereby in their paſſion to t
For if with diſcretion each m
Then treaſure and pleaſure w
Then all wou'd be peace, oh t

If none wou'd tickle at the C
No, nor Conventicle to baulk
Nor at Ceremonies where de
Cavell and Carp, and yet gi
Then treaſure and treaſure
And reppy, thrice happy wou'

Advice.

Requeſt.

ineſs do chiefly reſt,
em ever yet unbleſt.
Life be a Bleſſing, &c.



er with darkneſs wou'd direct:
alure, and joys beyond meaſure
cares, and harſh diſcord expell.

and let Unity flouriſh,
ir fond fancies to cherish;
n to trouble the Nation:
each mortal wou'd move,
ſure wou'd flow beyond meaſure,
e, oh then all wou'd be love.

the Oath of Allegiance,
baulk their obedience,
ere decency known is
yet give us no reaſon:
alure wou'd flow beyond meaſure,
y wou'd be tye bleſs'd reaſon.

Then the Pope might deſpair and the Jeſuites repine,
For they nothing could ſhare if we once did but joyn;
If diſcord was baniſh'd, and envy quite baniſh'd,
Then happy, thrice happy a Nation were we,
Then treaſure and pleaſure wou'd flow without meaſure,
And all we cou'd wiſh we ſhould inſtantly be.

Then thoſe golden days which the Poets once feigned,
Might to our high praiſe once again be regained;
For were we united our cares wou'd be ſlighted,
Then happy, how happy ſhould we live at eaſe!
Then treaſure and pleaſure wou'd flow beyond meaſure,
And we ſhou'd lye down in the vales of ſweet peace.

With roſes o'reſpread, and with lillies ſurrounded,
Where with troubles our head ſhou'd ne'r be confounded,
But ſtill ſweet repoſe with ſoft ſlumber ſhou'd cloſe,
Our eyes and our cares, and all that diſturb us:
The treaſure and pleaſure wou'd flow beyond meaſure,
When nothing, when nothing remain'd as could curb us.

Then at laſt be you Wiſe you Whiggs, and come over,
There's nought you deviſe more content can diſcover;
Be no more diſcontented, leaſt 'tis repented
When it is too late, and the time it is paſt;
When as treaſure & pleaſure won't flow beyond meaſure
For then all your hopes will be at the laſt caſt.

Then be not perverſe, but let Unity flouriſh,
Idle Dreams ne'r rehearſe, nor willfulneſs cherish,
But be loyal, be loyal, and you'l deſie all
That envy and malice does plot for your harm;
Then treaſure and pleaſure will flow beyond meaſure;
Obedience and Unity is the beſt charm.

To ſecure us from ſtrife, and all idle debate;
Which, alas! are too rife among many of late:
Then at laſt be you wiſe, and come take my advice,
And make your ſelves happy whileſt time does remain;
That treaſure and pleaſure may flow without meaſure,
That Concord and Unity ever may Raign.

Printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Paſſinger.

THE Unfortunate Fencer;

OR,

The Couragious Farmer of Glouceſter-ſhire.

SHEWING

How this huffing Spark went down into thoſe Parts, Challenging any one at all ſorts of Weapons; and at length ſhamefully Conquer'd by a Country Farmer.

To the Tune of, The Spinning Wheel. Licenſed according to Order.

YOu that delight in merriment,
be pleaſed to attend a while,
I hope to give you all content,
this very Song will make you ſmile;
'Tis of a Fencer, brave and bold,
Adorn'd with rich imbroider'd Gold.

This Spark in pomp, and rich array,
from London rid with right good will,
That he young Lords might learn to play
all ſorts of Weapons by his skill;
And whereſoe'er this Fencer came,
the drum, and trumpet, blaz'd his fame.

This huffing Fencer, fierce and ſtout,
to Glouceſter City did repair,
And for a Sign he then hung out
a Sword of grand Defiance there;
The which a Farmer did eſpy,
As he by chance was paſſing by.

The jolly Farmer, brisk and bold,
as ſoon as he the Sword beheld,
He cry'd, what is there to be ſold?
what is your Room with Rapiers fill'd?
The valiant Fencer did reply,
I come my Valour here to try.

With that he did his Rapier shake,
and said let whose will here arrive,
I do a noble Challenge make,
to fight the stoutest Man alive:
The Farmer said, I'll answer thee,
If that you dare to Cope with me.

The Fencer cry'd you sorry slave,
here by this Rapier in my hand,
I'll send thee to thy silent Grave,
against my force no Clown can stand:
It shall be try'd the Farmer cry'd,
I value not your huffing Pride.

Next Morning they a Stage prepare,
the drums did beat, and trumpets sound,
Right joyfull tydings to declare,
this Gallant trac'd the City round,
Dress'd in his Shirt of Holland fine,
With Sword which did like Silver shine.

The Stage he mounted brisk and gay,
and eke the Farmer straight likewise;
To whom the Huffing Spark did say,
of you I'll make a Sacrifice,
This work in short, I shall compleat,
You should have brought a Winding-sheet.

No more of that, but let's fall to,
I hope to make my party good
And e'er this World I bid adieu,
who knows but I may let you blood;
With that he cut him o'er the Face,
And thus began the Spark's Disgrace.

But when they came to Quarter-staff,
the Farmer bang'd the Spark about;
Which made all the Spectators laugh,
and with Huzza's they all did shout;
He made his Head and Shoulders sore,
He ne'er had been so thrash'd before.

Thus fairly did he win the day,
which put the Fencer in a Rage,
Who through the Crowd did sneak away,
while the stout Farmer kept the Stage;
Huzza's of joy, did echo round,
While he with Victory was Crown'd.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon,
J. Blare, J. Back.

The Unfortunate Lady;

OR,

The Young Lover's fatal Tragedy:

Who lately Hang'd her ſelf for the Love of a Young Gentleman, whom her Parents would not ſuffer her to have; but ſent her a falſe Letter, that he was Maryed, which was the Cauſe of her Untimely Death.

To the Tune of The Languiſhing Swain. *Licenſed according to Order.*

I Do not ſing of Triumph, no
Nor of the Bleſſings here below;
But of a Loyal Lover's Fall,
Which is lamented by us all.

Let loving Parents now attend
Unto this Leſſon which I ſend;
Croſs not your Children dear in Love,
For fear it ſhould their Ruine prove.

Too many in this Age we find,
They are to Riches ſo enclin'd,
That they can nothing leſs behold,
Tho' Love be better worth than Gold.

When True Love cannot be enjoy'd,
How many Damſels are deſtroy'd?
As we by true Experience know,
It having prov'd their Overthrow.

Some has by burning Fevers fell,
And some their Sorrows to expell,
Have sent a fatal bloudy Dart,
Into their fainting Love-sick Heart.

Others by Poyson end their days;
And thus the Lover many ways
Can find to ease their Love-sick Pain,
When they their Wishes can't obtain.

Among the rest of one I write,
Her Parents Joy, and Heart Delight,
Who by them being crost in Love,
It did a sad Destruction prove.

Her Heart was linked to her Dear:
Now when her Friends the same did hear,
She was with speed to London sent,
Where she in sorrow did lament.

She often wrang her Hands, and cry'd,
I am of all my Joys deny'd;
No glance of Comfort do's appear,
While I am banish'd from my Dear.

Tho' we may for a Season part,
I do declare he has my Heart;
To none but him the same I'll give,
While I have here a day to live.

Said she, The storm may be blown o'r,
And Fortune may our Joys restore,
Therefore I will with Patience wait:
But now behold her dismal Fate.

Her Friends they did a Letter frame,
That he was Marry'd: When it came,
She with a Sigh, said, Is it so?
Then Love will prove my Overthrow.

She dres'd her self in rich Array,
And to her Chamber took her way,
And then her Life she ended there;
The Grief was more than she cou'd bear.

Let her Mishap a Warning be
To Friends of high and low Degree:
Cross not your Children here in Love,
Lest you their utter Ruine prove.

Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking-glass on London-bridge.

THE

Unfortunate WELCH-M

OR,

The Untimely Death of *Scotch JOCK*

If her will Fight, her cauſe to right,
as daring to preſume

To Kill and Slay, then
take this to be her

To the Tune of, **The Country-Farmer.**

This may

honny-ap-Morgan to London would ride,
Couſen Taffie what ever betide;
Siſſers Son, whom her loved ſo dear,
not beheld him this many long year:
s in the morning ſtout Shonny aroſe,
then on the journey with Courage her goes,
of Gray was the beſt of her Cloſe,
oots they were out at the heels and the toes.

ood by her ſide, and with Bob the Gray Mare,
on the Road like a Champion ſo rare;
how it happened to her hard Lot,
with young Iockey, a bonny briſk Scot

Then Iockey was jolly, and thus
Let's gang to the Tavern, drink
Then Shonny conſented, and ma
But Iockey left Shonny the Neck

While Morgan was Merry, and
The Scotch-man he uſed the beſt
Conſidering how he might Scar
For why Sir, he never intended
But like a falſe Loon he ſlipt ou
And never intended to come the
Poor Shonny-a-Morgan was left
Cotzo her was never ſo ſerved b

MAN;

CKEY

, then well her may
e her Doom.
is may be Printed, J. P.

dathus he did say,
drink Wine by my fay,
d made no delay,
Reckoning to pay.

, and thinking no ill,
beſt of his Skill.
Scamper away,
nded to pay
ipt out of doors
e there no more,
left for the Score
ved before.

Her paying the Shot, then away her went,
The Welch Blood was up, and her mind was bent
For ſpeedy purſuing ſhe then did prepare,
Then Morgan did mount upon Bob the Gray Mare
Then Whip and Spur ſtout Shonny did ride,
And overtook Jockey near to a Wood-ſide,
And pull'd out her Sword in the height of her Pride,
And wounded poor Jockey, who preſently dy'd.

Then Shonny was taken and hurry'd to Jail,
Where her till the Seſſions did weep and bewail;
And then at the laſt, by the Laws of the Land,
Was brought to the Bar to hold up her hand;
O good her Lord Shudge, poor Shonny did cry,
Now Whip her, and ſend her to Wales her Country;
Or cut off a Leg, or an Arm, or an Eye,
For her is undone if Condemned to dye.

But this would not do, poor Shonny was Caſt,
And likewiſe received her Sentence at laſt;
A Gentleman Robber juſt at the ſame time,
Received juſt Sentence then due for his Crime:
Then Shonny-a-Morgan her ſhed many tears,
Her heart was poſſeſſed with ſorrow and fears,
The Gentleman Thief likewiſe hung down his ears
For then he expected his antient Arrears.

The day being come they muſt both bid adieu,
Forſaking the world and the reſt of their Crew;
The Spark was attir'd ſo gallant and gay,
But Shonny Was poor, and in ragged array:
Then when they came both to the Gibbet Tree,
The Gentleman gave to the Hang-man a Fee,
And ſaid, let this Welch-man Hang farther from me,
So vile and ſo ragged a Raſcal is he.

The Welch-man he heard him, and was in a rage,
That nothing almoſt could his anger aſſwage;
But fretting and chafing, he thus did begin,
Her will make her to know that her came of good kin
Beſides, her will tell her her hearty belief,
That her is no more then a Gentleman Thief,
That robb'd on the Roads, & the Plain, & the Heath
Her now will Hang by her in ſpight of her teeth.

FINIS.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Gultiſpur-ſtreet*.

THE

Ungrateful Rebel;

OR,

Gracious Clemency Rewarded With Villany.

Tune of, The Turn-Coat of the Times.

HEre is a disloyal Tutch,
Now newly come from the Dutch,
Of one that has acted much;
And of the Factious breed,
He was in the West indeed,
Now bitter to Hang than feed;
His Pardon he did obtain,
And now he is gone again,
To joyn with the Dutch,
And have t'other tutch,
Is this not a Rogue in grain?

He did a Letter send,
Unto an old Factious Friend,
And these was the Lines he penn'd:
Allegiance now give o'er,
And come to the West once more,
Here's Silver and Gold Gillore,
Ne'er stand in the least to pause,
Or startle at breach of Laws,
But venter your Neck,
It is but a check,
Stand up for the good old Cause.

To my Credit be it spoke,
I kept a Shop, but I broke,
And banisht away in smoak;
My Creditors great and small,
I'faith I have paid them all,
But gave them no Coin at all,
And now I am gone to fight,
And whether't be wrong or right,
I cry'd down the Pope,
But 'tis with that hope,
To get a good Booty by't.

Though we a Rebellion make,
And Heavenly Laws do break,
It is for Religions sake;
And therefore we proceed,
To make the whole Nation bleed,
And count it a righteous deed:
When ever I do draw nigh,
Great Persons of Loyalty,
Is I am a Knave,
Their Treasure I crave,
For Killing who but I.

We rally and march about,
To find the Rich Romans out,
Then put them all to the rout,
May, any Protestant Lord,
If with us he won't accord,
We'll presently fall aboard;
For being both stout and strong,
We will not stand parling long:
If Loyal he be,
'Tis all one to we,
We'll Plunder him right or wrong.

To take off the Nations Yoke,
Religion is maye a Cloak,
To cover the fatal stroak,
But for my part alone,
Religion I ne're had none,
Except to disturb the Throne:
With Orange now brisk and trim
I venture both Life and Limb,
And if the great Turk,
Wou'd set me at work,
I would do as much for him.

Printed for N. Sliggen.

The Ungrateful Son:

OR,

An Example of God's Juſtice upon the abuſeful Diſobedience of a Falſe-hearted and cruel Son to his Aged Father.

To the Tune of Kentiſh Miracle.

Licenſed according to Order.

OF an ungrateful Son,
my purpoſe is to write,
By whom a Father was undone,
and clearly ruin'd quite:
The Sequel of this Song
will make it well appear,
That thoſe that do their Parents wrong,
will feel God's Wrath ſeverr.

An ancient wealthy Man,
near London lived indeed,
Who at his Door reliev'd the Poor,
and thoſe that ſtood in need:
But Troubles coming on,
we find that ev'ry where,
Religious Men, not One in Ten,
but perſecuted were.

And ſoe for Conſcience ſake,
in Priſon was likewiſe,
Informers they made them their Prey,
Rome's Malice to ſuffice;
Both Lands and Goods were ſeiz'd,
no Pity they'd afford,
For at that time 'twas thought a Crime,
to ſerve the living Lord.

This good man ſeeing then,
how ſtrange the things did run,
He did depend, to find a Friend
of his beloved Son;
Therefore without delay,
he call'd him out of hand,
And did make o're his Goods and Store,
likewiſe his Houſe and Land.

Said he, my Son be juſt,
  ſecure the ſame for me;
I have no Friend that I can truſt
  in theſe Affairs but thee:
Dear Father, then ſaid he,
  Your Will ſhall be obey'd,
And if I wrong you let me ſee
  a juſt Example made.

The old Man him believ'd,
  and turn'd o'er his Eſtate,
But yet at laſt, e'er Three years paſt
  he did repent at laſt;
For after turn of times,
  did Liberty afford.
The old Man went with full intent,
  to have his Means reſtor'd.

Then coming to the Gate,
  whereas his Son did dwell,
It was one Evening ſomething late,
  the very Truth to tell;
The Servant let him in,
  and when he was ſet down,
The Son with Anger did begin
  to knit his Brows and frown.

The Father ſaid, My Son,
  I come in hopes, that you
Will now return the great Concern,
  which is my proper due:
Ye Presbyterian Knave,
  ſaid this Son, void of ſhame,
I'll part with nothing that I have,
  be gone from whence ye came.

The old Man then beſought
  this Villain to forbear,
I am your Father which hath brought
  you up with Coſt and Care.

But yet he rav'd the more,
  and Curſes did repeat,
At length he threw him out of Doors,
  and kick'd him in the Street.

His Eyes like Fountains flow,
  run down his Cheeks like Rain,
His aged Hair as white as Snow,
  no Pity could obtain.
O cruel wretched Son!
  the Father then reply'd,
Conſider well what thou haſt done,
  God will pull down thy Pride.

The bitter Winds did blow,
  the Skies was darkned quite,
And for a Lodging where to go
  he did not know that Night;
But Heaven did provide
  for him in that diſtreſs,
He with a Farmer did reſide,
  who did his Love expreſs.

But for this wicked Son,
  e'er Morning did appear,
He quite beſides his Wits did run,
  God's Wrath was ſo ſevere:
Then for a Week or more,
  Father, Father, he cry'd,
In frantick Fits beſides his Wits,
  and then at length he dy'd.

Thus for his Villany,
  God ſent him to the Grave;
O let theſe Lines a warning be,
  to all that Parents have;
Be dutiful always,
  and do not Parents ſcorn,
For thoſe that do, in time may true,
  they'd better ne'er been born.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

The unſatiſfied LOVERS

Lamentation.

This hapleſs laſs in diſcontent | & is with ſorrow almoſt ſpent,
Laments and makes her moan, | Becauſe ſhe lies alone.

Tune of, **Hey boys up go we.**

THis twenty years and more that I
have liv'd a ſingle life,
Wanting a youngmans company,
and can't be made a Wife.
Oh! could I find ſome briſk young Lad
one bout with me to try,
'Twould eaſe my heart that now is ſad,
and hey boys down I'le lye.

Unfortunate indeed am I,
unmarried to remain,
Ten thouſand ſighs at leaſt have I
ſpent, ſent, but all in vain,
And whoſoever asketh me,
'tis ſure Ile ne'r deny,
Who am in neceſſity,
and hey boys down I'le lye.

Had I ten thouſand pounds in Gold,
I'd give it for a touch,
Or Jewels, more than e're were ſold,
I'd think them not too much.
But freely I would give them all
to eaſe my Pallady,
Come Jack or Will and take your fill,
for hey boys down I'le lye.

And ſport as long as you think good,
then lie you down and reſt,
If this by me were underſtood,
I then ſhould ſure be bleſt.
Then come away for pitty ſake,
one bout with me to try,
With my ſoft hand ile make it ſtand,
then hey boys down ile lye.

With kiſſes and embraces ſweet
your Courage Ile refreſh,
To make my happineſs compleat,
by taſting of the fleſh.
Come, come with ſpeed and do the deed
or elſe for love I dye,
I ſigh and mourn and ſadly groan,
that hey boys down would lye.

Was ever any loving Girle,
like me left in diſtreſs,
The thing which ſome do count a Pearl
there's nothing I love leſs.
My Maiden-head I do not eſteem,
would it were gone ſay I,
I ſhall be vext and much perplext,
till hey boys down I lye.

There's not a Laſs I do believe
in Country or in City,
That wanting man did ſo much grieve,
and yet did find leſs pitty,
My very ſheets each night I knaw,
and like one mad am I,
Yet ſhall not reſt but be oppreſt,
till hey boys down I lye.

Twere better I had been unborn,
then ſuch a life to live,
That youngmen all both great and ſmall
deny relief to give.
By Nature I am not ſo foule
or ſhapeleſs to the Eye,
Then give ſome eaſe to this diſeaſe,
and hey boys down ile lye.

Such wanton thoughts poſſeſs my mind
by night and eke by day,
That ſometimes I am half inclin'd
to make my ſelf away.
Then I theſe thoughts do check again,
in time I hope ſay I,
May find a friend that may extend
his love, then down lie I.

As yet I hapleſs do remain,
and quite bereav'd of hope,
Were I in either France or Spain,
ide ask leave of the Pope.
That I might Trade with ſome young blade
he could not me deny,
Then ſhould I be from Torment free,
and hey boys down i'de lye.

Printed for, J. Wright J. Clark W. Thackery, and T. Paſſenger.

The Valiant Commander, with his Reſolute Lady.

SHEWING,

A brief Diſcourſe of a Commander bold,
Who had a wife was worth her weight in gold;
She bravely fought to ſave her Husbands life,
Let all men judge, was not this a Valiant Wife?

To a New *Northern* Tune, called, *I would give ten thouſand pounds, &c.* or *Ned Smith.*

GAllants come liſt a while,
a Story I ſhall tell,
Of a Commander bold,
and what to him befell,
He was beſieged round,
in Cheſter City fair,
His Lady being with him
which fill'd his heart with care
This unto her he ſaid,
deareſt come thou to me,
I would give ten thouſand pound
thou wert in Shrewsbury.

O my own hearts delight,
my joy and Turtle-Dove,
More dear then mine own life,
heavens know I do thee love.
Thoſe beautious looks of thine,
my ſences ſet on fire,
Yea though I love thee well,
thy abſence I deſire,
This unto her he ſaid, &c.

Thy fair red coloured cheeks,
and thy bright ſhining eye,
Makes me always inflam'd,
with thy ſweet company.
Thy breath ſmells far more ſweet
then doth ſweet Frankincence,
And yet for all thoſe Fumes,
I wiſh thee farther hence,
This makes me ſing and ſay, &c.

Look how my Uncle ſtands,
I dare not him come near,
Becauſe I love the King,
and am a Cavalier,
Yet for my Lady and her Son,
my heart doth bleed for thee,
I would give ten thouſand pound
they were in Shrewsbury,
They were in Shrewsbury,
ſome comfort for to find,
Amongſt the Cavaliers,
to eaſe a troubled mind.

My heart bleeds in my breaſt,
for my fair Ladies ſake,
And how to ſave her life.
I know no courſe to take:
Hark how the Drums do beat,
and warlike Trumpets ſound,
See how the Muſqueteers
have now begirt us round.
The Souldiers they cry out,
kill, kill, no quarter give,
What hopes then can I have.
that my true Love ſhould live.

When he t
his La
And with a man
his ſword in t
Farewel my La
now will I ba
And fight my ſe
among'ſt my
Deareſt farewel f
farewel farewe
I would give ten
thou wert in S

His Lady ſeein
the danger t
She like a So
nobly then d
My truſty Lo
ſince thou ſ
What e're bec
ſtoutly I'le t
Deareſt caſt ca
let kiſſes con

n he thus ſpoken had,
his Lady he forlook,
a manly heart,
d in hand he took,
my Lady dear,
ll I bandie blows,
my ſelf to death
ſt my deſperate foes,
rewel from me,
farewel from me,
ve ten thouſand pound
rt in Shrewsbury.

y ſeeing then,
nger they were in,
a Souldier bold,
hen did begin,
ty Love (quoth ſhe)
hou ſo valiant art,
re becomes of me,
i'le take thy part.
aſt care away,
es comfort thee,
Thou and i'le ne'r depart,
i'le live and dye with thee.

Put me on Mans attire,
give me a Souldiers Coat,
I'le make King Charles his foes,
quickly to change their note,
Cock your match, prime your pan
let piercing bullets flye,
I do not care a Pin,
whether I live or dye.
Deareſt caſt care away,
let kiſſes comfort thee,
Thou and i'le ne'r depart,
i'le live and dye with thee.

She took a Muſquet then,
and a ſword by her ſide,
In diſguiſe like a man
her valour ſo ſhe try'd,
And with her true-love ſhe,
march'd forth couragiouſly,
And made away with ſpeed,
quite through the Enemy,
Deareſt caſt care away,
let kiſſes comfort thee,
Thou and i'le ne'r depart,
i'le Live and Dye with thee.

Theſe Souldiers brave and bold,
behav'd themſelves ſo well,
That all the Northern parts,
of their deſarts can tell.
Thus have you heard the News,
of a moſt valiant wight,
And of his Lady brave,
how ſtoutly ſhe did fight,
Deareſt caſt care away,
let kiſſes comfort thee,
Thou and i'le ne'r depart,
I'le live and dye with thee.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. W. J. Clarke, W. Thackeray* and *T. Paſſinger.*

Virginity grown Troublesome :
OR, The Younger Sisters Lamentation for want of a Husband.

Being a most pleasant and Delightful New Song much in use, &c.

Each Age grows Riper, love does still prevail,
And Maiden-heads at Sixteen now are stale ;
Young Girls to Mothers will be turn'd e're they
Know what it means, slie *Cupid* does betray,
Fires them with love, and then there's nothing can
Cure their distemper, unless Oyl of Man.

to a pleasant New West-Country Tune.

I Have a good old Mother at home,
which keeps me from Wedlock still,
What shall I do, shall I dye for love,
and never have my will.

As I walkt forth within the fields,
to see the Bushes spring ;
The little Birds they chang'd their notes,
and I heard the Cuckoo sing.

My Sister is married to her content,
and is made a wedded Wife ;

And with her Husband she doth live,
a sweet contented life.

But I poor soul must lye alone,
who am more fair than she ;
What shall I do, shall I dye for love,
and never, &c.

There is ne'r a one in all the Town,
that can compare with me :
What shall I do, shall I dye for love,
and never Married be.

NOw I must into some far Countrey,
or into some forraign Land;
For to find out a bonny Lad,
to be at my command.

Love pleasures all things do surpass,
as I do plainly see;
What shall I do, shall I dye for love,
and never married be.

Come some brisk Lad, O come with speed,
and me from care set free;
O what shall I do, shall I dye for love;
and never, &c.

Alas, for what was beauty made,
was't only for to see:
What shall I do, I am afraid
I ne'r shall, &c.

To languish thus is worse then death,
some sweet youth come wedd me;
What shall I loose my Virgin breath,
and never Married be.

Kind Heaven my Sister did befriend,
whilst none's more lov'd then she:
What shall I do, shall I dye for love,
and never Married be.

Good Cupid at some gentle heart
let thy swift Arrow flee;
Will no kind young-man take my part,
that I may Married be.

O cruel young men, what d'ye mean,
from joy to hinder me;
What shall I do, shall I dye for love,
and never married be.

Is it my Portions smallness then,
that make you not agree;
What shall I do, shall I dye for Love,
and never married be.

If it be that i'le make it more,
to labour i'le be free;
What shall I do, shall I dye for love,
and never married be.

Oh how I sigh to lye alone,
and wish for Company;
What shall I do, shall I make moan,
and never married be.

To tear my Hair I scarce refrain,
when Weddings I do see;
What shall I always feel this pain,
and never married be.

How blest'd are they who in each Grove,
receive embraces free,
What shall I do, shall I dye for love,
and never married be.

Then some kind youth come pluck the fruit
from blooming beauty's Tree:
What shall I dye, in this dispute,
and never married be.

These twenty years now have I liv'd,
and none e're asked me:
Let me not dye, kind youths for love,
and never married be.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-Ball, in West-smithfield.

The Virgins Tragedy: Or the

Faithful Maiden, and the Faithless Young man.

Being a true Relation how a young man living in *Westminster*, fell in Love with a Maid which had Two hundred pounds to her portion, several promises past betwixt them, and their Love continued for the space of two years, at the end whereof, he appointed a day for marriage, but the day being come, he most disloyally cast her off and forsook her; whose unkindness struck so deep to the maidens heart, that she fell into swouning and distracted Fits, and so miserably languisht for a fortnights time, & then dyed. Desiring on her Death-bed in the presence of several Neighbours, that her Parents and Relations would cause her unfortunate Tragedy to be put into Print, which is here done to fulfil the Will of the Dead: *by her brother.* Tune is Ginny Gin *Or*, fare one let me in.

YOung Gallants all and Ladies fair,
and Lovers every where
Mark well this truth which I declare,
which may concern you near,
Regard your vows and promises
which you in Love do bind,
Or else be sure that in this World
small comfort you will find.

Remember Batemans faithless friend,
How she did prove untrue;
And for reward had in the end
her just deserved due:
For in the night out of her bed,
she carryed was away
But to what place it was not known
nor is not to this day.

But to the story now in hand
with grief I must relate
The downfal of a maiden fair
brought to untimely fate;
Occasiond by a faithless wretch
who did her Love disdain
As you may by the sequel find
the same for to be plain.

A Young man late in Westminster
a man of little fame
Did with this maiden fall in love
at least pretend the same:
Two hundred pounds of good estate
this girl for Portion had.
And but a Taylour he was
of an inferior trade.

WIth vowes & protestations great
this Maid he did allure
Still promising that to the end
his Love it should endure:
Quoth he my dear and only joy
thou needst it not to fear
That e'r I will unconstant prove
since that I love thee dear.

The Maiden fair being but young
scarce fifteen years of age
Believing of his tempting tongue
in Love she did ingage:
She freely gave him hand and heart,
not dreading any ill;
But that he would requite her for't
and yield the like good will.

For two years space thus did they Live
in Love and friendship pure
Which made poor Isabel believe
it alwayes would endure;
At length a day appointed was
their Nuptials to attend
When at that time it came to pass
he prov'd a faithless friend.

For why he basely cast her off
denying all was past
At which she fell into a swound
which made her friends agast:
No help that ever did her good
they used more or less
But from that time she languished
in woe and deep distress.

Where ever the that wretch did see
bereft her of her Love
'Tis said she swouned presently
his sight her heart did move:
At length into distracted fits
she violently fell
And raved in her frenzy mood
most fearfully to tell.

Her friends about her they did flock
to see her in that case
And Neighbours all did pitty her
who e'r came in that place:
And thus about a fortnights time
it cannot be denyed
But she endured misery
and in conclusion dyed.

'Tis said that she before her death
did give him a Release
Therefore we trust assuredly
her soul is now at peace:
What guilt upon his conscience lies
best to himself is known
How ere the world may clearly see
the truth that here is shown.

This may a warning be to all
young Lovers every one
That they do not unconstant prove
who e'r they pitch upon:
Their Oaths and Protestations
the Lord doth hear and see
And at the last he will reward
them all assuredly.

The maids Epitaph.

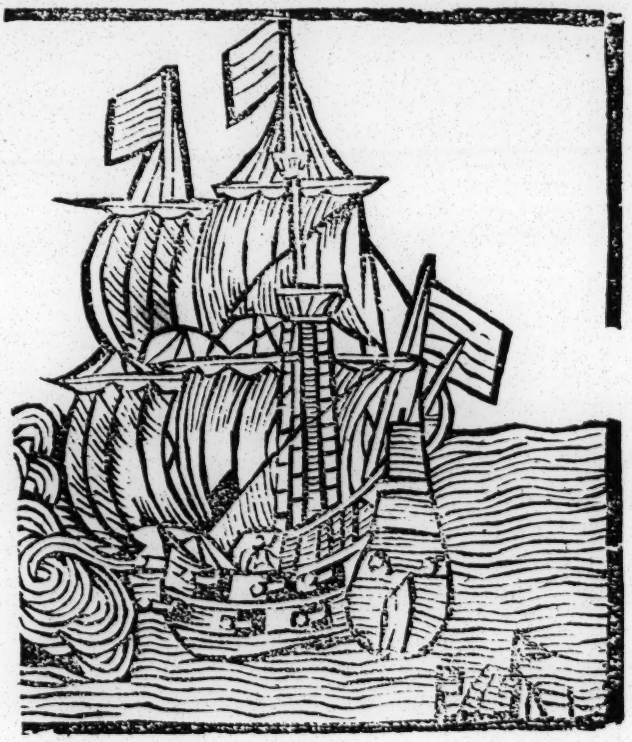
Here within this silent shade
Lyes the body of a maid
Who dy'd for Love, and bid adieu
Because her Lover prov'd untrue

London Printed for *J. Conyers* at the *Black Raven* in *Duck-lane*.

Sir *Walter Raleigh* Sailing in the *Low-lands.*

Shewing how the famous Ship called the *ſweet Trinity* was taken by a falſe Gally, and how it was again reſtored by the craft of a little Sea-boy, who ſunk the Gally; as the following Song will declare.

To the Tune of, The Sailing in the Low-lands.



Sir Walter Rawleigh ha's built a ſhip
in the Neatherlands,
Sir Walter Rawleigh ha's built a ſhip
in the Neather-lands?
And it is called the ſweet Trinity,
And was taken by the falſe Gallaly,
ſailing in the Low-lands:

Is there never a Seaman bold
in the Neather-lands:
Is there never a Seamen bold
in the Neather-lands?
That will go take this falſe Gallaly,
And to redeem the ſweet Trinity,
ſailing in the Low-lands.

Then ſpoke the little Ship-boy
in the Neather-lands,
Then ſpoke the little Ship-boy
in the Neather-lands,
Maſter, maſter, what will you give me,
And I will take this falſe Gallaly,
And releaſe the ſweet Trinity,
ſailing in the Low-lands.

I'le give thee gold, and I'le give thee ſee
in the Neather-lands,
I'le give thee gold, and I'le give thee ſee
in the Neather-lands;
And my eldeſt daughter thy wife ſhall be,
ſailing in the Low-lands.

He ſet his breaſt, and away he did ſwim
in the Neather-lands,
He ſet his breaſt, and away did ſwim
in the Neather-lands.
Until he came to the falſe Gallaly,
ſailing in the Low-lands,

HE had an Augor fit for the once,
in the Neather-lands,
He had an Augor fit for the once,
in the Neather-lands;
The which will bore
Fifteen good holes at once,
sailing in the Low-lands

Some were at Cards, and at some Dice
in the Neather-lands,
Some were at Cards, and some at Dice
in the Neather-lands,
Until the salt water flash'd in their eyes,
sailing in the Low-lands.

Some cut their hats, and some cut their caps
in the Neather-lands;
Some cut their hats, and some cut their caps
in the Neather-lands,
For to stop the salt-water gaps,
sailing in the Low-lands.

He set his breast and away did swim
in the Neather-lands,
He set his breast and away did swim
in the Neather-lands;
Until he came to his own ship again,
sailing in the Low-lands,

I have done the work I promised to do
in the Neather-lands,
I have done the work I promised to do
in the Neather-lands.

For I have sunk the Salt Gallaly,
And releaked the sweet Trinity,
sailing in the Lowlands.

You promised me gold, and you promised me fee
in the Neather-lands, (me fee
You promised me gold and you promised
in the Neather-lands,
Your eldest daughter my wife she must be,
sailing in the Low-lands.

You shall have gold, and you shall have fee
in the Neather-lands,
You shall have gold, and you shall have a fee
in the Neather-lands. (ver be
But my eldest daughter your wife shall ne-
for sailing in the Low-lands.

Then fare you well, you cozening Lord
in the Neather-lands,
Then fare you well, you cozening Lord
in the Neather-lands.
Seeing you are not so good as your word,
for sailing in the Low-lands.

And thus I shall couclude my Song
of the sailing in the Low-lands,
And, thus I shall conclude my Song
of the sailing in the Low-lands;
Wishing all happiness to all Seamen both
old & young in their sailing in the Low-lands.

This may be printed R. L. S.

Printed for *J. Conyers*, at the *Black-Raven* the first shop in *Fetter-Lane* next *Holborn*.

The vvandering Virgin:

Or, The Coy Lass well Fitted.

Virgins whose coyness & disdain does prove
The fatal ruine of cemented Love,
Learn, and beware, lest you like me cry
I'le find my Love, or search the world abo

To the Tune of, *Cloris awake*, or *the loving Chambermaid.*

YOu Virgins so pretty
hear what I relate,
My case you may pitty,
take heed of my fate:
How I was forsaken
you'l hear it throughout,
But I'le travel the world o're
to find my Love out.

Since I was the cause
that he first did disdain,
My obermuch coyness
doth make him refrain:
But now I must blush
that it so comes about,
I would give all the world
I could find my Love out.

Then straight my green gown
into breeches i'le make,
And my long yellow Locks
much shorter i'le take:
I'le wander, i'le wander,
i'le wander about,
And i'le search all the world
for to find my Love out.

I'le get me a switch
and a sword by my side,
A Horse, B[illegible] and Spurs,
and i'le get up and ride:
I'le wander, i'le wander,
i'le wander about,
Ile search all the world
for to find my Love out.

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

My Love was a seemly
and proper young youth,
Though he did dissemble
I took all for truth,
So crafty in courtship
I never did doubt
But ide give all the world
I could search my Love out.

His forehead was smooth
and his locks they were curld
And him I ador'd above
all in the world:
His tongue went so smoothly
in Courtship profound
That I must have my Love
though I search the world round.

His Musical voice
it did make me admire
His courtship and carriage
did set me on fire;
I lov'd him so dearly
which makes me cry out
I I find him, or wander
the world all about.

What fancy hath took him
I much do admire
That he should reject the Love
he did require:
And since he is gone
I will wander about
And ile search all the world
but ile find my Love out.

My breath it grows short
and my face pale and wan
Which makes me admire
the power of the man:
My heart it doth tremble,
which makes me to doubt
I shall want of my wits
if I find him not out.

Since Love I adore thee,
why shouldst thou disdain
The suit of thy Lover,
that's subject to pain?
Be kinder unto me,
and ease all my doubt,
For I'le search all the World,
but I'le find my Love out.

I'le travell the Desarts,
where fancy me leades,
Through Groves, Fields, & Forrests
through Fountains, & Meades,
To find out my Dearest
i'le gallop about,
And I'le range the wide world,
for to find my Love out.

I'le search over England,
to see if 't contain;
If not, i'le turn Sailor,
and search on the Main,
The Ocean, so boundless,
i'le travell about,
I'le range the wide world,
but i'le find my Love out.

My Maidenhead-Jewell
it still is my own;
But if he had ask'd me,
he sure it had gone:
Then Maids have a care,
lest like me you cry out,
I'le find him, or wander
the world all about.

A WARNING for all Lewd Livers:

By the Example of a Diſobedient CHILD, who rioutouſly waſted and conſumed his Father and Mother's Goods, and alſo his own, amongſt vile Strumpets, and other lewd Livers, and died moſt miſerably on a Dunghil.

To the Tune of, Sir Andrew Barton, &c.

My bleeding Heart with grief and care,
Doth wiſh all young Men to beware,
That they no ſuch like ſteps may tread,
Nor lead the life which I have led:

My Father was a Gentleman,
As many Gallants witneſs can;
He had no Son but only I,
Which made his gold and ſilver flye.

When as my Father had me ſent,
To ſell his goods, or take up rent,
I did conſume and waſte the ſame,
In drinking or unlawful game.

The cards and dice were my delight,
I haunted taverns day and night;
Lew'd Woman were my chiefeſt joys,
And my Conſorts were Cut-purſe-boys.

God's holy Word I diſobey'd,
I car'd not what the Preacher ſaid;
For quaffing cans of ale and beer,
Was all the ſervice I would hear.

Then acting my ungracious part,
I broke my aged Father's heart,
When ghaſtly Death did on him ſeize,
I thought myſelf in happy caſe.

What he had left I thought well got,
But now the ſhame falls to my lot;
Five hundred pound of good red gold,
For wine and beer I quickly ſold.

Then was I preſt to ſerve the King,
That might my name to honour bring;
A Souldier's life I held it baſe,
And always took it in diſgrace.

And having thus conſum'd my ſtore,
I to my Mother went for more;
Who ſold and mortgaged her land,
And put the money in my hand:

And then with tears theſe words ſhe ſaid,
Thou know'ſt my Son thy Father's dead,
No more is left but I and thee,
Therefore dear Son be good to me.

If that thy love from me should fall,
I have no Friend on earth at all:
Therefore good Son to me prove kind,
And thou reward in Heaven shalt find.

Then on my bended knees fell I,
Desiring of the Lord on high,
A shameful death might be his end,
That would his Mother once offend.

All you that do no reckoning make,
Of swearing, when your words you speak,
Give ear to that which I will tell,
Lewd Livers seldom dyeth well.

You disobedient Children all,
Draw near and listen to my fall,
Example take, repent in time,
Lest that your woes be like to mine.

You Fathers dear, and Mothers kind,
Bear you this Lesson in your mind,
Trust not too much a wicked Child,
For oft times Men are so beguil'd.

When twigs are green you may them ply,
But let them grow while they be dry,
They will so stiff and stubborn stand,
You cannot bend them with your hand.

So that I ran a wicked race,
And to amend had not the grace,
Sixteen score pound in good red Gold,
Into my hand my Mother told.

But in the compass of one year,
I spent it all as may appear,
And having left no means at all,
I unto robbing straight did fall.

Thus did I steel my Mother's rings,
Her brass, her pewter, and such things,
The very bed whereon she lay,
I like a Villian stole away.

What ever I could get or take,
Thereof straight did money make;
My flinty heart did feel no grief,
To see my Mother want relief.

At last she grew exceeding poor,
And beg'd relief from door to door:
No Infidel, nor Pagan wild,
Could bring to light so bad a Child.

At last my Mother lost her breath,
As she constrained was by Death;
Who yields relief, when Friends grow scant,
And ease to them that are in want.

From place to place then was I toss'd,
By every Man and Woman trost,
No harbour could I get, whereby
I might at night in safe-guard lie.

My dearest Kinsfolks do me chide,
My dearest Friends mock and deride,
Those that were my Consorts of late,
Their love is turned into hate.

Those that have feasted many a time,
And fed upon that which was mine,
Despise at me along the street,
As if they should a serpent meet.

Both Old and Young, both Great and Small,
Both Rich and Poor despise me all,
No Friend to take my part have I,
But was constrain'd in fields to lie.

In this my extream misery,
My grief, and my necessity,
No Creature gave for my relief,
One peice of bread to ease my grief.

But like a poor despised Wretch,
His latest gasp that he did fetch,
Was on a dung-hill in the night,
When as no Creature was in sight.

So in the morning he was found,
As cold as clay upon the ground;
Thus was he born in shame to dye,
And end his days in misery.

Take warning young Men by this vice,
Learn to avoid the cards and dice,
Lewd Womans company forbear,
They are the high-way unto care.

All Parents whilst your Babes be young,
Look to their ways in hand and tongue,
Then wickedness will not abound,
But grace in Children will be found.

London: Printed by and for *W. O.* for *A. M.* and sold by *J. Deacon*, at the Angel in *Guil-spur-street*.

A Warning-piece for all Wicked Livers:

OR,

A Cavat for all People to remember their Latter End.

Being very good Inſtructions for Old and Young, rich and poor, to amend their lives, and repent before it be too late. To the Tune of, *The rich Merchant Man.*

TO you both Old and Young,
theſe Lines I do indite,
Deſiring you them to obſerve,
and not good Counſel ſlight:
Take notice well I pray,
what's here pen'd in this Song,
Unto the General Judgement Day,
I think the time's not long:
Then fear God and Repent,
ſpend not your time in waſte,
For old and young, both rich and poor,
muſt yield to Death at laſt.

HOw many wicked Sins,
are Reigning in our Land?
Which are by men & women us'd
againſt the Lords command:
Hateful Pride is in uſe,
and alſo Blaſphemy,
Many run on in wickedneſs,
and think they ne'r ſhall dye:
Then fear, &c.

O Would men did but think
upon their latter end,
Then they would flye all vanity,
and ſtrive their lives to mend:
O Wretched Mortal Man,
keep ſtill, and bear in mind,
Though thou tak'ſt pleaſure in this Life,
yet thou'lt leave them behind:
Then fear, &c.

MInd not this Worldly Wealth,
on it ſet not thy heart, (breath,
For when that death doth ſtop thy
thy Gold and thee muſt part,
Mans Life is like a Flower,
that groweth freſh and brave,
We are here to day, to morrow we may
be laid within our Grave:
Then fear, &c.

ABhor and alſo ſhun,
from Drunkenneſs alway,
'Twill bring thy Soul & body both
to ruine and decay:
Abomination it is,
before the ſight of God,
Then uſe it not, leſt that he ſcourge
thee with his heavy Rod:
Then fear, &c.

SWear thou not by the Lord,
take not his name in Vain,
In Moſes Law it is forbid,
as Scripture ſhews it plain:
Some men now in theſe days,
will upon their Sins boaſt,
He is counted the braveſt Blade
that can curſe and ſwear moſt:
Then fear God and Repent,
ſpend not your time in waſte,
For old and young, both rich and poor,
muſt yield to Death at laſt.

LEt not thy mind be bent,
to do thy Neighbour wrong,
But see thou give all men their due
which doth to them belong:
Pray Love the Fatherless,
to the Widdow be a Friend,
Relieve those that are in distress,
then God will thee defend:
Then fear God and Repent,
spend not your time in waste,
For old and young, both rich and poor,
must yield to Death at last.

A Covetous mind don't bear,
if thou art blest with store,
But spare some part of what thou hast,
for the help of the poor:
Although that wealth thou hast,
yet it is but lent to thee,
Then comfort and give alms to those
that are in misery.
Then fear, &c.

NOw to young people likewise,
good counsel I will give,
If thou'lt it take, 'twill do thee good,
so long as thou dost live:
Neglect not Gods Holy Word,
but keep his Laws truly,
Mind not the pleasure of this world,
for it is but Vanity.
Then fear, &c.

FOrget not you this rule,
bear it in mind alway,
Unto your Parents reverence give,
and duely them obey:
For those Children that do,
their Father and Mother scorn,
The curse of God hangs on their head,
better they'd ne'r been born:
Then fear, &c.

IDleness and Sloth shun,
labour as God allows;
Strive always for to get your bread
by the sweat of your brows
Indeavour and get in Youth,
to keep you when you are old
For if Poverty doth come you'l find,
that Charity will be cold,
Then fear, &c.

REfuse no good counsel
that's given unto thee;
But shew respect unto all men,
and not high-minded be:
Remember that thou keep,
the Sabbath of the Lord,
For that's a day ordain'd for us,
to meditate on his Word:
Then fear, &c.

EVery one that doth
these Verses hear or see
Example take, and learn by them,
for to live righteously:
Enter not into Sin,
repent without delay;
For time and tide doth slip along,
it will for no man stay:
Then fear God and repent,
spend not your time in waste,
For old and young, both rich and poor
must yield to Death at last.

FINIS.

Printed for I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. T
and T. Passenger.

A Warning for all Worldlings to learn to Dye.

The Tune is, *The Ladies fall.*

GOod people all repent with speed,
high time it is to pray,
Tempt not the just and righteous God
with vain and long delay:
And while it is the day indeed,
for mercy call and cry,
O would that men would bear in mind
that one day they must dye.

Thy self in thy security,
why dost thou flatter so?
Deferring thy repenting days,
till age doth bring thee low;
And further, till the sickest hour,
that e're thou hast to lye,
O would that men, &c.

O dust and ashes dost thou think
the glorious God of might,
will take in worth these wicked things
and wait on thy delight?
O mark how sore and suddenly,
his wrath on thee will lye,
O would that men, &c.

For what is he upon the earth,
that can himself secure,
Or say that for an hours space
my life it can endure:
No man on earth can warrant life,
the twinkling of an eye,
O would that men, &c.

And after death thy self assure,
repentance comes too late,
Not all the wealth within the world
that can thy pains abate;
For as a tree doth take his fall,
even so the same doth lye,
Therefore in chiefest of thy health
prepare thy self to dye.

And seest thou not in sickness ...
mens memories decay,
Who many times do rove and rage,
when they have need to pray,
whose hearts are bent to ban and curse,
till death doth close their eye:
Therefore, &c.

The Second Part, to the ſame Tune.

And if thou haſt thy memory,
and underſtanding right,
And of thy ſpeech the perfect uſe,
and brightneſs of thy ſight:
Yet may the Lord withold his grace,
and take thy Faith from thee,
That to repent thy folly paſt,
thou ſhalt not able be.

But yet admit our gracious God,
in mercy for to deal,
That in thy ſickneſs he vouchſafe,
his mercy to reveal,
Yet thou ſhalt have a thouſand griefs,
to wring thy mind awry;
Therefore, &c.

For thou ſhalt have thy body then,
diſquieted with pain,
Thy head and heart will vexed be,
and ſo will every vain:
The pangs of death will fear thee ſore,
whoſe force thou canſt not flye,
Therefore, &c.

The love of life will tempt thee much,
whoſe favour was ſo ſweet,
And thou wilt muſe of many things,
that for thy health is meet:
To think thou muſt forgo thy goods
will nip thy heart full nigh;
Therefore, &c.

To ſee thy friends and neighbours all,
thy dying hour abide,
To ſee thy Wife and Children ſmall
cry out on every ſide:
To think thou muſt forgoe them all,
will nip thy heart full nigh,
Therefore, &c.

Beſides to think upon thy ſins,
will much moleſt thy mind,
The freſh remembrance of the ſame,
thou ſhalt moſt bitter find;
Deſpair & dread will drown thy heart,
for living ſo awry;
Therefore, &c.

And thy accuſing Conſcience then,
will witneſs to thy woe,
How wickedly upon the earth,
thou didſt thy days beſtow:
And this within thy perſive breaſt,
moſt grievouſly will lye:
Therefore, &c.

Then will the Devil moſt buſie be,
Gods Juſtice to declare,
And of his mercy he will ſtill,
procure thee to deſpair:
Perſwading thee thy grievous Sins,
do for hell ever cry,
Therefore, &c.

Here mayſt thou ſee, oh wretched man,
how hard a time thou haſt,
Prepared to repent thy ſins,
at this thy latter caſt:
Therefore put not repentance back,
do not Gods grace deny,
But in the chiefeſt of thy health, &c.

Let every one pray that the Lord,
may bleſs our King and Queen,
And grant that they in all their days
may joyfully be ſeen:
And after death that they may live,
in joy eternally,
Then let all good people ſay, Amen,
and ſo, Amen, ſay I,

London, Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*.

A way to Wooe a witty Wench.

Or, A Dialogue between two Lovers who meeting one day;
The Young-man desired the Maiden to stay:
The Maid we was witty her self to defend,
And so they concluded the Match in the end.
To a pleasant new Tune, or, *Musgroves March.*

Man.

O My dearest do not grieve
for I will prove ever kind;
Say no more, thou mayst believe,
nothing but death shall change my mind:
O then let nothing grieve thee,
For I vow thou mayst believe me;
That I do love thee,
That I do love thee,
Come Sweet-heart and imbrace thine own.

Maid.

O sweet Sir I cannot stay,
my Mistris sent me out in haste,
I pray you chuse some other place,
for so much time I dare not waste,
Lest that my Mistris chide;
Then Sir what will me betide:
I dare not tarry,
Lest I miscarry,
Farewel I must be gone.

Man.

Turn not thy fair eyes away,
neither leave me here in scorn,
To torment me every day,
and to leave me quite forlorn;
For it is a terrible pain,
To love and not be lov'd again.
Then take some pitty,
Then take some pitty,
Sweet-heart for I am thine own.

Maid.

O good Sir, what think you of this,
all that glisters is not Gold:
You may believe that true it is,
that Maidens must not be so bold.
Young men having had their pleasure,
Leaves them to repent at leisure:
Therefore forbear me,
Come not near me,
Hands off for I must be gone.

Man.

Thy favour is more sweet to me,
far more precious then is Gold,
When shall I thy husband be,
prethee Sweet-heart say and hold:
O that it were to morrow,
That it might release my sorrow.
Do not disdain me,
Do not disdain me,
Come kiss and imbrace thine own.

Maid.

If that be all you have to say,
I mean to lead a single life,
Rome was not builded in a day,
nor I so soon am made a Wife.
First I mean to try your breeding,
Ere I yield to your proceeding:
O now forbear me,
Do not come near me,
Hands off for I must be gone.

Man.

SWeet think upon the former Vow,
which I to thee did make,
I have kept it until now,
and will ever for thy ſake:
Then let not thy unkindneſs
Dim thine eyes with too much blindneſs:
For I do love thee,
For I do love thee,
Come Sweet-heart and imbrace thine own.

Maid.

O good Sir there's none ſo blind;
as thoſe that may, yet will not ſee;
I know which way you are inclin'd,
indeed you are to quick for me.
Hot love is quickly cooled,
Therefore I will not be fooled.
O fie forbear me,
Do not come near me,
Hands off for I muſt be gone.

Man.

I prethee give me leave to touch
or to kiſs thy milk-white hand,
Wer't thy lips thou needſt not grutch,
for I am at thy command:
O do not thou diſdain me,
For thy frowns hath almoſt ſlain me;
So dear I love thee,
So dear I love thee,
Come kiſs and imbrace thine own.

Maid.

It is not for a kiſs or two
which ſo much I do ſtand upon,
If that be all you mean to do,
take it quickly and be gone:
For a kiſs is but a trifle,
Yet be ſure and do not rifle;
Leſt you undo me,
Leſt you undo me,
Hands off for I muſt be gone.

Man.

O but give me leave to twine
both mine arms about thy waſte:
And let the pale lips of mine
betwixt thy rubies plac't;
Come Sweet-heart and let's be doing,
Fie upon this tedious wooing:
For I do love thee,
For I do love thee,
Come kiſs and imbrace thine own.

Maid.

O good Sir, your ſnapping ſhort
is that which makes you look ſo lean;
As for your kiſs I thank you for't,
but now I know not what you mean:
To tear my cloaths in ſunder,
What's your intention I wonder.
O fie forbear me,
Do not ſo fear me,
Hands off for I muſt be gone.

Man.

O Sweet-heart be thou content,
for I mean no harm at all,
Thou ſhalt not need for to repent,
for whatſoever ſhall befal:
Neither thought I to abuſe thee,
Onely kiſs and kindly uſe thee.
What I did by thee,
Was but to try thee,
Come Sweet-heart and imbrace thine own.

Maid.

Then ſweet Sir, if this be true
which you unto me do ſay,
I'le be conſtant unto you;
O that I durſt but longer ſtay!
Come kiſs once again and ſpare not,
Though my Miſtris ſee I care not;
For I do love thee,
No man above thee,
Come Sweet-heart and imbrace thine own.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright,* and *J. Clark.*

The Wealthy Glaziers Joyes

COMPLEATED.

Or, *The* Shepherd's *beautiful Daughter obtained.*

His Love was pure, and did endure,
And will for evermore ;

Her Beauty bright is his delight,
And her he doth adore.

Tune of, *Ladies of* London, *&c.*

This may be printed, R. P.

PRithee sweet Creature sit down by my side,
I have no design to undoe thee ;
But am resolved to make thee my Bride,
and therefore am coming to woo thee :
If that thou wilt but give thy consent,
there needeth no more disputation ;
I shall have comfort and perfect content
in thee, the sweet Girl of the Nation.

Tell me, my dearest, if thou wilt be mine,
'tis nothing but Love I desire ;
All that I have in the World shall be thine,
thy person I much do admire.
Here I protest my love it is true,
I never use dissimulation ;
Let me enjoy but the favour of you
the beautiful Girl of the Nation.

I Never fancied no Creature but thee,
thou fair and moſt amorous beauty;
I do deſire thy ſervant to be,
and count it no more than my Duty,
Nay, and I call the Powers above
to witneſs this my Oration,
That I will never prove falſe to my Love,
the Beauty of all the whole Nation.

Here I do promiſe, and give thee my hand,
my Love, that I'll never offend thee;
But will endow thee with Houſes and Land,
and ſervants ſhall alwaies attend thee:
Therefore if thou to love wilt agree,
there needeth no more diſputation;
I never fancied no Creature but thee,
the Beauty of all the whole Nation.

Both Corn and Cattel I have a great ſtock,
and young ones they daily are breeding;
Three or four hundred Sheep in a Flock,
with Lambs that are ſweetly feeding;
I will maintain thee gallant and brave,
and thou ſhalt live free from vexation;
Had I ten thouſand times more than I have,
'tis thine, the ſweet Girl of the Nation.

Both night and day thou doſt run in my mind,
then prithee now do not deny me;
If you imagine I will prove unkind,
my deareſt I'd have thee but try me:
Here in my Arms I will thee infold,
believe this my true proteſtation,
For I do prize thee far better than Gold,
thou beautiful Girl of the Nation.

When he had told her his honeſt intent,
ſhe finding his Love ſo entire,
This youthful Damoſel did give her conſent,
and granted her true Love's deſire;
Then by the hand his Love he did take,
and brought her home to her Relation,
Where he proteſted he'd never forſake
this beautiful Girl of the Nation.

He was for making no longer delay,
with her he was truly delighted;
And the young Damoſel appointed the day,
their Friends they was likewiſe invited;
That they in Love might both be linkt faſt,
according to Laws of the Nation;
And when the Wedding is over and paſt,
we'l give you a further Relation.

Printed for J Deacon at the Angel in Guiltſpur-ſtreet, without Newgate.

THE

WELSH Fortune-Tel

OR,

Sheffery Morgan's Obſervation of the Stars, as he ſat upon a Mountain

To the Tune of, *Touch of the Times.* *Licenſed according to Orde*

SInce Arrival, Proclaiming and Crowning is o're,
And ſong upon ſong made, what wou'd you have more,
Why yet after all, I a Prophetſe bing,
'Tis wit here in Verſes for Laſſes to Sing;
And therefore come buy this new Ditty, for why,
The truth of this Story there's none can deny,
We ſee by the Stars that promotion will be,
Extended to perſons of e'ery degree.

When we are united all over the
Reſolving againſt all the Romans t
Under the protection of William ou
and pay our Allegiance in every
And Proteſtant Boys, with a thu
Has routed Tyrconnel, and all his
Then all theſe three Kingdoms w
And we ſhall be bleſt with a pro

eller;

ntain in *Wales*.
Order.

r the Land,
nans to ſtand,
am our King,
very thing;
a thund'ring noiſe,
ll his Dear-Joys,
ns will flouriſh again,
proſperous Reign.

When Lawyers at Weſtminter plead without Fees,
And Travellers walk on the turbulent Seas
Without any Veſſel from Britain to Spain,
And when it does fair Maids and Feather-beds rain;
When Rome and her crew, are both Loyal and true,
And bid all their Treaſons and Plottings adieu;
I ſay when theſe wonders come truly to paſs,
The Proteſtants all will admire the Maſs.

When Laſſes are mothers by lying alone,
And Sheffery finds the Philoſophers Stone,
And England is wall'd round with Silver and Gold,
When Knaves will not honeſt-mens Treaſures with-hold
When Fryers grow chaſte, and will not embrace
Young Ladies that comes with an amorous grace,
To make an ingenious confeſſion of Sin,
Then Rome will be purer than e'er ſhe has been.

When every River with Brandy does run,
And hard ſtony Rocks they do melt with the Sun;
When Fiſhes make Honey that ſwims in the Seas,
And Oranges grows upon Sycamore Trees;
When Uſurers they throw their money away,
And then fill their Bags and their Coffers with clay;
When this comes to paſs I will make it appear,
That Rome ſhall be honour'd by Proteſtants here.

When the richeſt Amber of pebbles is made,
And Diamonds with Jewels for Gravel is laid,
The City and Country Roads to repair,
When Towers and Caſtles do fly in the air,
And great Ships refrain, the vaſt wide Ocean main,
And ſails in the middle of Salisbury plain,
When all theſe ſtrange wonders comes fairly to paſs,
The Proteſtants then ſhall admire the Maſs.

Here is a prediction for Laſſes likewiſe,
The which will their longing deſires ſuffice,
When ever you're merry be modeſt and chaſte,
And always give way to your betters in place;
Tho' you lye alone, yet make not your moan,
For here by the Stars it is very well known,
If you will be thrifty and both wet and ſafe,
When you are all marry'd you Husbands ſhall have.

FINIS.

Printed for G. Conyers on Ludgate-Hill.

The Welt-Country DIALOGU

OR, A Pleaſant Ditty between *Anniſeed-Robin* the Miller, and his
the Plough-man, concerning *Joan*, poor *Robin*'s unkind Lover

To the Tune of, O lolly, deſperate Folly, &c. Licenſed according t

Robin.

WEll met my loving Brother Jack,
mind what I ſhall ſay to thee,
My Mother tells me that I lack
a Woman to wait on me:
She tells me I'm big enough now for a Wife,
And therefore muſt alter my Batcheler's life;
But I am afraid of care, trouble, and ſtrife:
O Charges, Family-charges,
makes me afraid to wed.

Jack.

'Tis like you are loath to take a Bride,
becauſe that the Times are hard,
Pray caſt ſuch careful thoughts aſide,
and never ſuch things regard:
For if you can like now when ev'ry thing's dear,
Why then Brother Robin, I'll make it appear,
In times of full Plenty much Moneys you'l clear
O marry, prithee now marry,
Joan is a pritty Girl.

Robin.

I am not ſure that honeſt Joan,
will marry with me I ſwear;
For ſhe to ſuch a height is grown,
that if I by chance come there,
And proffer to kiſs her, ſhe'll turn
And then with her Fiſts ſhe'll b
Till bloud from the lame came tric
O marry, if I ſhould marry,
How will ſhe ſerve me then?

Jack.

'Tis like you did not compliment,
and give her a kind Embrace;
But like ſome clowniſh Booby wo
with Hat hanging o'er your F
And it may be, your Shoes and
You look'd like a Lover that wan
For ſome ſuch like Reaſon ſhe li
O Robin, Anniſeed Robin,
is it the truth or no?

GUE:

his Brother *Jack*
Lover.

ing to Order.

n.
Joan,
wear;
grown,
there,
e'll turn her about,
he'll batter my snout,
me trickling out:
narry,
hen?
.
liment,
brace;
ooby went
your Face; unty'd,
es and your Stockings
at wanted a Bride;
the liquor'd your hide.
bin,

Robin.

Believe me as I am a Man,
true Breeding I there exprest;
And as you know full well I can,
I went in Apparel drest. (cloaths,
My Grandfather's Hat, and my Calve's-leather-
Then into her presence I merrily goes,
And made her a Congee quite down to my Toes;
yet Joaney angry Joaney
kickt me about the Room,

Jack.

You thou'd have told her what you had,
to bring a young Woman to;
This would have made her Heart full glad,
without any more ado (be mine,
With Kisses thou should'st have said, If thou'lt
Why then all my Capons, my Turkies, and Swine,
And every thing else that I have should be thine:
Then Robin, Anniseed-Robin,
you wou'd have gain'd her Love.

Robin.

I was not wanting to declare,
my Riches to her at Large,
And how I was my Fathers, Heir,
sure I could maintain a charge,
And told her, that I had a Cow, and a Calf, (laugh,
And something likewise that would make her to
As large, and as long as a Constables Staff:
yet Joaney, Passionate Joaney,
kickt me about the Floor.

Jack.

Go try your Fortune once again,
and never be daunted so;
Her love you may at length obtain,
for Lasses are coy you know:
But after a while they surrender and yield,
For Love is a thing cannot be conceal'd,
And you may be Lord of the conquering Field,
then Robin, tickle her Robin,
she will at last be thine.

Robin.

To take your Council I'll not fail,
but to her I'll go once more,
I'll give her Custards, Cakes and Ale,
which I did not do before;
I'll spend a whole Shilling, and when it is done
If she will not love, me as sure as a Gun,
I'll call her young Whore, and away I will run:
so leave her, utterly leave her,
never come there again,

Printed for P. Brooksby, in Pye-corner

The Welt-Country Jigg:

OR,

Love in Due Season.

A Longing Maid which had a mind to marry,
Complaining was, that she so long should tarry;
At length a brisk young Lad did chance to spy her,
And liking of her well, resolv'd to try her:
And courting her, and vowing to be constant,
They there clapt up a bargain in an instant.

To a pleasant New Tune, called, New Exeter. *With Allowance.*

When Soll with his Beams,
Had guilded the Streams,
And Nymphs, and Young Shepherds
awakt from their Dreams:
I heard a Sad Moan
In a Neighbouring Grove:
from a Voice all alone,

A Languishing Maid,
By Cupid Betray'd;
Was Sighing, and Sobbing,
And often she said:
Love! Cruel to me:
When shall I be Eas'd
Of my Misery,

'Tis known I am Fair,
And Brisk as the Air;
Not one in a thousand
With Me can Compare:
Yet ne'r a Young-man
Will ease me of Sadness,
to help me! that can.

My time I do spend,
Yet want I a Friend
To Rally, and Dally,
And please me toth' End:
Which makes me to say,
O Cupid! Great Cupid!
I love no Delay.

ALL Night in my Bed,
With Cares in my Head,
And weeping, and wailing,
I wish I were Wedd:
And yet no Relief
I find in the Morning
For all my sad Grief.

How happy's the Birds
Which Mate in the Woods?
Enjoying most freely,
Their Love without words;
Whilst I do complain
Of Young-mens Unkindness
And Cruel Disdain.

A Young-man hard by,
This Maid did Espy;
Admiring her Beauty,
He to her did hye:
Quoth he, pitty Saint,
It grieves my Heart for
to hear your Complaint.

What think you of me?
I'm active and free;
And willing to serve you
In every Degree:
And by this sweet Kiss,
To proffer my Service
It is not amiss.

The Bonny Young Maid
was nothing afraid;
But modestly Blushing,
unto him, she said:
Since you are so free,
If you will be Constant,
We two may agree.

Quoth he, thou shalt find
Me Loyal, and Kind,
And Ready, and willing,
To pleasure thy Mind:
then do you not fear
But I will be Constant
My Joy and my Dear.

this made her Rejoyce,
And with Cheerful Voice,
Quoth she, mine own Dearest,
thou shalt be my Choice:
take Heart and take Hand,
I always will be at
thy will and Command.

then did they retire,
With Longing Desire;
Expecting, and waiting
For quenching Loves fire:
And now lives most free,
Although a Quick Bargain
was made as you see.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-ball, near the *Hospital-gate* in *West-smithfield*.

THE

Weſt-Country Maids advice;

Here is a Song I ſend to you,
fair Maidens every one;
And you may ſay that it is true,
when I am dead and gone.

To the Tune of, Hey Boys, up go we.

FAir Maids draw near to me a while
and I'le my mind declare,
This ſong I hope will make you ſmile,
when once you do it hear:
For young-men are ſo fickle grown,
and falſe in every way,
Their whole delight is day and night,
fair Maids for to betray.

Thus I would have fair Maidens all,
for to be Rul'd by me,
Although your portions be but ſmall,
to them do not agree:
For if a husband once you you get,
that ſhould be croſs to thee,
You'l then repent that e're you went
to Church to Married be.

Therefore keep cloſe your Maiden-head,
which now you have in ſtore,
For if you once ſhould be miſled,
you'l not enjoy it more:
And then ſuch troubles comes apace,
as you ne'r thought upon,
And this will be your woful caſe,
by taking of a man.

There was a Maid which well I knew,
was lately made a Bride,
Her Father gave her goods, 'tis true,
she a Portion had beside;
Yet this poor Lass did meet an Ass,
would always scold and brawl,
The other day he ran away,
and left Wife, Child, and all.

Therefore observe young Maidens all,
take heed how you do wed,
For you may quickly take a fall,
and bring a Knave to bed:
For Young-men are so fickle grown,
as I have here express,
It's good to let them all alone,
a single life is best.

I say, by chance that you may meet,
a young-man that is true,
Then you may count your Fortune great,
because there are so few:
Not one in ten, amongst young-men,
is true I do protest,
I'le keep my self as I have been,
a single life is best.

Why should a Maid confined be,
to any man alive,
You shall have Snaps and Flouts you'l find
when once you'r made a Wife:
For husbands are so Hoggish grown,
there Wives shall take no rest,
Therefore let all young-men alone,
a single life is best.

And now I have declar'd my mind,
I hope you'l not me blame,
For to a Woman I am kind,
and Toby is my name;
And I do live in Devon-Shire,
to many 'tis well known,
I wish all Maids that do me hear,
beware to hold their own.

And so I do conclude and end,
having no more to say,
Pray take the Author for your friend,
and for this Ballad pay:
A penny is the price of it,
you'l say it is not dear,
And say it is a Ballad true,
came out of Devon-Shire.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, near the Hospital-gate, in *West-Smithfield*.

The West-Country M

OR, AN

Unconscionable Farmer's Misera

Who having Hoarded up his Corn in hopes it would rise to a higher Price, was Disappointed so t
Died at last by the fright of an Apparition. *Tune of*, Love's a sweet passion: *or*,

LEt all lobing people be prais'd to attend,
To a woful relation sent up by a friend,
Of a couple of farmers who happen'd of late,
To discourse as they met at the parish church gate:
Now the one was a miser who hoarded his store,
And the other was lobing and good to the poor.

The miser he seem'd to be troubled in mind,
For his heart was to cruel oppression enclin'd,
Though he came from a sermon, yet nevertheless,
In a passion these words he began to express:
Now the price is abated of all sorts of grain,
But I'll never sell mine till they raise it again.

O neighbour! How can you thus murmuring stand,
When the Lord by a gracious and plentiful hand,
Has been pleas'd to replenish our barns again,

Therefore we have no a
For ever in plenty, for last y
That the poor they with hung

The miser reply'd with a fur
Friend, as for the poor, faith
A good price I am willing to
But I never was so bauk'd in
Above two hundred pound I sh
By the wheat which I might h

The other said, Neighbour, y
You can blame none alive but
For you reckon to sell it for tw
And for that very reason you k
Since you had such a cruel an
I declare of a truth you were

ISER:

rable End:

ed so that he fell into Despair, and
: or, Fond Boy, &c.

no' any cause to complain:
last yea' I know
hungecy belli's did go.

r fu'y so hot,
, faith, I value them not,
g to make of my corn,
'o since the day I was born;
d I shall looke now I fear,
ight have sold off the last ye'r.

ur, you have your d sert,
e but your covetuous heart,
'or twice as much more,
you keep up your stor'e;
el and cob'etous mind,
ere serv'd in your kind.

The miser cry'd, When I lye down in my bed,
I have nothing but troubles and cares in my head;
O, this plentiful summer my purpose did cross,
I am almost distracted to think of my loss;
But I'll keep it as long as my barns will hold,
E'er at such a low market my corn shall be sold.

O cruel oppressor, the other replyed,
The sweet blessings of God then it seems you will hide;
Which he sends for to nourish the race of mankind,
In your barns for profit it must be confin'd;
Sure the name of a christian you do not deserve,
Who desires to see your poor brethren starve.

If God had no greater compassion then you,
Neighbour, what would this land of poor sufferers do?
In the tilling our ground we might labour and strive,
Ay, and not have bread for to keep us alive;
But blessed be God in the heaven's above,
He has sent us down showers of his infinite love.

They parted and home the old miser repair'd,
As he enter'd the yard he was wofully scar'd,
There the Devil with silver and gold did appear,
For to buy all his corn that was left the last year:
And no sooner the miser had set him a price,
But this strange apparition was gone in a trice.

He run in and told them what he had beheld,
Being frighted they were with astonishment fill'd;
All the night in his bed he raving did lye,
Let me sell off my corn, I'll not keep it not I:
To the grief of his friends thus he langishing lay,
And he dy'd about five of the clock the next day.

Now let not our thoughts after vanities range,
For this was a sad sudden and sorrowful change,
On the wealth of the world he had set his whole heart,
Yet from that he was forced with sorrow to part:
Now let his fatal end be a warning to all,
Who in dealing makes not any conscience at all.

London: Printed for J. Wolrah, in Holbourn.

The West-Country Lawyer:

OR,

The Witty Maid's Good Fortune;

Who wisely maintain'd her Virginity against the golden Assaults of the Lawyer, who at length married her to her Hearts Content.

To the Tune of, The Baffled Knight. Licensed according to Order.

A Youthfull Lawyer fine and gay,
was riding unto the City,
Who met a Damsel on the way
right beautifull, fair, and witty.

Good morrow then, the Lawyer cry'd,
I prithee where art thou going?
Quoth she, to yonder Meadows side,
my Father is there a mowing.

Straight from his Horse he did alight,
and as he was going to her,
The Maid immediately took flight,
for fear that he would undo her.

But he run like a nimble Deer,
untill he did overtake her;
And then he whisper'd in her Ear,
a Lady he'd surely make her.

If he might but enjoy the bliss
a minute or two of Pleasure;
Then as a Pledge I'll give thee this,
a handfull of Golden Treasure.

Said she, I value not your Gold,
and therefore I pray be civil,
My Maiden-head shall ne'er be sold
for Mony, the Root of Evil.

I'd sooner be a Plough-man's Bride,
and sit at my Wheel a spinning;
Than be a Lawyer's Jilt, she cry'd,
to live by the Trade of Sinning.

Tush, said the Lawyer, Be not coy,
Let's fall to our Love's Embraces
A silken Gown thou shalt enjoy,
with Bracelet, Rings and Laces.

Your silken Gown I do disdain,
although I have mean Relation,
I am resolved to maintain
my innocent Reputation.

If thou wilt but to London go,
I'll honour thee like a Lady:
But still the Damsel answer'd no,
I am happy enough already.

You talk of Glory, State and Fame,
and how I shall be attended;
But, Sir, I am not for your Game,
so let the Discourse be ended.

Pray save your Breath and Money too,
I like not your way of Wooing;
There is too many such as you
that brings the young Maids to ruin.

I'll keep my pure Virginity,
till Marriage is my Pleasure;
For, Sir, said she, 'tis more to me
than millions of Gold and Treasure.

He found her so discreet and wise,
in every ready Answer,
That he her Charms did highly prize,
and vow'd he wou'd soon advance her.

Unto her Parents he did go,
where he did their Love require:
Then was she cloath'd from Top to Toe
in costly rich Attire.

Next day the Gordian Knot was ty'd,
and many was at the Marriage;
When she appear'd an Angel bright,
for Beauty and comely Carriage.

You Ladies all, I pray you mind,
to whom I have told this Story;
Be carefull that you an't too kind,
for fear you should blast your Glory.

Had she been soon to Folly led,
and for a small Spell consented;
She might have lost her Maiden-head,
and when it was gone, lamented.

But now she is a Lawyer's Wife,
her Husband do's dearly love her;
So that she leads a happy Life,
there's few in the Town above her.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel, in Gilt-spur-street.

The West Country VVooing,

OR,

The Merry conceited Couple.

In pleaſant terms, he lets her know his mind,
And fairly wooes her, for to make her kind:
At firſt ſhe ſeemed coy to his perſwaſion,
And put him off, with many a ſly evaſion:
But finding at the laſt his love was conſtant,
Her heart ſhe did reſign from that ſame inſtant.

Tune of, *When* Sol *will caſt no light*: Or, *My pritty little Rogue.*

My Joy and only Dear:
come ſit down by me,
For thou ſhalt plainly hear
I mean to try thee,
If thou canſt love a Lad
brisk, young and lively,
I'le make thy heart full glad,
thou ſhalt live finely.

Thy pritty rowling eye,
and waſte ſo ſlender,
Thy fore-head ſmooth and high
thy lips ſo tender
Hath ſo enſnar'd my heart
that I muſt love thee
Therefore I'le not depart,
till pitty move thee.

Alas kind Sir, ſhe ſaid,
what hath poſſeſt ye,
For to delude a Maid,
be not ſo haſty,
Your flattering words that paſs,
can no ways move me;
For to repent at laſt,
or yield to love ye,

The ſecond Part, To the ſame Tune.

WE know that young-men can
cog, lye, and flatter,
And make bows, now and then,
to mend the matter;
With ſuch ſlights cunningly
they do deceive us,
Bring us to beggary,
and then they leave us.

Fear not my Dear, (quoth he)
that I diſſemble,
Or that ſuch falſe young men,
I do reſemble,
I have both houſe and land
good gold and riches,
And all at thy command:
pray mark my ſpeeches.

Your houſe and land perhaps
you think may move me,
But I fear after claps,
if I ſhould love ye,
Therefore my Maiden-head,
I will make much on't,
For ne're a falſe young-man
ſhall have a touch on't.

O ſtay my Love he ſaid,
make further tryal,
Be not ſo reſolute
in your denial,
Fear not but you ſhall find,
I will content thee,
And bravely pleaſe thy mind,
none ſhall prevent me.

What pleaſure can a Maid
find in your dealing,
When you her kindneſs think,
not worth concealing,
Young-men are apt to blab
what's done in private,
And well I underſtand
what 'tis you drive at.

My pretty Rogue, he ſaid,
do not miſdoubt me,
Why ſhould you live a Maid,
and think I flout ye,
In my love, I promiſe,
for to perſever,
And ſeal it with a kiſs,
to laſt for ever.

If that you love as much
as you profeſs it,
And that your truth is ſuch,
as you expreſs it,
Quoth ſhe take hand and heart,
and uſe your pleaſure,
For I will never part,
from ſuch a treaſure.

O how it Joyes my mind,
(quoth he my jewel,
That thou wilt now be kind,
and no more cruel,
Venus that Goddeſs ſhe
will ſmile to know it,
How we in love agree,
when we ſhall ſhew it.

So from that happy hour,
they were united,
And to a pleaſant Bower,
he her invited,
Where they with ſport and play,
kindly imbracing,
There paſt the time away,
Lovers Joyes tracing.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Paſſenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

The VVeſtminſter Frolick.

Or, A Cuckold is a good mans Fellow.

A wanton Wife that loved a reliſhing Bit,
In *Weſtminſter* the ſame then ſhe did get;
And it is now concluded ſo together,
Her Husband muſt be fain to wear Bulls-feather.

But yet the youngſter he did not do well,
Ah ſilly Fool! that he muſt kiſs and tell;
She may thank her ſelf the buſineſs *is* ſo *bad*
Play with a man, ne'r truſt a tell tale lad.

Tune of, *Hey boys ſlap goes ſhe*; Or, *Alas poor thing!*

IN Weſtminſter there is a Wife,
a very noble Dame;
And ſhe does live a merry life
with ſporting Venus Game:
But yet her name I will conceal,
though ſhe does backwards fall;
She does tranſgreſs her Marriage-bed,
and that ſpoiles all

For ſhe did caſt a wanton eye
upon a lively Youth;
And you ſhall hear it by and by,
we tell it for a truth:
That with a youngman ſhe did lye,
to ſport, and backwards fall,
For take her Steaſe, they came too low,
and that ſpoiles all.

And many a day this young-man came
with her to ſport and play;
She was ſo fir'd with her Gallant,
ſhe could not ſay him nay;
He teu'd her ſoundly on the bed,
ſhe cry'd, Lad have at all,
Strike up I ſay my noble Lad,
for that ſpoiles all.

She did the Youngman ſo inſnare,
and ſaid her hand was warm,
That he would mount to a full Carere;
I wiſh he took no harm:
She let him lye at Twick a Twack
when ſhe did backwards fall,
The bones in her Steaſe they did crack,
and that ſpoyled all.

When i'me in bed then come my Lad
the pleasure is so sweet;
We'l have a dish of butter'd Eggs
when we again do meet:
Thou art good metal I am sure,
I will be at thy call;
Come on my dear and do not fear,
for that spoiles all.

My bonny Lad never be sad,
with thee i'le sport and play;
We'r talk of half a Crown a week,
t'le please thee every way:
Thoust never want while I have a C——
I will be at thy Call,
We'r think upon t what will come on't,
for that spoiles all.

But he had a sore place in his Crown,
as I will make appear;
To tell it all about the Town,
where he went every where,
That she in kindness did excel,
he had her at his call,
But he's a Clown to kiss and tell,
for that spoiled all.

Then it came unto her husband ear
how he had sported with his wife:
Now I am a Cuckold I do fear,
and must be all my life;
My Neighbour has so tickled me
he has had her at his call,
He has play'd too much above her knee,
and that spoiled all.

Before her face to her disgrace,
and her Husband too was there;
He did declare the very case,
that she was Market ware:
Before their Neighbors where they went
he spake both some and all;
She made him to eat some Flesh in Lent,
and that spoiled all.

Then the poor contented silly man
he made no farther strife,
Though he must wear the Bull-feather
he's beholding to his wife;
She has Horniſied his head so brave,
when she did backwards fall;
The Tell-Tale Lad was but a Knave,
for that spoiled all.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the Golden Ball in *Py-Corner*.

Stand too't WHETSTON-PARK Ladies

The Countrey Lasses farewel to S

Maids, here's a Caution how to gain rich Talents,
Do, as I've done, keep Company with Gallants;
By which I'm rais'd from mean to high degree,
In being to young Heirs and Gallan
I fear no Colours but will stand it out,
The worst can be, is the Covent-Gard

To the Tune of, *Never a Penny of Money.*

I Am a brave Lass, and I Travel'd about,
with a fa la la la le le la le ro,
And behav'd my self bravely upon the Road,
with a fa la la la le le la le ro;
And was welcome to every place where I did come,
And many a brave Gallant did look me upon,
But I have a fine trick for to play with my own:
with a fa la la le le la le ro.
I prosper'd so well that to London I came,
with a fa la, &c.

For that is a place to get a good nam
with a fa la, &c.
And there I have got a place unto my
And many brave Gallants do me find
I'le promise unto them I'le not be unk
with a fa la, &c.
Now a Crown or an Angel I have in
with a fa la, &c.
For they find that I bravely can do th
with a fa la, &c.
I have my Silk-Gowns, and my Sca
And many a brave Gallant doth call
They see I am so willing to let out m
with a fa la, &c.
When I was in the Country I thoug
with a fa la, &c.
That it was a great shame to sit the
with a fa la, &c.
And Whigg, Whey, and Butter-milk
For in my mind I could never be quie
Now I am in London I live for more
with a fa la, &c.
Of Capon and Coney I feed on great
with a fa la, &c.
And now I forgot that e're I was po
with a fa la, &c.
I care not for Sister, I care not for B
I live like a Lady as well as another,
And all with a mark that is after my
with a fa la, &c.
My Money comes easily into my Lap
with a fa la, &c.
I am a sound Country-Girl, and give
with a fa la, &c.
Five Crowns at a time I have in my
And all for fine kisses they have at co
This is gallant profit I do understand
with a fa la la le le la le ro.

lies : or ;

Sorrow.

Gallants free :
it out,
-Garden-Gout.

name,

to my mind,
e find :
be unkind :

ave in the nick,

do the trick,

p Scarfs to wear,
call me their Dear,
out my Ware.

thought of a thing,

lit there for to Spin :

r-milk was but course
pe quiet, (dyet,
more riot :

great store,

as poor,

t for Brother,
nother,
ter my Mother :

p Lap,

d give no one a Clap,

e in my hat
at command,
erstand.

Though I was but simply born in degree,
with a fa la, &c.
My Father did best in getting of me,
with a fa la, &c.
He got me so pretty and neat to the eye,
That any that comes will hardly pass by,
They venture a Guinney or too for to try,
with a fa la, &c.
I russel in Silk and I trample about,
with a fa la, &c.
I tune up my Notes for to make them look out,
with a fa la, &c.
And when I have caught a brave spark in my lure,
That money about him is mine to be sure,
O this kissing is costly it had need to be pure.
with a fa la, &c.
I'le send for my Sister she shall be of my Trade,
with a fa la, &c.
She's as pretty as I am, and is as well made,
with a fa la, &c.
And not live in the Country to abide so much itch,
But come up to London and learn to be rich,
What if now and then she do venture a touch,
with a fa la, &c.
Nothing venture, nothing have,
with a fa la, &c.
I am all for brave Gamsters, I scorn a poor knave,
with a fa la, &c.
With my eye I command them at every wink,
And Sack and Burn'd Claret they give me to drink,
Besides I am foremost with great store of Chinck.
with a fa la, &c.
Who live in the Countrey as I did before,
with a fa la, &c.
For a Groat a day that's very poor,
with a fa la, &c.
When Crowns and Angels are nothing to me,
To pleasure young Gallants that be free,
If I make use of my own, what is that to thee,
with a fa la, &c.
So I can hold up my trade, & live free from all sorrow,
with a fa la, &c.
If I have no money o're-night, I'le have some to mor-
with a fa la, &c. (row
And call for a Coach, and jog it about,
With ranting brave Gallants come in and go out,
If I escape but the Covent-Garden Gout.
with a fa la la le le la le ro.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, in West-smith-field.

THE

Winchester Wedding:

OR,

RALPH of *Reading* and *Black BESS* of the *Green.*

To a new Country Dance: or, The King's Jigg.

AT Winchester was a Wedding,
the like was never seen,
'Twixt lusty Ralph of Reading,
and bonny black Bess of the Green;
The Fidlers were crowding before,
each Lass was as fine as a Queen,
There was an hundred and more,
for all the whole Country came in;
Brisk Robin led Rose so fair,
she look'd like a Lilly o'th' Vale;
And ruddy fac'd Harry led Mary,
and Rogerley bouncing Nell,
With Tommy came smiling Katy,
he help her over the stile,
And swore there was none so pritty,
in forty and forty long mile;
Hit gave a green gown to Betty,
and lent her his hand to rise;
But Jenny was jeer'd by Matty,
for looking Skew under the eyes:
Thus merrily chatting all day,
they past to the Bride-house along,
With Johnny and pity fac'd Nanny,
the fairest of all the Throng.

The Bridegroom came out to meet 'em,
afraid the dinner was ſpoil'd,
And uſher'd 'em into to treat 'em,
with bak'd, and roaſt, and boyl'd:
The Lads were frollick and jolly,
for each had a Lals by his ſide;
But Willy was melancholly,
for he had a mind to the Bride:
Then Phillip began her health,
and turn'd a beer-glaſs on his thumb;
But Jenkin was reckon'd for drinking,
the beſt in Chriſtendom.

And now they had din'd, advancing
into the midſt of the Hall,
The Fidlers ſtruck up for dancing,
and Jeremy led up the Brawl;
But Margery kept a quarter,
a Lals that is proud of her pelf,
'Cauſe Arthur had ſtolen her garter,
and ſwore he would tye it himſelf;
She ſtrugled, ſhe blush'd, and frown'd,
and ready with anger to cry,
'Cauſe Arthur with tying her garter,
had ſlipt up his hands too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,
the Bride away was led,
The Bridegroom got drunk, was knocking,
for candles to light him to bed;
But Robin that found him ſilly,
moſt kindly took him aſide,
While that his Wife with Willy
was playing a Whooper's Hide:
And now the warm Game begins,
the critical minute was come,
And chatting, and billing, and kiſſing
went merrily round the room.

Pert Stephen was kind to Betty,
as blith as a birde in the ſpring;
And Tommy was ſo to Baty,
and wedded her with a rush-ring;
Sukey that danc'd with the Cuſhion,
an hour from the room had been gone,
And Barnaby knew by her bluſhing,
that ſome other dance had been done:
And thus of fifty fair Maids,
that went to the Wedding with Men,
Scarce five of the fifty was left ye,
that ſo did return agen.

Briſk Dolly and pity-fac'd Kate,
this Merriment they did adore;
Each Lals had been pleas'd with her Mate,
as they never had been before:
May, Suſan was pleaſed at heart,
ſhe ſaid it, and ſaid it again;
The young Men have play'd their part,
and no one had cauſe to complain.
The day was in merriment ſpent,
the Pipers and the Fidlers they play,
Before all the Throng, as they went;
thus they made an end of the day.

London: Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the Angel in *Guilt-ſpur-ſtreet*, without *Newgate*.

Money makes the Mare to go,

OR,

An Excellent new Song of the ſuttle ſhirking Sharpers,

Mountebanks, Juglers, Gamſters, and many others of the like faculty.

To the Tune of Four-pence-half-penny Farthing. This may be Printed, *R. P.*

'Tis Money makes the Mare to goe,
then who can live without it,
The Rich Men make a taring ſhow,
but poor men they are flouted:
Rich Men get money ſtill, they get money ſtill,
when e're they get a bargain,
The poor may pine, for want of coyn,
they value them not a farthing.

The Farmer he doth drudge and toyl,
and ſo muſt all about him,
He rides to market many a Mile,
there's none can live without him:
If he gets money by't, he gets money by't,
he gets money by the bargain.
Through thick and thin, and wet to the skin,
he matters it not a farthing.

The Shop-keeper will cog and lye,
believe him, you are undone,
He'l vow ſuch goods you cannot buy,
of ne'r a one in London:
But he gets money by't, he gets money
he gets money by th bargain,
Tho' he tells ye a lye, with a reaſon why,
and vows he gets never a farthing.

The Mountebank upon his Stage,
declares his skill in Phyſick.
No Pill prepar'd in this our age,
like his to cure the Phtiſick:
If he gets money by't, he gets money by't,
he gets money by the bargain,
For Twelve-pence ſtill, he'l ſell you a Pill,
is hardly worth a farthing.

Beſides there is a Perſur'd crew,
for Money, if you'l crave it;
They'l ſwear the Crow is white or blew,
or what youl pleaſe to have it:
If he gets money by't, he get's money by't
he gets money by'th, bargain,
Though falſly he ſwears, till he looſe his ears,
he value's it not a farthing.

The Jugler he will yawl aloud,
and make a thouſand faces,
Then after he hath call'd a Croud
hee'l Spue up Ribbons and laces,
When he gets money by't, he gets money by't,
he gets money byt'h bargain,
To ſhow you a trick with his Balls and Stick,
for ev'ry penny and farthing.

Beſides there is a Theeving crew,
that Robs both late and early,
At length to give the Deel his due,
Jack Ketch he hangs them fairly:
Thus he gets money by't, he gets money by't,
he gets money by the bargain,
If they have no cole, they into the hole,
he vallues them not a farthing.

The Gameſter muſt not be forgot,
for he above all other
When e're it happens to his lot,
hee'l ſtrive to Cheat his Brother,
If he gets money by't, he gets money by't,
he gets money by the bargain,
He'l Ramble abroad to cheat and defraud,
yet vallue's it not a farthing.

The Burome Lads ſhe comes to town,
when Guinneys may bewitch her,
'Tis ten to one ere ſhe goes down,
but ſhe may crack her Pitcher;
Thus ſhe gets money by't, ſhe gets money by't,
ſhe gets money by the bargain,
She often hath ſaid, that her Maiden-head,
ſhe valued not a farthing.

The force of money I have told,
and now my Songs here ended,
To whom thoſe Ballads ſhall be ſold,
by them I am befriended.
Thus I get money by't, I get money by't,
I get money by the bargain,
Come every one that I may have done,
their very well worth four farthings.

Printed for. *I. Deacon*, at the *Angel*, in *Guilt ſpur-ſtreet*, without *Newgate*.

THE

VVitty Damsel of Devonsh

OR,

A Dialogue between a Mother and her Daughter, concern the Miller whom the Daughter hated, and resolved to marry *Willia* man whom she dearly Loved.

Tune of *Here I Love, there I Love*: Or, *The two English Travellers.* Licensed accord

DEar Daughter come hither and hear what I say,
When do you intend to be Marri'd I pray,
Poor Robin the Miller lies sick for your sake;
Some pity of him I would have you now take.

He vows that he loves you as dear as his life,
And has a desire to make you his wife;
Then do not be cruel dear Daughter, said she;
For why, he loves none in the Nation but thee.

I will not believe him dear Mother she cry'd,
There's Prudence young Bridget, nay Susan beside,
Kay Nelly, and Nancy, likewise Bonny Kate,
All these youthful Ladies he courted of late.

As soon as their Innocent Hearts were be
Ye never regarded the Vows that he made
Now if he do's languish, I'faith let him d
I know he is given to flatter and lye.

My dear loving Daughter Isn't of that
I'm certain he never can prove so unkind
Afford him all kindness and love that you
you'll find this poor Miller a right honest

His life I would have you endeavour to sa
For why should you send him with Sighs
Poor heart he doth languish and cry day ni
That you are resolved to ruin him quite.

hire:

erning *Robin*
illiam the Plow-

ccording to Order.

were betray'd,
e made;
him dye,
lye.
f that mind,
unkind;
hat you can,
Honest Man.
ur to save,
Sighs to the Grave;
y day night,
quite.

His strange Protestations I vow and declare,
Are none but self-notions young Maids to ensnare;
Therefore I'll have nothing to do with him then,
These Millers I know to be false hearted Men.

His death I am certain we need never fear,
For Loyal to any he ne'er did appear;
Young Lasses he now courts a Store and above,
Then hang him dear Mother he'll ne'er dye for love.

Besides I must tell you his calling I hate,
And never desire to live at that rate,
Before the Toll-dish my Apparel shall give,
I will stay a Maiden as long as I live.

I wonder dear Daughter you should be so coy,
Both Riches and Pleasure you soon would enjoy,
Beyond your three Sisters Kate, Dolly and Joan,
For Robin you know has a Mill of his own.

Likewise he has three or four Acres of Land,
And also good Silver and Gold at command,
He tells me that you shall be Dame of his Store,
Pray think of this Daughter, what man can say more.

I care not a Fig for his Silver and Gold,
Tho' he had as much as my Apron could hold,
Nor yet do I value his owning a Mill;
I swear I vow it shall be honest Will.

His living he gets by the sweat of his Brow,
Sometimes by his Thrashing then Harrow and Plow,
By honest hard labour he lives true and just,
But Millers you know they are Thieves at the best.

I value not Robin, nay Richard nor Ralph,
If I am with William methinks I am safe,
For why to his Honour, nay Glory and Fame,
We now have a right valiant King of his Name.

But as for the Robins it never was known,
That they were thought worthy to come near the throne,
Then Heavens preserve all the Williams therefore
It being the Name which I dearly adore.

Her Mother immediately made this Reply,
Let Robin the Miller with languishing dye,
With these pretty sayings my Heart you have won,
I will have a William likewise to my son.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

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ENGLANDS MER

In the Midſt of Miſerys.

OR,

The Poor-Man's Comfort in a Time of Tro

To the Tune of, Packingtons Pound, OR, Digbys farewell. Entred acco

POor England thy ſorrows this many a year,
Has caus'd in thy mind a ſuſpition of fear,
Dreading that thou ſhould'ſt be brought very low,
But be of good comfort it may not be ſo:
We have a good God that ſtill doth provide,
If we do but ſerve him he will be our guide;
We need not to fear that our Foes can devour
They can do no more than the LORD gives them power

What though the times they be never ſo bad,
Yet be of good comfort and look not ſo ſad,
For every ſorrow will ſure have an end;
If thou doſt endeavour to make him thy friend:
Who certainly will provide for the juſt
In troubles and ſorrows that ſhall be bleſt:
Thou need'ſt not to fear the fierce rage of thy foes
Nor yet in the leaſt to be diſcompos'd.

Every morſel of bread thou doſt eat,
If thou art contented be ſure it is ſweet;
'Tis better to thee than the Miſers great ſtore,
Though he hath abundance yet ſtill he is poor:

His covetous heart is
And's never at q
A ſufficient ſupply for
Yet he is poſſeſt with a

Why ſhould we incumb
To diſtract our wits o
What though thy cond
If there be content, th
'Tis certain we have
Death doth approach,
When bleſſed is he that
His ſorrows do end,

Why ſhould we d
We ſee that his bount
We find that he hath
And feeds them with
What though thou ar
Yet be of good chear,
For thou ſhalt have fo
And God will provide

RCIES

Trouble.

d according to Order.

rt is his heaven for Gold
ie though he doth behold
for many a year,
ity a poverty fear.

ncumber our selves with such care
its or to live in dispair,
y condition be never so mean,
nt, there will comfort be seen:
have not long for to stay,
ach, and our lives doth decay,
e that doth lye down in peace,
end, and his joys will increase.

trust in his Mercies at all,
bountiful hand is to all,
hath a regard to the poor,
with Bread from a plentiful store:
ou art cast into Prison for debt,
ear, in the least do not fret;
be food for to nourish thy life,
ovide for thy Children and wife:

Some men are complaining that trading is dead,
But blessed be God there is plenty of bread,
The earth in abundance brings forth her increase,
Can we be but thankful, and rest here in peace:
We have no just cause to grieve and repine,
Rely upon him who is so divine,
For sure he is able always to provide,
For thee and for me, and the whole world beside.

Great persons that go so gallant and fine,
That hath in their pockets great plenty of Coyn,
Yet still they have troubles we daily do see,
On this side the Grave there is no man is free:
An extravagant Son may waste an estate,
Which may to his Father much sorrow create,
There is this way and likewise many ways more,
That rich men hath troubles as well as the poor.

Then let us prepare for the hour of death,
'Tis certain we must surrender our breath,
For whether thou art prepared or no,
Death will thee arrest, thou must certainly go,
Then set not thy heart on things here below,
For riches doth often thy mind overthrow,
For better it is to live mean and upright,
Then to have great plenty to ruine us quite.

Alas in this life there is trouble and pain,
Let's keep a good conscience that we may obtain
The true joys of Heaven, likewise perfect peace,
And then all the cares of the world it will cease:
That man that doth live and dye in the Lord,
Shall certainly then receive his reward,
For Death shall appear like a strangless friend,
And lead him to joys which shall never have end.

All you that have heard these words now of me,
I wish they may prove an advantage to thee:
To bear us thy Spirits in sorrow and care,
And keep thee from every thought of dispair:
Then may we have comfort and joy to the end,
As knowing that God will still be our friend,
For he in his mercies will still us defend,
And be our safeguard even to our lives end.

This may be Printed, R. L S.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel without Newgate.

The Woman Warrier:

BEING

An Account of a young Woman who lived in Cow-Croſs, near Weſt-ſmithfield; who changing her Apparel Entered her ſelf on Board, in quallity of a Soldier, and ſailed to Ireland, where ſhe Valliantly behaved her ſelf, particularly at the Siege of Cork, where ſhe loſt her Toes and receiv'd a Mortal Wound in her Body, of which ſhe ſince Dyed in her return to London.

To the Tune of Let the Solders rejoice. Licenſed according to Order.

LEt the Females attend
To the Lines which are penn'd,
For here I ſhall gi——ve a Relation,
Of a young Married Wife,
Who did venture her Life, (tion.
For a Soldier, a Soldier, ſhe went from the Ma-

She her Husband did leave,
And did likewiſe receive
Her Arms, and on Bo——ard ſhe did enter,
And right valiantly went,
With a Reſolution bent (ture.
To the Ocean, the Ocean, her Life there to ven-

Yet of all the Ship's Crew
Not a Seaman that knew
They then had a Wo—— man ſo near 'em;
On the Ocean ſo deep,
She her Council did keep, (fear 'em.
Aye, and therefore, and therefore ſhe never did

She was valiant and bold,
And would not be controll'd
By any that da——re to offend her:
If a Quarrel arole,
She would give them dry Blows, (her.
And the Captain, the Captain did highly comend

For he took her to be
Then of no mean Degree,
A Gentleman's So——n or a 'Squire;
With a hand white and fair,
There was none could compare,
While by the Captain, the Captain did often admire

On the Irish Shore
Where the Cannons did roar,
With many stout La——ds she was landed;
There her Life to expose,
She lost Two of her Toes,
And in Battel, in Battel was daily commanded.

Under Grafton she fought,
Like a brave Hero stout,
And made the proud To——lies retire;
She in Field did appear
With a Heart void of Fear, (Fire.
And she bravely, she bravely did charge and give

While the battering Balls,
Did assault the strong Walls
Of Cork, and the swe---et Trumpets sounded,

She did bravely advance
Where by unhappy Chance,
This young Female, young Female, was fa- (taly wounded.

At the end of the Fray,
Still she languishing lay,
Then over the O——cean they brought her,
To her own Native Shore,
Now they ne'er knew before, (daughter.
That a Woman, a Woman, had been in that

What she long had conceal'd,
Now at length she reveal'd,
That she was a Wo——man that ventur'd,
Then to London with care,
She did streightways repair, (ter'd;
But she dy'd, oh! she dy'd e'er the City she en-

When her Parents beheld,
They with Sorrow was fill'd,
For why they did dear——ly adore her,
In her Grave now she lies,
'Tis not watry Eyes, (her
No nor sighing, nor sighing, that e'er can restore

Printed for Charles Bates next to the Crown Tavern in West-smith field.

The Womens just Complaint:

OR,

Mans Deceitfulneſs in Love.

Being a moſt Pleaſant New Play-houſe Song.

Long time deceiv'd with feigned Vows, at laſt,
The Females find their Coyneſs holds not faſt;
For Man, that Noble Creature, cannot Love,
Nor fix his Soul on ought but what's above:
'Tis Everlaſting joy he Centers on,
And leaves ſoft Fools, Women to dote upon;
Which once they finding, ſeem to looſe their Care
Of hopes they had, and fall to flat diſpair.

To a pleaſant New play-houſe Tune, much in requeſt.

O Love thou art a Treaſure,
could Conſtancy remain,
But for an hour of Pleaſure,
we feel an Age of Pain:
How eager is the Lover.
But when his Joys are over,
Poor Women to diſcover,
the vow of Men are vain:
Poor Women, &c.

In vain are all their Swearings,
'tis but your Love to gain,
In vain their promis'd Fairings,
their Lufts for to obtain:
Their Cringing and their Bowing,
Is worſe then Thee and Thouing,
Poor Women find the Vowing
of men, is all but vain:
Poor Women, &c.

In their mean and Carriage,
their promis'd Love they feign,
In vain they promiſe Marriage,
maids honours for to ſtain:
In vain their Songs and Dances,
Plays Maſquerades Romances,
Poor Women find the Fancies,
and vows of men are vain:
poor Women, &c.

All Wedlock tyes Defieing,
when once their Wills they gain,
Scoffing at, or denying,
what once did cause their pain:
When with a thousand Kisses,
And with as many Wishes,
Poor Women they with blisses,
deceiv'd, which vows are vain:
Poor women, &c.

And whosoe're believes them,
they snare them 'tis most plain,
And when they're took, deceive them,
and leave them to complain:
Whilst we poor Fools sit Mourning,
They our Griefs are scorning,
Poor Women then take warning,
for men are false and vain:
Poor Women, &c.

They breath false sighs to win us,
and Counterfeit Loves pain,
And into Bonds they bring us,
with Flatteries so vain·
By praising of our beauties,
And Swearing 'tis their Duties,
Poor Woman while she mute is,
but find at last all vain:
Poor woman, &c.

Much like to Airy Vapours,
are all the Vows they feign,
Or like Expiring Tapours,
that ne'r will burn again:
But leave us in deep Sorrow,
For joys we did but borrow,
Poor Women bid Good-morrow,
and leave us to Complain:
Poor Women, &c.

'Tis sure the God of Lovers,
made not his Laws in vain,
Ye better joys discovers,
and makes his precepts plain:
Why then should man delude us,
When he has so Judas'd us,
Poor Women why be screw'd thus,
on things we can't obtain:
Poor women, &c.

Let us then be contented,
let Lordly still remain,
For him he was invented,
let us not wish in vain:
For what though we endeavour,
Yet can deserve him never,
Poor Women wishing ever,
yet all our wishes vain:
Poor women, &c.

Then let us be contented,
and strive no more with pain,
Least we at last repent it,
and past all hopes, Complain:
When there is no Relieving,
But still we must be grieving
Poor Women, by deceiving,
men shew their vows are vain:
Poor Women, &c.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Hospital-gate*, in *West-smithfield*.

The Woman's Victory:

OR,

The Conceited Cuckold cudgel'd into good Qualities

By his fair and vertuous Wife.

To the Tune of, The Languiſhing Swain, &c.

YOung marry'd Women, pray attend
To theſe few lines which I have penn'd,
So will you clearly underſtand,
How I obtain'd the upper-hand,

Of my harſh Husband, moſt unkind,
Who was to cruelty enclin'd,
As by the ſequel you ſhall hear,
No Mortal e're was ſo ſevere.

My birth and education ſhows,
I was not qualify'd for blows;
Yet I ſo many did receive,
That night and day my ſoul did grieve.

My Parents had no Child but I,
Therefore their care continually,
Was ſtill to have me marry'd well;
Yet under Fortune's frowns I fell.

A wretched Miser marry'd me,
Whose age was threescore years and three,
And I no more than seventeen;
Would I his face had never seen.

Before we long had marry'd been,
This aged Miser did begin
To have some jealous thoughts of me,
And then began my misery.

When I abroad with him did go,
Perhaps to see a Friend, or so,
If any Man saluted me,
It strait encreas'd his jealousie.

And then at night when we come home,
He would with rage and fury foam,
Nay, likewise kick and spurn me too,
While my poor limbs were black and blew.

I wonder'd at the cause of this,
Or what he found so far amiss,
Which should create such hateful strife,
For I was weary of my life.

At length I found the mischief bred
Within his aged jealous head,
And thereupon I found a way,
His rage and malice to allay.

Soon after this, we went one night
To reap the pleasures of delight,
Among some Friends in merriment,
The which did cause much discontent.

A Squire drank a glass to me,
I pledg'd the Youth in modesty,
Thinking no harm, yet ne'ertheless,
He did my sides and shoulders dress.

His bitter blows I could not bear,
Therefore next morning, I declare,
While he was sleeping fast in bed,
I with a ladle broke his head.

With that he starts and stares about,
I stood couragious, fierce and stout,
Crying, I'll never be your Slave;
With that another bang I gave.

He with a cudgel run at me,
I took a club as well as he,
Crying, I am resolv'd to try
Who shall be Master you or I.

I gave him not a minute's rest,
But round the room the Rogue I drest,
At length I brought him to his knees,
Henceforth I'll never you displease.

This was his cry, still o're and o're:
Quoth I, Will you be jealous more?
No, no, I wont, sweet loving Wife,
If thou'lt be pleas'd to spare my life.

Pray keep your word, I then reply'd,
Or else, adsfoot, I'll thrash your hide;
You must not think that I'll be fool'd,
Or in the least be over-rul'd.

Thus I my Husband did subdue,
I'faith I made him buckle too,
Now ever since the truth to tell,
With him I live exceeding well.

He never offers now to fight,
But calls me love and hearts delight;
Thus, loving Neighbours, you may see,
I cur'd him of his jealousie.

London: Printed for J. Deacon, at the sign of the Angel, in Guilt-spur-street.

The Wonder of Wonders:

OR,

An Excellent SONG of a

Six-Legged Creature.

Tune of, Old Simon the King. This may be Printed. R. P.

COme listen unto my new Ditty,
it is of a Monstrous Creature
Who liveth in London's fair City
she's known to be loving by Nature.
She liveth in Service with many,
a Creature both loving and quiet,
And wages she ne'r receives any,
so she hath both Lodging and Dyet.

She is not for running away,
hey anger she soon can expell;
Till Death with her Master she'l stay,
if that he will use her but well.

This Creature she is not very tall,
sometimes she's upon the Exchange,
Full six Legs she travels withal;
oh! is this not wondrous strange?

She'l venture as far in a Battel
as any stout Souldier that goes;
Tho' Cannons and Mulquets do rattle,
she cares not a Fig for her Foes.
She values no Pistol nor Gun,
nor any Commanders high words;
Nor will she be put to the run,
for fear of a thousand drawn Swords.

She ranges the ſtræts very late,
her valour and courage is ſuch,
She fears not a knock on the pate
by Conſtable, Beadle, or Watch.
Thus ſhe in her frædom does reign,
no creature more ſtouter and bolder:
The Stocks ſhe does highly diſdain,
they never was able to hold her.

A Waſher ſhe cannot indure,
foul Linnen is all her delight;
For there ſhe can lye moſt ſecure,
and never be put to the fright.
That man that hath been a great waſter,
and every thing he doth lack,
She chuſeth him to be her maſter,
although not a ſhirt to his back.

Although he be never ſo poor,
without e're a Groat in his Purſe,
She'l guard him behind and before,
her love it is never the worſe.
A fuller account I will give
of her worthy Fame or Renown:
This creature ſhe often doth live
with many fine Blades of the Town.

Her Pedigrée now I'le unfold,
reſolving to ſpeak in her praiſe;
She ſprung from a Nation of old,
where I never was many days:
'Twas Ægypt, as I have heard ſay,
which once was our natural ſoil;
But now ſhe is grown very gray,
With travelling many a Mile.

You know when old Herod was King,
there then was a wonderful ſort
Of theſe in that Nation did ſpring,
and nurſt by his Ladies at Court.
The reaſon that many don't love her,
becauſe ſhe ſuch numbers doth breed:
But this is the worſt I ſay of her,
ſhe is a Back-biter indeed.

FINIS.

Printed for James Vaſſel at the Bible and Harp in Weſt-Smithfield.
Where any Chapmen may be furniſhed with all ſorts of new and old Songs

THE

Wonderful Praiſe of M

Or *An account of the many Evils that attend the il*

Money when Us'd and not Abus'd,
will do Men good we know;
Tune of, Ye Ladies of London.

But when they ſha
it proves thei
This may b

WIll you know why the old Miſers adore
their Coffers of ill-gotten Treaſure?
Always a griping and grinding the Poor,
until he has Wealth out of meaſure:
'Cauſe he has nothing elſe he can truſt,
he ſeldom is found any Spender;
But in his troubles away to his Cheſt,
thus Money is all his defender.

He that is with a great plenty poſſeſt,
how ought he to honour and prize it?
Being a thing that is much in requeſt,
and there is but few that deſpiſe it:
For there is none can live without it,
'tis counted more ſweeter than Honey,
For if a Man ſhould have ne'r ſo much wit,
he cannot buy Land without Money.

Mind but the Story, wh
and then you will find
Money that many times
as often it makes a C
Yet when a Man ſhall m
whoſe looks are as ſou
And ſhall ſupply him wi
this Money will end a

For when the Duel is o
and both are reſolv'd t
Then to the Tavern th
where ovee a Glaſs o
Love they unite, the an
their Hearts are as ſi
But it was Money that
which brought them t

Money,

he ill Use thereof.

hey shall consume it all,
es their overthrow.
s may be Printed, R. P.

y, which here I have Pen'd,
ll find the Conclusion,
times proves a Man's Friend,
s a Confusion:
a I meet with a Foe,
as sowr as Sorrel,
n with many a dry blow,
end all the Quarrel.

l is over and past,
lv'd to be Merry,
n thy hurry at last,
als of Canary,
e anger's forgot,
as light as a Feather,
that payed the shot,
hem so loving together.

Some that have Money will Traverse the Law,
for good they will never be doing,
But labour always to keep Men in awe,
ne'r pleased with nothing but Ruine:
Passionate Men will trouble encrease,
for Malice is always in action,
Money that oftentimes maketh the Peace,
as often doth cause a Distraction.

Some Men they will be with Money high flown,
as having not Wisdom to use it,
Then it were better they never had none,
then have it and highly abuse it:
For when a Man meets one that is fair,
who calls him her Joy and her Honey,
He may be cunningly catcht in a Snare,
and all for the sake of his Money.

But the true vallue will further appear,
then hath in this present Relation,
Souldiers for Money will Fight without fear,
and vanquish the Foes of the Nation:
Like Loyal Souls, they scorn for to flye,
therefore we have cause to adore them,
Give them but Money they'l Fight till they dye,
or cut down and clear all before them.

Thus having told you what money can do,
and likewise the Evils attend it,
Yet amongst Soldiers there is but a few,
but that will willingly spend it:
Each with his Lass then seldom is sad,
but many fine Nick-nacks affords her,
'Cause too much Money will make a Man Mad,
each hates to be counted a hoarder.

Money we find is a delicate thing,
by every Person required,
Therefore my Customers, if you will bring
this, then I have what I desired;
Every one which is in this Throng,
if kindnesses you will shew any,
Pray now be willing to buy this New Song,
the Price of it is but a Penny.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in
Pye-Corner, near West-Smithfield.

A VVord in Seaſon:

OR,

Now or Never.

Tis ne'r too late to be adviſed well
Regard it then you Beauties that excel
Both in external and internal parts
And do not triumph over Captive hearts:
Leaſt you ingrateful being left to time
Bereft of Charmes, be puniſht that black Crime.

A pleaſant new Tune, of *Sweet uſe your time, &c.*

SWeet uſe your time, abuſe your time
no longer, but be wiſe,
Your Lovers now diſcover you,
have Beauty to be priz'd:
But if you'r coy you'l loſe the joy,
ſo curſt will be the fate;
The Flower will fade, you'l die a Maid,
and mourn your Chance too late.

At Thirteen years, and Fourteen years,
a Virgins Heart may range;
Twixt Fifteen years and Fifty years
you'l find a wondrous change.
Then whilſt in Tune, in May or June,
let Love and Youth agree:
For if you ſtay till Chriſtmas day
the Devil ſhall woo for me.

For then Loves fire it will expire,
and Beauty be no more;
You of each Charm Love will diſarm,
though now, 'tis true, you'be ſtore.
O then be wiſe, and be not nice,
leſt coyneſs does undoe you:
Thoſe Bluſhes hide that have deſy'd
the paſſions that purſue you.

Away with folly, come be jolly,
ſhame not your Creation,
For we were made in love to trade,
Love is our cheif Vocation.
Time is haſting, Beauty's waſting,
graſp the happy moment;
Do not ſhun and be undone,
raſhly be not ſo bent.

The blushing Rose, your Cheeks disclose
and Lillyes that are blooming,
Though fragrant now to time must bow,
which all things is consuming,
Each windy blast does Beauty waste
which gone your hopes are lost
Then don't disdain a Lovers flame
least you at last are crost.

Proud Beauties still do want their will
when kind ones have content
Tis fate does blind th'ambitious mind
and makes it oft repent:
Your Virgin-prime then use in time
send bashful fear away
Let not a blush destroy your wish
but Loves loud call obey.

Least the youth to tell you truth
grows angry by delay,
And you are forc'd to be divorc'd
from pleasures many a day
You are deceived if tis believed
'tis alwayes in your power
To be beloved, which many 'ave proved
in an unlucky hour.

For cruelty makes passion dye
ambition is its grave
Like wandring fires, it still retires
whilst you your selves deceive,
With hopes your chaine does strong remain
with which you link'd our hearts
But it does prove too weak for Love
when scorn'd for its deserts.

Open your eyes then and be wise
if you wou'd happy be
If joyes you'd tast that never waste
let youth and Love agree
Tis past dispute, age does not suite
with Love, nor can it strive
With due desire to rouse that fire
which keeps the world alive.

Then use your time pass not your prime
but with inchanting smiles
And killing eyes our heart surprize
but taken in your toiles,
Be full as free to Love as we
to make your bliss compleat
Then joyes will flow which those ne'r know
who coyly make retreat.

Printed for *J. Wright*, *J. Clark*, *W. Thackery*, and T. *Passinger*.

The World turn'd up-ſide

OR,

Money grown Troubleſome.

Shewing the vanity of youngmen, who ſpend their youthfull days in riotting and
is undoubtedly the High-way to want and Beggary, as you may plainly ſee in theſe foll
the Extravagant doth not only lament his miſpent time, but alſo gives advice to others
ſeries which befell him by his profuſe ſpending till too late he ſees his errour.

Tune of, Pa

I Am a young blade that had money good ſtore
But now by debauchery grown very poor
When I had enough to have ſerved my turn
Oh then in my pocket my money did burn
Then ſtraitway I hunted to find out good fellows,
And could not endure to be out of an Alehouſe,
But by Whoring and Drinking I now am undone,
And now I am laugh'd at, by every one.

And when I was drunk I muſt needs have a whore,
By which means I quickly conſumed my ſtore;
For I met with a Wench with her powdered locks,
And ſhe for my love furniſh'd me with the Pox:
The pains were ſo great that I could not endure:
The Chyrurgion he would be well paid for his cure.
So by whoreing and drinking I quite was undone,
And now &c.

With ſtrong proteſtations ſhe
Who was both a Whore and
And when ſhe was gone, to th
To drink of the beſt then it w
But when I my reckoning di
This whore ſhe had ſtole all m
So I got the Pox and my m
And now &c.

I'th' Alehouſe and Tavern I
And ſeldome lay from them
By which means I now am
That I by their dogs in dang
For now they do tell 'tis juſti
They ſhould have their mone
Thus whoreing & drinking
And now &c.

le down

g and wantonneſs, which
ſe following lines, wherein
others, to prevent thoſe mi-

Packingtons Pound.

ons ſhe vow'd to be true,
ge and a Pick-pocket to,
e, to the Tavern I went,
en it was my intent:
ning did come for to pay
le all my Money away,
d my money was gone,

avern I took my delight,
them by day or by night;
w am reduced ſo low,
in danger do go:
tis juſtice and reaſon
ir money, and I lie in Priſon,
drinking it has me undone,

My Comrades with whom I my money had ſpent,
And daily was uſed with them to frequent,
They ſcoff and do jeer as I by them do go,
And look on me as if they did me not know:
Which adds to my ſorrow, my trouble, and grief,
Yet cannot by any means find me relief:
For 'tis whoring and drinking that has me undone,
And now I am laugh'd at by every one.

And ſince I do find how I now am deſpiſed
I wiſh all youngmen would by me be adviſed,
And if you in youth may be bleſſed with ſtore,
Oh! keep from an Alehouſe and mind not a whore:
And then you will find how your ſtock will increaſe,
Your lives be a comfort, your conſcience at peace:
But by whoreing and drinking I now am undone,
And now &c.

The readieſt road to deſtruction I think,
Is for poor heedleſs youngmen like ſwine for to drink,
For they by this means all their ſenſes do drown'd,
And do both their ſouls and their bodies confound:
For a man that is drunk has no reaſon at all,
And into all kind of temptation doth fall;
For by whoring & drinking my ſelf I've undone,
And now &c.

When a Whore doth but light of a man that's in drink
His Coyn is her own ſhe doth preſently think,
She fawns on him then, and ſhe plays with his hair
And he being drunk is ſoon caught in a ſnare:
But while ſhe doth give him a kiſs or a ſmile
Be ſure of his Money ſhe doth him beguile:
Thus by whoreing & drinking I am quite undone,
And now &c.

Then do not you queſtion what I write to you,
For wofull experience doth tell me 'tis true,
And I that for folly ſo dearly have paid
Thereof would have other men be afraid:
I heartily wiſh that my vain wanton doing
Might prove as a means to prevent others ruine.
For by whoring & drinking I am quite undone,
And now &c.

There's no man doth know but he that hath try'd,
When poverty comes how the friendſhip's deny'd;
And thoſe unto whom you were formerly kind,
Greateſt ſtrangers will ſeem you will certainly find.
But be wiſe in your youth & your friends will remain
Who, if you grow poor, will your folly diſdain:
For by whoring & drinking I am quite undone,
And now I am laugh'd At by every one.

Printed for P. Brooksby in West-Smithfield.

You'l never get her up,

Or, Love in a Tree.

Being a pleaſant new Song, ſhewing how a Maid was got with Child, without lying with a Man. To the Tune of *Buggering Oats prepare thy Neck.*

A Week ago as I did walk
When it was almoſt twilight
Near to the Cage in St. Jameſes Park,
Appeared to my eye-light,
I their eſpy'd a Souldier gay
That was both brisk and airy,
But could not tell by any way
What might his buſineſs there be.

When I came nearer I perceiv'd
He had a Wench before him
He thub'd her up againſt a Tree
As if that he was young:
I ſaid a while and laugh'd at
For I had got a cup Sir,
And cry'd pray turn her Face about
Or you'l nere get her up Sir.

The Souldier then replyed to me,
Is it ſo ſtrange an Object
To ſee a Souldier at his Poſt
Beget the King a Subject,
He handled then his Arms ſo well,
And called me incompoop too:
And ſaid i'le neither turn her round,
Nor ſtrive to get her up ſoe.

With that his match he bravely cock'd
Preſented and gave Fire,
She opened to the right and left
Diſdaining to retire,
The Bullets they did fly about
And boldly he did venter,
He with conſent of both the ſides
The Sally Port did enter.

At every motion of his Breast
The Bandeleirs did rattle,
And every toss went to and fro
Did represent a Battle,
The Bird-Cage it was hard at hand
And every Bird did chatter,
The Crane, the Vulture and the Crow
Cry'd Souldier now have at her.

The Soldier he did win the Field
His Sword he so well handed,
He had much ado to make her yield
That he should be disbanded,
And now the loving Combats o're
No longer she could tarry,
And she went off with all the Spoil
I wish her nere miscarry.

But in short time this handsome Maid
Her Belly swell'd up higher
And she did seriously affirm
No Man lay, with or by her,
Therefore the neighbours all conclude
Some wanton Fellow by night
Had stol'n away her Maiden-head
When she did sleep at twilight.

Her Mistress sometimes call'd her Whore,
And said she'd not believe her,
The skilful Doctors all conclude
A Tympany did grieve her,
But then the Soldier came again
To have the other round bout
By what he speak in merry mood
The Riddle all was found out.

The Maid brought forth a pretty Youth
As ever eye did see joy,
And all the Neighbours therein truth
Call it the Green-wood Tree Boy,
You Maidens that are kind and free
Walk to the Park by twilight.
And take a Touch oth Green-wood Tree
'Tis good to clear your eyesight.

Let this to youngmen warning be
For they do often wild goe.
How they help Maids to climb the Tree,
For fear they do with Child go
Though you ith Grabey Gap will play
And take thereof a sup Sir,
Yet turn her Face the other way
Or you'l nere get her up Sir.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye-Corner.

Young Jemmy,

OR,

The Princely Shepherd.

Being a moſt pleaſant and Delightful New Song.

In bleſt Arcadia, *where each Shepherd feeds*
His numerous Flocks, and tunes on ſlender Reeds;
His ſong of Love, while the fair nymphs trip round,
The chief amongſt 'um was young Jemmy *found:*
For he with glances could enſlave each heart,
But fond Ambition made him to depart
The Fields to Court, led on by ſuch as ſought
To blaſt his Vertues which much ſorrow brought

To a pleaſant New Play-houſe Tune. Or, In Ianuary laſt, Or, The Gowlin.

YOung Jemmy was a Lad,
of Royal birth and Breeding:
With every Beauty clad,
and every Swain exceeding.
A face and ſhape ſo wonderous fine,
ſo charming every part:
That every Laſs upon the Green,
for Jemmy had a heart.

In Jemmy's powerfull Eyes
young Gods of Love are playing,
And on his face there lies
a thouſand ſmiles betraying:
But O he dances with a grace,
none like him e're was ſeen:
No God that ever fancied was,
had ſo divine a meen.

To Jemmy every Swain
did lowly deſt his Bonnet:
And every Laſs did ſtrain,
to praiſe him in her Sonnet:
The pride of all the Youths he was,
the Glory of the Groves:
The pleaſure of each tender Laſs,
and theme of all their Loves.

BUt Oh unlucky fate,
ah Curse upon Ambition:
The busie Fops of State,
have ruin'd his condition:
For glittering hope he left his shade,
his glorious hours are gone:
By flattering Fools and Knaves betray'd,
poor Jemmy is undone.

Then Jemmy none more kind,
and courteous had beeu ever:
Thinking the like to find,
but he as yet did never:
For the false Swains that led him forth
to expectations high:
Design'd but to Eclipse his worth,
brave Jemmy to out-bye.

But Jemmy saw not this,
when in the Groves delighting,
Nor thought to tread amiss,
at such a fair inviting:
But Jemmy was mistaken there,
for he was led astray;
Whilst each kind Swain and Nymph so fair,
for Jemmy sigh'd all day.

For Jemmy's loss the streams
ran hoarse, as if with mourning;
The birds forgat their Leams
and Flowers forlate adorning.
The pleasant Plains hung down their heads
as bearing part o'th grief,
And wishing he had longer staid,
but Jemmy'd no belief.

For Jemmy's strutting veins,
with youthful blood were flowing,
Which made him raise his strains,
to his almost undoing.
Though each kind Villager did pray
he would again return:
And tread still in the pleasant Way,
but Jemmy it did scorn.

For jemmy in fierce Arms,
more then his Crook delighting:
Dispis'd the Wood-Nymphs charms,
that were so much inviting.
And dreams of digging Trenches deep,
storming each Fort and Town;
Ambition still disturb'd his sleep,
whilst jemmy sought renown.

But jemmy now may see,
that he was led to ruin,
By such as glad would be
of his utter undoing.
Yet that his Wandring he'd retrive,
the wish is of the Swains:
And in Arcadia happy live,
where his great Father reigns.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-ball, in West-smithfield.

The Young-Mans Complain

The Loſs of his Miſtris.

Young-men you ſee my Fortune is ſuch,
I have loſt my Love by loving her too much:
My fortune's bad as other Young mens be,
Read but theſe Lines, and you
I being baſhful, ſhe was ſomet
I have loſt my Love, which ſh

To an Excellent New Tune, *I have loſt my dear Miſtris.*

COme hearken Apollo my pittiful groan,
Of all loyal Lovers that is left here alone;
I'le fight for my true Love though Mars be my Foe,
For I've loſt my dear Miſtris by being too Slow.

How Lovers are often tormented in mind,
when as their own ſweet-hearts proves to them unkind
Though many that hears me the ſame would forgoe,
I have loſt my dear Miſtris by being too Slow.

I would I had ne'r ſeen her, that I had ne'r been,
That I for her Love now ſorrow have ſeen:
But my heart it with ſorrow my ſenſes o'ergo,
That i've loſt my dear Miſtris by being too Slow.

When as we were Children we loved moſt dear,
But now of that Love I am never the near:
My heart is ſo ſad and oppreſſed with woe,
That i've loſt my dear Miſtris by being too Slow.

When unto years elder our Yo
Then to Complementing I ſtri
Yet baſhfulneſs daunted and ſh
That I loſt my dear Miſtris b

Quoth I my dear Honey thoug
Yet ſlight me not for it for lovin
Intirely I Love thee, the truth
Then do not refuſe me by b

At Fairs and at Markets you k
hat I in your Company ſtill
Neither car'd I for Money nor
Then let me not looſe you b

But ſhe gave me Denial and bi
For all I lamented and to her m
aying, I would not have you a
For you have loſt me plainly

aint for

d you ſhall Plainly ſee :
omething coy,
ch ſhould have been my joy.
s.

ur Youth did it ſpying,
I ſtright did begin :
and ſhamed me ſo,
iſtris by being too Slow.

though I cannot wooe,
loving of you :
truth it is ſo,
e by being too Slow.

you know it right well,
ſtill did excel :
ey not time it is ſo,
you by being too Slow.

and bid me be gone,
her made moan,
you any more to do ſo,
plainly by being too Slow.

The Maidens Anſwer.

THough company together long time we have kept
One another, my mind and my heart is ſet,
Though one not ſo handſom as your ſelf muſt go
Away with me, and leave you by being too ſlow.

You are young and youthful, and may be may have
A mind on a woman, but do not deceive
Your ſelf any more by neglecting it ſo,
For you have loſt me plainly by being too ſlow.

I would have been marri'd before now e're long,
At fourteen in truth I could wiſh't had been done :
If thou'd willing been then to Church with me go,
You need not have loſt me by being too ſlow.

But you did neglect your time ſore in that caſe,
For a woman can tarry but while time doth laſt :
For at fourteen ſhe is ripe, there is few but doth know
So you fool'd your ſelf then by being too ſlow.

So adieu to you young-men, you hear how it is,
And all the frail ways how my fortune I miſs :
But it ſhall be a warning unto me I trow,
That i'le never loſe more by being too ſlow.

O Cupid thy Arrows are tip'd with pure Gold,
And it ſtrikes me quite thorow when thee I behold ;
But like to Amintas, I made my Moan ſo,
When I loſt my dear Miſtris by being too ſlow.

But like to Leander i'le mourn for my love,
Though new lands & countries, & conſtant i'le prove
I'le Drink and i'le Fuddle 'gainſt who dares ſay no,
Since I've loſt my dear Miſtris, by being too Slow.

You Godeſſes aſſiſt my Fortune being ſuch,
For I have loſt my Sweet-heart by Loving too much:
But it ſhall ne'r fret me although it be ſo,
That I have loſt my Sweet-heart by being too ſlow.

Good Cupid aſſiſt me that now I may mend,
And cauſe my heart ſtrong to continue toth' end :
And go along with me I will bear thy Bow,
So *Cupid* but hit them that they'l with me go.

So Young-men if that they ſtand, you muſt ſtrike,
Not one way in forty that more they will like :
That they'l call you honey and with you will go,
And love you moſt dearly for uſeing them ſo.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*.

THE

Young Mans Counſellour,

OR,

The moſt deſerved praiſe of thoſe ſweet Complexioned Damoſels of the Black and Brown.

The pleaſant Blacks and modeſt Browns,
their loving Husbands pleaſe;
Now if I had ten thouſand pounds,
I'd marry one of theſe.

Tune of All Trades.

Licenſed according to Order.

ALl thoughts of confuſion forbear;
there's none but meer Miſeys that frets,
And caſt away Sorrow and Care,
which never was known to pay Debts:
And if you a Woing will goe,
and would with a good Wife be Bleſt.
Come hither, and here I will ſhow
what Colour is counted the beſt.
As for the Black and the Brown,
they are the cream of the Town;
For loe, here behold, they never can ſcold,
nor give you ſo much as a Frown.

Beware of a Laſs that's too kind,
whoſe Viſage is Swarthy and Pale;
For moſt of that ſort you will find
are ſubject to play with their Tale,
And count it a very ſmall Crime
to dally with every Mate;
Then Young men take warning in time,
for fear you repent it too late:
But as for the Black, &c.

Now ſhe that is freckl'd and fair,
ſhe'll baffle thy money in pride;
Black Patches and powdered Hair,
nay, wanton and lazy beſide;
She'll plunder and pillage thy Purſe;
all this by experience I know,
Whoever is plagu'd with this Curſe,
he needs no more ſorrow I trow.
But as for the Black and the Brown,
they are the cream of the Town;
For loe, here behold, &c.

Beware of thin Lips, and sharp Nose,
whose Hair is the colour of Gold;
If ever you marry with those,
you're fitted I faith with a Scold.
Whenever she wants of her will
then down flows her Crockadiles Tears;
But when her Top Tippit is up,
she'll Ring you a Peal in your Ears;
But as for the Black, and the Brown,
they are the cream of the Town;
For loe, here behold, they never can scold,
nor give you so much as a frown.

Now as for the Locks which are Gray,
such Women are both old and tuff;
They'll hold a brisk youngster in play,
and think they have never enough;
For if with a Damosel you jest,
and tho' but in innocent mirth,
Streight jealoufie Reigns in her Breast:
now this is a Hell upon Earth.
But as for the Black, &c.

The Flaxen hath no good Report,
tho' many may fancy the same;
I know that most of that sort,
are notable Girls of the Game:
They'll Gossip and Junket about;
nay, tipple Wine, Brandy, and Beer,
Spend more in a day without doubt,
then ever they earn in a year.
But as for the Black, &c.

The Sandy and Swarthy I'll swear,
she has the good name of a Slut;
And you must take very good Care,
or else she will poyson your Gut:
Her Beauty will never forsake you;
you may have it always in sight;
There's no man a Cuckold will make you,
except he does do it for spight;
But as for the Black, &c.

The Yellow is none of the best,
they are for Contention and Strife;
That poor man is happily blest,
that hath such a one to his Wife.
At night when he comes to his home,
she'll call him both Cuckold and Fool,
And proffer his Noddle to comb
sometimes with a three legged Stool:
But as for the Black, &c.

The Foggy I'd have you forbear,
I'd never chuse such for a Bride,
If there was no other, I'll swear,
in all the whole Nation beside.
In Bed she'll near please thee that's flat,
for there she lies all of a heap;
And she that is Foggy and Fat,
is subject to fart in her sleep.
ut as for the Black, &c.

The Carrots I'd like to forgot,
which is the worst colour of all;
If such a one fall to thy Lot,
thy Blessing and comfort is small.
All Blessings will bid thee farewell,
the very first night you are Wed,
Her Carrots will cast such a smell,
you'll never endure her in Bed.
But as for the Black, &c.

You Young-men that hear me this day,
and would with a loving Wife speed,
Remember this Counsel I pray,
and then you're happy indeed:
If you mean to marry with any,
pray buy this New Song, without doubt,
You'll find it to be the best Penny
that e'er you was known to lay out.
As for the Black and the Brown,
they are the cream of the Town;
For loe, here behold, they never can scold,
nor give you so much as a frown.

Printed for J. Deacon at the Angel in Gilt-spur-street.

The Young Mans Joys Compleated.

O R,

The Coy DAMSEL Conquered by his pure Love and Loyalty.

She first deny'd to be his Bride,
leaſt he ſhould prove unjuſt;
But when ſhe knew his Love was true
ſhe ſet his Heart at reſt.

To the Tune of, O ſo ungrateful a Creature. This may be Printed. R. P.

Man.

NOw to my true Lover Betty,
I'le pay my Loyal Reſpects,
There is no Creature more pritty,
not among all thy whole Sex:
Let me obtain but thy favour,
then I deſire no more;
Love I will ſerve thee for ever,
and will thy Perſon adore.

Maid.

Young Men are given to flatter,
innocent Maids to betray,
Never intend no ſuch matter,
who can believe what you ſay?
When you take pleaſure to grieve us
pitty your Hearts will not move,
But moſt unworthily leave us,
when we have granted you love.

Man.

Deareſt put this to the tryal,
a ſolemn Promiſe I give,
That I am faithful and Loyal,
and will be ſo while I live:
Therefore my Dear be not cruel,
but grant me what I requeſt,
Love's an unquenchable Fuel,
the which doth torture my Breaſt.

Maid.

Truly I much do admire
that your love should be so hot,
Were I to grant your desire
Sir, it would soon be forgot:
Young-Men their passion can smother,
when we the blessing allow,
They are for Courting another,
never regarding their vow.

Man.

There is no Creature above thee,
shall be admir'd by me,
I so entirely love thee,
that I can never be free;
This is no fabulous story,
I will thy Servant remain,
Evermore sound forth thy glory,
do not triumph in disdain.

Maid.

I have known many a pretender,
vow'd that they'd love them as life,
Saying, if they would surrender,
that they should then be their Wife:
Yet at the last they have left them,
making their sorrowful moan,
And of all comforts bereft them;
this I have oftentimes known.

Man.

Why wilt thou torture and grieve me,
more than I'm able to bear?
O that thou wilt but reprieve me,
why shouldst thou let me dispair?
Surely might I but enjoy thee,
my drooping spirits would chear,
Nothing should ever annoy thee,
for I would tender my dear.

Though at the first she did lower,
now she has quite left it o're,
As having not so much power
for to deny him once more:
Thus the young Damsel consented,
seeming at first to be coy,
Then he no longer lamented.
but did embrace her with joy.

Saying, I'le not be ungrateful,
to render evil for good;
No, I was ne're so deceitful,
Heavens forbid that I shou'd:
Thee I did always admire,
Love, I was never in jest,
Seeing thou grant'st my desire,
now my poor Heart is at rest.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking-Glass on London-Bridge.

A Young Man put to his ſhifts:

OR,

The Ranting Young Mans Reſolution.

Wherein is ſhow'd how young Wenches he doth pleaſe,
And of their heavy burdens he doth them eaſe;
With cunning tricks their fancies up doth feed,
And they him relieve when he doth ſtand in need.

To the Tune of, *Cupids Trappan.*

OF late did I hear a young damſel complain,
and rail much againſt a young man,
His cauſe and his ſtate i'le now vindicate,
and hold battle with Cupids, trapan, brave boys
and hold, &c.

Surely ſhe thinks, that I am ſtark mad,
to wed every Girl I do ſee,
No let her ſtay a while for I can make a fool,
of twenty far better then ſhe, &c.

For if I court a Maid ſhe will get nothing by't,
for ſo ſoon as her money is gone,
And I have got her Rings and other fine things,
then the Devil may take her for John. &c.

I can give them fair words but little good deeds
any girl of me ſhall find,
And if I ſee ſhe will do't then I put her to't,
but ſtraight I can turn with the wind, &c.

Ye's but a fool that will fawn of a Maid,
although ſhe ſeem never ſo coy,
Make tho' you'd be gone ſhe'l bid you come on,
if you tell her you'l git her a boy, brave boys,
if, &c.

But if ſhe don't find thou canſt ſtir up her blood,
ſhe will laugh and jeer thee to thy face,
But if ſhe perceives thou canſt do her ſome good,
then thy body ſhe ſtrait will imbrace, &c.

As for my own part I value it not a pin
I care not what Girl doth it know,
But the coyeſt Laſs I can eaſily win,
and bring her unto my own bow, &c.

I drink of the beſt, and live at hearts eaſe
for Money I take little care,
I can humor young wenches & have what I pleaſe,
be it never ſo fine and ſo rare, &c.

I Count him a noddy that can't win a Maid
to buckle to bow and to bend,
And if he ſtands in need to do a good deed,
and to give him ſome money in hand, brave boys,
and to, &c.

Though Maidens do ſeem coy on't they long till
either Mary Sue Bridget or Nan, (they ha't
If they were put to their choice for to lye alone,
they had rather to lye with a man, &c.

For daily and hourly full often it is ſeen,
what Maiden 'tis will lye alone,
If ſhe han't a husband when ſhe is fifteen,
ſhe thinks ſhe ſhall never have none, &c.

So it doth appear how hasty they are,
the fruits of Love for to taſt,
It makes their great belly the truth for to tell ye,
they've been clipping a man about th waſt, &c.

Theirs choice of young Damſels I have at com-
that with money my pockets do fee, (mand
And if I want a bout they will not ſtand out,
to help a good turn in my need, &c.

If I cheat a young damſel the fault's none of mine
to her ſelf ſhe better may look.
For if I lay my bait by day or by night,
be ſure I take her of my hook, &c.

And when I have caught her be ſure ſhe's my own
for little we two do imbrace,
But before we go to church, I leave her with thus
thus I cheat her unto her own face, &c.

I'le never be bound when I may live free,
nor i'le never be tide to a wife,
Theirs ſope fire & candle a child for to dandle,
which makes a man weary on's life, &c.

So I get but the child let who will it keep,
for my part I do not mean to keep none,
So I have but the ſport let them provide for't,
for ſo ſoon as i've done I am gone.

For if I ſhould keep all the Children I get,
I ſhould have a great many lives,
I will take a halter and cut my own throat,
before ile have ſo many wives, &c.

For a Gentlemans life I live as I be,
and am free from both care and ſorrow,
If never a penny I have over night,
be ſure I have ſome the next morrow, &c.

So young men i'le leave you make uſe of your time
for ſo long as my Codpiſe do hold,
I am ſure of this let it hit or miſs,
I ſhall want neither ſilver nor gold, brave boys,
I ſhall want neither ſilver nor gold.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,* and *T. Paſſinger.*

The YOUNG-MANS

Unfortunate Destiny.

It being the True Lovers Lamentable Overthrow.

When they devise to Tyranize,
It often proveth true,
That in this Snare they do impair
Both Life and Fortune too.

To the Tune of, The Doubting Virgin.

NEar a Pleasant flowing River,
there I with my Love did meet,
Where I often did endeavour,
with kind arguments so sweet;
As I tryed, she denied,
all that ever I could say,
Would not do it, now I rue it,
love will cast my Life away.

I in Love am now abused,
and requited with disdain,
True and Loyal, yet refused,
there my heart will break with pain:
Here in anguish, do I languish,
being thus oppress with care,
Do not grieve me, Love, relieve me,
why should I for thee dispair?

Well, I am resolv'd to wander,
and to finish out my days,
Though we parted are asunder,
love, I still will speak thy Praise;
Sure a sweeter fairer Creature,
nature never yet did frame,
Yet my jewel is so cruel,
I must now the Land refrain.

While he thus was discontented,
and perplexed in his mind,
Many Sighs and Tears was vented,
seeing she was so unkind:
To reject him, disrespect him,
now he well did understand,
He should never, gain her favour,
he resolv'd to leave the Land.

Love farewel, I now must leave thee,
and will cross the Ocean Main,
Nothing in the world doth grieve me,
but the thoughts of thy disdain:
Now we sever, surely never,
will I on a Beauty gaze,
As a Stranger, and a ranger,
will I finish out my days.

Then aboard a Ship he enter'd,
bidding now his Love adieu,
On the Ocean wide he ventur'd,
where much dangers did ensue;
When oppressed, and distressed,
on the mighty Ocean Sea,
He replyed, often cryed,
now my Love hath ruin'd me.

Had I but my Dear enjoyed,
then were I in happy State,
Now alas I am destroyed,
by the cruel hand of Fate;
I am wounded, and Surrounded,
with the thoughts of her disdain,
I desire to expire,
rather then to live in pain.

While he was his thoughts condoling,
thinking on his only dear,
They on mighty Waves was rowling,
'twixt the thoughts of hope and fear;
Then his trouble waxed double,
by the Rovers of the Sea,
They betray'd them, and convey'd them
e'ry man to Slavery.

Now his sorrows are increased,
none but by the Silent Grave
Can he hope to be released,
but to live and dye a Slave;
Never ceasing, but increasing,
in the anguish of his mind,
Woful greeting, and repeating,
I shall never comfort find.

At the length he was befriended,
by the Fatal Stroak of death,
All his grief and sorrow ended,
when he did resign his breath;
When she heared, then she feared,
she had wrought his overthrow,
Then she Acted, like Distracted,
as her Answer plain will show.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt-Spur-Street, without Newgate.

THE YOUNG-MANS VICTORY

Over the POVVER of the DEVIL.

Or, Strange and VVonderful News from the City of *LONDON*;

Being a full and true Relation of a Vertuous Young-Man, who being but Fifteen years of Age, living in the Parish of *St. Giles's*, was wonderfully tempted by the Devil: Discovering the Baits of the Devil, and how he followed him from place to place, wherefoever he did go, still tempting to leave his *School*, and to fly from Godliness, and to follow him, and he would furnish him with Baggs of Gold and Silver, promising to show him all the Pleasures and Happiness that this World could afford, if he would but agree to follow his ways and take his Counsell. But this Youth having a stedfast Faith in Christ, made the Devil this Answer: *Be gone from me thou wicked and infernal Spirit, and tempt me no more, for I am sure I shall enjoy all the Pleasures and Felicities that Heaven can afford, amongst all the Angels and Saints in Christ; therefore be gone from me thou wicked Deluder of poor Souls: I value not thy Bags of Gold and Silver, nor all the Pleasures thou canst give me in this World, when thou, like a false deluding Serpent, wouldst have me to burn in Hell flames with thee.* Wherupon the Youth immediately fell down upon his Knees, praying to Almighty God, that he might be able to overcome the Wiles and Temptations of the subtile Deceiver.

11. March. 169⅝.

The Subtile Tempter fitteth his Temptations, To the Degrees of Ages Inclinations.

1. The State of Childhood he Allures with Play,
To cast both Book and Learning quite away.

2. When Youth arrive unto a Manly Stature,
He baits his Hook after another Nature:
Women, Wine, Musick, are the charms he finds
From Vertues Studies to attack their minds.

3. When Future State Man cast his thoughts upon,
And towards *Heaven* would be jogging on,
Satan before him *Worldly Treasures* throw,
To make the *Heaven*-bound Pilgrim move more slow.

4. But if this fail, another cause he'll try,
And lets his unrelenting Flames to fly,
Stand fast by Faith left thou be overthrown,
The persevering Christian gains the Crown.

Satan.

VVHither away young man? speak, let me know:
That thee and I may like Companions go,
Walk not so fast, but keep thou pace with me,
And I'll conduct thee to Felicity.

Young man. My meaning is to thee I plainly tell
To shun those crooked paths that lead to Hell:
For I desire to come to Heaven at last
And that's the reason why I go so fast.

Sa. Pish, talk no more of that, but tell me why
Thou seemst not glad of my good Company?
Come, if thou canst but take delight in me
I shall be pleas'd with thy good Company.

Y. But I'm a fraid that thou wilt me intice
To fly from Virtue and to follow Vice,
Which may my poor immortal Soul insnare
Of which I ought to take a special care;

Sa. Slight not my kindness for I do protest
I'll thee conduct to everlasting rest;
What canst thou more desire, or ask of me?
I'll be thy Guide to blest Eternity.

Y. What thou pretends to, should I believe
I fear at last thou wouldst my Soul deceive,
For those who do most kindnesses pretend
Do often prove deceitful in the end.

Sa. Be not so rash my Youth, but grave and wise
With Reason and Discretion still advice,
Believe my words and do not think I jest
When as I say my foot-paths are the best;
Do not mistake me, for 'tis I alone
Can make thee happy, (youth) and there is none
Can more advantage thee, they are but stories
That they thou hearkneſt too, call endless Glories.
I say believe me, for I can display
Truths figures, better by a deal than they;
It lies within my power to deal with you
As I my self shall think most fit to do:
T'is I can make the Rich, or make the Poor
And send such pains thou canst not well indure:
Or I can Crown thee with such joys that thou
Shalt hug my Charms, what saist thou to me now?

Y. Tempter give o'er, thy crafty Wiles forbear
Such frothy promises cannot insnare,
Nor win me to thy false deluding will;
With what thou seem'st to Cure, thou mean'st to kill:
I build my Faith on a foundation sure
Firm as a Rock, and ever will endure.

S. What! dost thou count me a Perfidious wretch
That seek by crafty wiles thy Soul to catch?
Alas! what profit can it be to me
By wronging such a silly youth as thee.
These empty thoughts, me thinks must needs presage
And show the weakness of thy tender age:
Thy time and breath thou idly hast mispent
And for the same be sorry and Repent.

Y. Oh happy word that thou hast now expreſt,
Repentance is the High-way to be Blest;
Deceitful Wretch begone, I cannot brook
Thy Golden Baits, nor yet thy Silver Hook:
Tho' thou pretendest to be good and wise,
I fear thou art the father of all lyes,
Come for to try if thou canst me deceive
As thou in *Paradice* betrayedst *Eve*.

S. Well, if thou wilt not my perswasions mind,
Twill be your loss you in the end will find,
For my part, I am so indifferent,
That losing thee I shall not much repent;
Take my instructions once I say again,
Left of thy folly thou too late complain:
Say: shall I call thee mine, that thou mayst be
For ever blest with immortality?

Y. 'Tis not thy charming tongue that can prevail
Over my armed Soul thou dost assaile;
Gods Holy Word I'll strive for to fulfil,
And his Commands shall be my Byass still;
T'is not thy promises that I believe,
Nor painted joys wherewith thou wouldst deceive;
'Tis not the Venome of thy Poysoned Dart
Can hurt or penetrate my tender heart,
Religion is my Buckler and my Shield,
It lies not in thy power to make me yield,
The Paths are streight in which I ought to run,
Some use the broad ways till they are undone,
And those that Virtue leave to follow Vice,
Themselves bereave of Blessed *Paradice*.

S. Plead not Religion, for I dare maintain
That what thou seekest for is all in vain;
And let me tell you, 'tis not right nor just
For to condemn me e're you try or trust;
Observe my Actions, mind but my design,
And in the end the profit will be thine;
Why to each other should we be so strange?
Be rul'd by me, we hearts will interchange.

Y. Thou sayst that thou art good, but if thou be,
Why dost thou strive thus to intangle me?
My Conscience bids me tell thee (when thou cryest
Thou'rt great, and good, and real) that thou lyest;
If thou wert so, why dost thou strive to bring
Me to destruction, poor and helpless thing?
What Charity can seem in thee to shine,
Or lodge within a Breast so curst as thine?
Heavens help I will implore, then shall I be
From thee and all thy *Stratagems* most free.
Lord let him not conjure me by his Charms,
Whose courtesies are nothing less than harms,
Do thou protect me, I shall be secure
From his fierce on-sets that would me allure,
Give me thy Grace, then shall I happy be,
And o're Temptation get the Victory.

S. What, still deny! will nothing thee engage
For to escape the fury of my rage;
Thou'lt pull upon thee horrour and distress,
Till thou cryest out that thou art pittiless,
And none shall come to ease thee of thy grief,
Nor shall thy mourning yield to thee relief,
I will afflict thee with such Judgments sore,
That thou in vain my pitty shall implore.

Y. What tho' the Spring-Tide of thy fierce desire
Flow to the height, yet still my heart aspires
To Blessed Glory, where th Angels sings,
Great *Hallelujahs* to the King of Kings:
Thou Soul-deceiver my heart yields no place
But (scorns take) I scorn thee to thy face;
Thy well-Dy'd Colours, which thy Art prepares,
Thy impudence sufficiently declares;
Now batter on, for I do fear thee not,
My armed Soul doth fear no Cannon-shot.

S. If thou dost move my anger, thou wilt find
What 'tis to move a Friend that would be kind:
Have's not sought thee both by night and day
To go to bliss? **Y.** The quite contrary way.

S. Have I not promis'd all heart can desire
To save thy Soul? **Y.** No, no, thou art a Lyar.

S. Did I not promise to thee to be just?

Y. But who is so mad in thee to put their trust.

S. Did I not promise that thou shouldst be wise?

Y. Through grace I did thy promises despise.

S. Did I not promise to increase thy store?

Y. Thou art a Lyar, I replyed before.

S. Did I not promise thee Eternal bliss?

Y. But who can give that which is none of his.

S. I by fair terms has labour'd tho' in vain?

Y. That which I hope thou never wilt obtain.

S. But what if *I* should threaten thee with grief?

Y. To Heaven I'd fly, and there should find relief.

S. Well then *I'll* leave thee since it is in vain
To strive to get that which *I* would obtain,
At my departure 'll give thee a Curse.

Y. And if thou dost I shall be ne'er the worse:
Satan be gone, for it is in vain to think
Whom Christ protects that thou canst cause to sink.

S. Why dost thou bid me go that fain would bless
Thy Soul with everlasting Happiness?
Come let's agree, and lend to me a smile,
That never sought thy Soul for to beguile.

Y. Thou art, and ever wert a great *Deceiver*,
Striving to conquer e'ery Just Believer;
And He will prove a Saviour at the last,
Who through His Grace in Chains doth keep thee fast.

S. *It* is my kindness, and not thy desert,
That makes me thus in Peace from thee to part;
Think not that I did seek thy overthrow,
I sought the good, tho' thou didst say me no.

Y. I value not thy kindness, but desire
That God would save me from Eternal Fire;
So *Satan* now be gone, for I do trust,
After this Life, to live among the just,
Where thou wert once, but by thy cursed Pride,
Eternal Misery did thee betide.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the Golden Ball near the *Bear Tavern* in *Pye-Corner*.